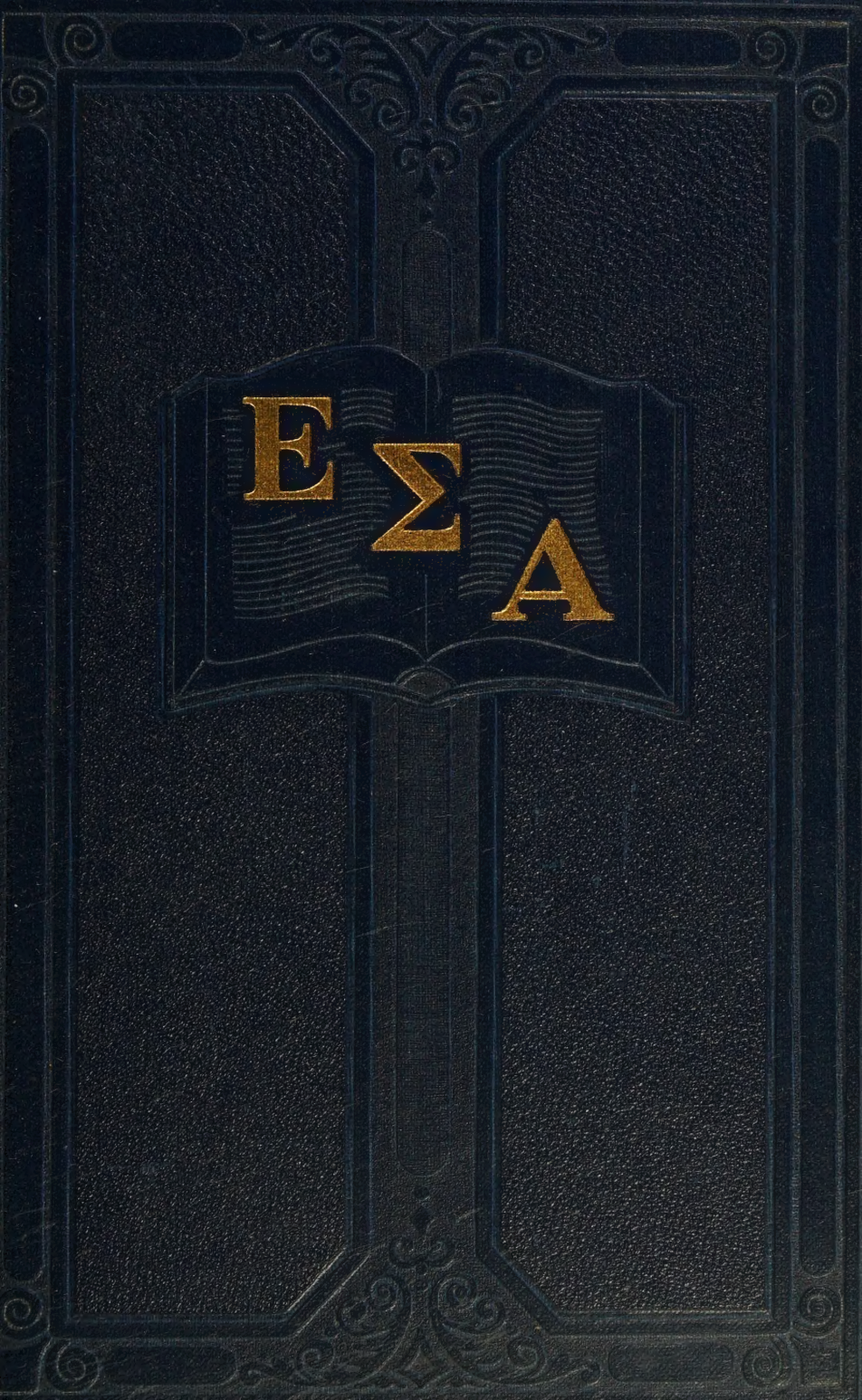
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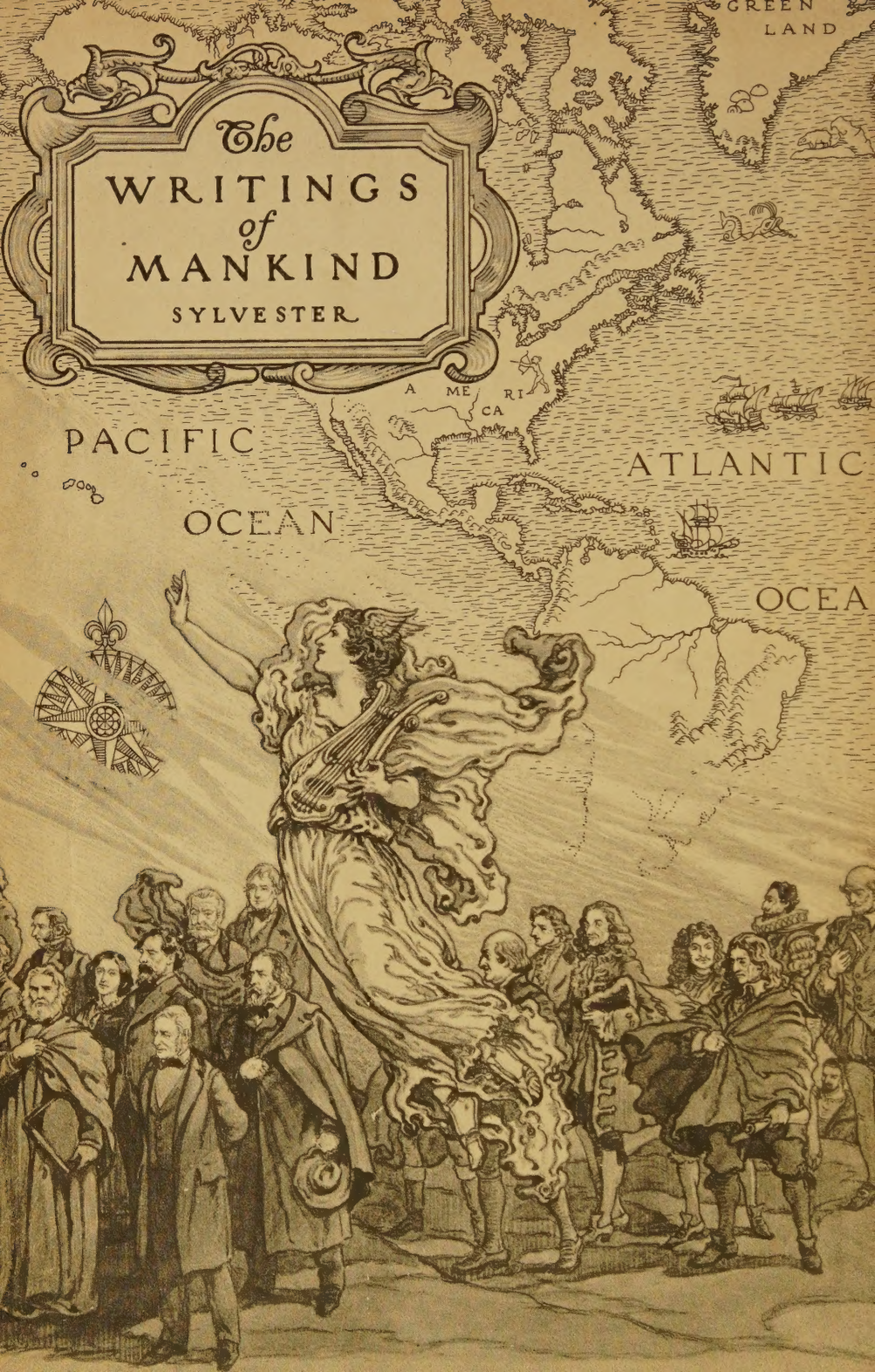
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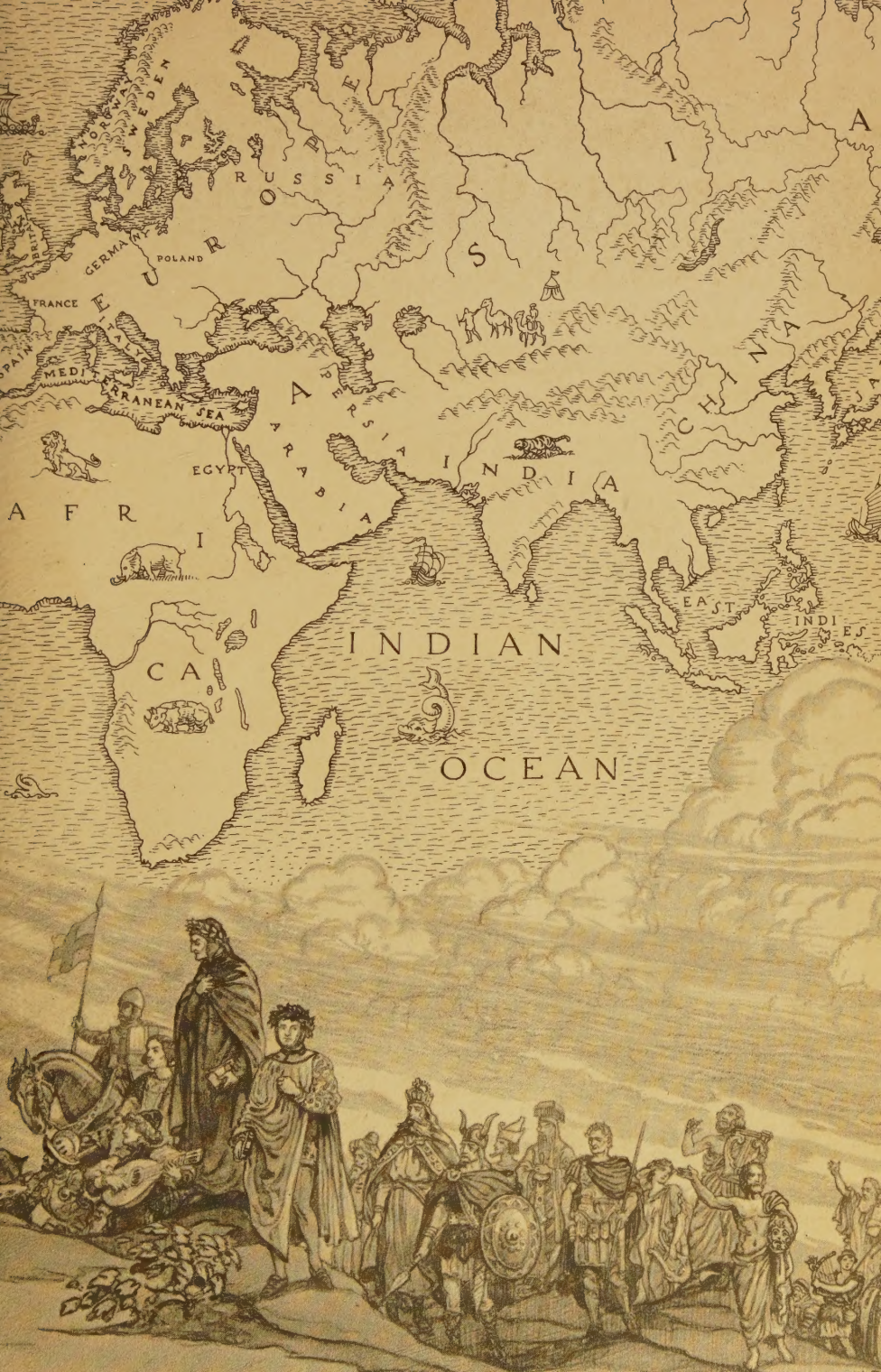
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CHINA
AFRICA
EAST INDIES
INDIAN OCEAN

THE
WRITINGS OF MANKIND

From Painting by Adolphe Schreyer, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

ARABS ON THE MARCH

THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philosophies and Religions, of Those Nations That Have Contributed Most to Civilization

BY

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES
Illustrated

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SPAIN

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SPAIN

CHAPTER I

HISTORY

THE COUNTRY. Spain, the Iberia of the Greeks and the Hispania of the Romans, lies between 36° and 44° north latitude, and occupies about six-sevenths of the most westerly of the three great peninsulas that jut southward from Europe. The remaining seventh is Portugal. Its latitude, then, corresponds to that of the United States from North

Carolina and Georgia to the middle of Wisconsin and Michigan. Madrid, its capital, is in about the same latitude as Naples, Boston, Albany and Chicago. It lies almost exactly south of the British Isles, and extends the farthest west of any of the countries on the mainland of Europe. Including its islands, the area is nearly two hundred thousand square miles, making it approximately equivalent to the New England and Middle Atlantic states, including West Virginia, but its population, slightly more than twenty millions, is considerably less than that of these states. The extremely narrow Strait of Gibraltar separates it from Northern Africa and is the sole entrance from the west into the Mediterranean Sea.

The greater part of Spain is a tableland from one thousand to three thousand feet in elevation, crossed from east to west by several ranges of mountains and by rivers of minor importance, most of which flow into the Atlantic Ocean. The Pyrenees Mountains, an almost impassable barrier, cut it off from France on the north, and other ranges run close to the coast on almost every side. In the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which lie in the extreme south, is the highest peak in Europe outside of the Alps. There are but two plains of any considerable extent, one lying in the province of Aragon at the northeast and drained by the Ebro River, and the second lying in Andalusia in the southwest, drained by

the Guadalquiver, the most important river in Spain, navigable to Seville and for small craft to Cordoba. Though these plains are fertile, they are small in area compared to the rest of the peninsula.

The climate of Spain is extremely varied. In the south it is very warm, owing to the proximity of the Great Desert of Northern Africa, while along the eastern coast the Mediterranean modifies the cold, as does the Atlantic on the northwest. The interior tablelands are marked by great extremes in temperature; in fact, in Madrid, where they have skating in the winter and where in the summer the thermometer in the shade reaches 107°, are the widest extremes in Europe. During the summer the tablelands are so dry that no water flows in their rivers; frequently whole villages are obliged to migrate because of the drought. A merciless destruction of the forests has lessened the importance of a restricted flora, but poplar and birch still exist in places as large forests. The vine and the olive tree are cultivated extensively, and the cork tree in Granada and elsewhere is a source of great wealth. In manufactures and commerce Spain is behind the other nations of Europe, owing largely to the unfortunate political conditions which have existed for centuries.

Spain has five cities of over a hundred thousand inhabitants. Madrid and Barcelona have each more than half a million, Valencia over two hundred thousand, and Seville about one

hundred fifty thousand. Any student of the history and literature of Spain will be particularly interested in the provinces of Old Castile, which occupies the north-central part of the peninsula; New Castile, lying immediately south and containing Madrid; Aragon to the northeast; Leon, to the west; and Andalusia, the large province, at the extreme south.

The national Church is the Roman Catholic and practically the entire population, with the exception of about thirty thousand people, are members of that Church. Protestants have only restricted liberty of worship, and the state expends on its established religion over $7,000,000 annually.

II. Early History. In the earliest times of which we have any reliable record, the central, western and northern parts of the Iberian peninsula were inhabited by a race that had arisen from a mixture of the native Iberians with a Celtic race from the north. In the extreme north were pure Celtic tribes, while along the east coast remained some pure Iberians. Phoenicians, Carthaginians and others had formed colonies along the coast, and in the second half of the third century before Christ Hamilcar Barca subdued a large territory for the Carthaginians; Hasdrubal, his son-in-law, extended the control, founded the modern Cartagena and concluded a treaty of peace with the Romans. This was not a permanent arrangement, however; at the end of the Punic Wars the Romans had driven the Carthagin-

From Painting by Pantoja, Museum, Madrid

PORTRAIT OF LADY OF THE TIME OF PHILIP III

ians from the peninsula (206 B. C.) and a few years later made the country into two Roman provinces. It was a long and difficult task for the Romans to subdue the Celtiberian tribes, but in the end they accomplished it, and until the death of Constantine Spain was very prosperous in Roman hands and furnished to the Empire large quantities of grain and great treasure in gold and silver from her mountains.

The Vandals and Suevi from the north crossed the Pyrenees and desolated the peninsula about A. D. 409, and five years later the Visigoths established a Gothic kingdom in Spain.

III. THE ARABS IN SPAIN. In 711 the Arabs (Saracens) in the battle of Jerez gained an almost undisputed control of Spain and governed it after 717 by emirs, who were appointed by the caliph of Damascus. In the meantime, the Moslems had overflowed the Pyrenees and penetrated the south of France, only to be beaten by Charles Martel (732); by 778 the Franks had driven the Arabs across the Pyrenees and south to the Ebro. The conquest of Spain by the Arabs was made easy by the fact that the inhabitants cared little about the change of masters. They had been so tyrannized over by the Visigoths that it mattered little to them whether the sovereignty was in the hands of Northern barbarians or Eastern Moslems. The Moor might have effectually established himself in Spain had it not been for the rivalry which existed between the two

great dynasties, the Ommiads and the Abbasids, the Arabs and the Berbers, who could not live together in peace.

The Ommiads ruled Mohammedan Spain for about two hundred seventy-five years, and under Abdurrahman III reached the summit of their prosperity. He reëstablished law and order among the scattered tribes and reduced even the Christian states to his just and magnificent rule, which terminated in 961. For fifteen years more his son continued the good rule, which then passed into the hands of an Arab noble who passed for a legitimate heir. Cordoba, the capital of Abdurrahman, was, excepting Constantinople, the greatest and most splendid city in Europe, and the civilization of Spain at this time was the most advanced on the continent. Science and mathematics were studied, an extensive literature was developed, agriculture was fostered, commerce was carried on extensively with foreign nations, and an art, of which remains are still seen throughout Southern Spain, was developed.

In 1031 the Ommiad dynasty came to an end, and independent Moorish kingdoms were formed, among which those of Cordoba, Seville, Toledo and Valencia may be considered the most important. In the meantime, the small independent Christian kingdom of Asturias had been formed and had grown in power and extent. Alfonzo the Catholic, son-in-law of Pelayo, the founder, conquered nearly all of

Galicia and Leon. After the reign of Alfonzo the Great, which terminated in 910, his dominions became known as the Kingdom of Leon. In the ninth century Navarre became an independent state and later Castile appeared, at first under the rule of the famous Count Fernan Gonzales, and in 1033 it was erected to a kingdom. From its central position Castile extended its sway in all directions, and soon became the most important of the Spanish states. Sancho the Great of Navarre (1000–1035) conquered a large part of Aragon from the Moors, and during the twelfth century Portugal and other less important states had secured an independent existence.

The Christian states were not slow to take advantage of the breaking-up of Ommiad rule, and might have overthrown Moorish control in Spain had not the Arabs invited the Amorabides, a Moslem sect in Morocco, to come to their assistance. Like many another invited guest in history, after serving their hosts and in this case defeating the Christians, they turned their arms against their friends and established themselves in the peninsula. A fanatical sect called the Almohades came from Morocco just before the middle of the twelfth century and conquered the Mohammedans, but their power was in turn broken in 1212 by the united kings of Castile and Navarre. Thereafter little remained of Moorish dominion in Spain but the kingdom of Granada in the south, which rose to great splendor before

its final extinction under Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492.

IV. Condé's "History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain." It is difficult to leave the Arabs with the exceedingly brief historical outline in the preceding section. They contributed so much to Spanish history and have been the subject of so much of her literature that they seem to deserve a greater space in this work, even if it is practically confined to Spanish writings in the Castilian dialect, for the whole subject of Moorish occupancy is covered with a romantic glamour, and everywhere in literature the Arabs and their doings are reflected. Practically everything, however, is written from the standpoint of the Spaniard and the Moslems are seen through Christian eyes. Condé's history is written from the other side, and its volumes are extremely interesting and entertaining as they appear in the translation of Mrs. Jonathan Foster. Without entering into the question of their reliability as history, but considering them merely as literature, they are lively accounts full of the atmosphere of the peninsula and so felicitously expressed that one may almost hear the voices of the old-time patriarchs. The quotations from Moorish documents and the fervid poetry of the East, together with the exciting events of that mournful history, justify well the selections which we shall make. In the spelling of the names in the translations we follow the text.

The first selection illustrates the human touch which is given to the account of Abdurrahman, the famous leader who came to Spain about A. D. 857. He has just celebrated with many rejoicings the birth of his first son:

In this year Abdurrahman Ben Moavia commanded to erect the Rusafa; he likewise reconstructed and restored the ancient road or causeway, and planted a very beautiful garden, wherein he caused a tower to be built, from which the whole was visible, and whence the most admirable views of the distant country were obtained. In this garden the King himself planted a palm-tree, which was at that time a new thing in Spain, that being the first and only one in all the land; and from this it is that all those which we now have in the country have proceeded.

Those who knew the King, relate that Abdurrahman would often contemplate the growth of this palm from the summit of his tower; and, on a certain occasion, when recollections of his native land had rendered him thoughtful and melancholy, he is said to have composed those verses of his to the Palm which are now in the mouths of all men:

Thou, also, fair and graceful Palm-tree, thou
Art here a stranger. Western breezes wave
Softly around thee with the breath of love,
Caressing thy soft beauty; rich the soil
Wherein thy roots are prospering, and thy head
Thou liftest high to Heaven. Thou, fair tree,
Dost feel no grief for thine abandoned home.
To me alone that pain, to me alone
The tears of long regret for thy fair sisters
Blooming by Forat's wave.

Yet do the River and the Palms forget
Him, the lone mourner, who in this strange land
Still clings to their remembrance, my sweet home!
When the stern Destinies, and sterner they,

The sons of fierce Alabas, drave me forth,
How wound my soul around thee, and how hangs
E'en now my heart on thy beloved soil!

Thou, Palm, thou, fair and lovely, of that home
Dost take no thought! Ah, well is thee! but I,
Sad mourner, cannot choose but grieve; and thus
I weep for thee and me, oh, lovely Palm,
Thinking of our lost home.

Don Alfonzo I, the Battler, was for a long time successful in all his forays against the Moslems, but the time came when he met the Moors in the disastrous battle of Zalacca, which for a time stemmed the tide of Christian progress. The Arab forces were led by Jusef Aben Taxfin and Aben Abed, the King of Seville. After the battle, the former sent this letter to his compatriots in Africa:

Due praise being first given to God the Highest, the zealous Defender of His Law, benedictions, increase of felicity, and perfection to our Lord Muhamad his excellent messenger, the most noble and most honored of created beings.

We had no sooner approached the camp of the enemy of God, the tyrant Alfonso—on whom be the curses of Allah!—and agreed among ourselves as to what it behoved us to do, than we announced our determination to the Infidel King, and made him our propositions, giving him the choice of three things—Islam, the Tribute, or War; and he preferred War.

Then it was resolved that the battle should be given on Monday, the 12th of the moon Regeb, for he said, "The Friday is the festival of the Moslemah, the Saturday that of the Jews—and we have many of both in our army—while the Sunday is our festival; let us then agree to choose a day, and let it be Monday."

But this tyrant and his people did not keep their word; they departed from it according to their custom—a thing which increased our fury and just anger in the fight. Suspecting his perfidious intent, we had taken care to place our spies in observation, and these gave us notice of their movements. At the hour of dawn on the 12th day of Regeb, accordingly, which was Friday, we received intelligence that preparations for attack had been made in the camp of the enemy, who was furthermore declared to be instantly coming upon us, but to his own downfall and ruin. Then the most valiant Moslemah rose up to proceed against him, at once commencing to work him woe upon woe, and to strike his bands to the earth in numbers beyond all numeration. As the eagles to their prey, so did the Moslemah forces rush upon the host of the enemy, the cavalry hastening to repel the attack of the Christian horde with the force of the valiant lion. Our banners of felicity, of victory, and of illustrious martyrdom, extended ever more and more widely across the field. The power of Lamtuna bore onward full of terror for Alfonso Ben Ferdeland and when the Christians beheld our standard of faith and triumph floating over their heads, the splendor of our conquering cavalry bewildered them, they were dazzled and dismayed, as by the lightnings of terror and confusion. The tempest-bearing cloud of our lances overshadowed them, and sinking beneath the blades of the Faithful, they were trampled by the hoofs of their own ferocious horses, their death-cry sounding piteously amidst the crashing thunder of the Atambours.

Into that snare then, fell the Christians and their tyrant even Alfonso, while proposing to deceive by his stratagems the sons of the faith; but the valiant Almoravides taught them the truth of the matter. In the mighty whirlwind of that impetuous strife, our swords, glancing in crimson as they waved high in air, and the sharp lances with their penetrating points, drew forth from the wounds which they opened, deep rivers of blood flowing fast from the hordes of the foe, over whose slain

we made our passage in the name of the all-powerful Allah, the Mighty and Exalted Protector.

Every one of our own brave warriors stood ready on his part to exhibit the like purple streams before the people of Afranc and the accursed Alfonso, so that all the four hundred cavaliers, whom alone he saved alive of the eighty thousand horsemen and one hundred thousand foot soldiers, whom he had brought into that battle, might swim therein and satiate themselves with the same. But that host of the Infidel was a people whom God the Highest had destined to the wheels of destruction, there to be ground and crushed to nothingness, seeing that He permitted to escape with their lives but a few of that accursed race, and these were suffered to live only to the end that, looking down from a mountain, they might thence behold the extent of their calamity. Oh, evil sight for them! and great trial of such patience as they might find to console them in that hour of irremediable despair and raging indignation, as they bethought them that all reprisals were impossible, and that to them the hope of vengeance must be a forbidden thing. Nay, there was nothing left to Alfonso but the vain and miserable resource of groans and lamentations, nor had he any refuge save that of hiding himself in the darkness of the obscure and death-black night.

The Ameer of the Moslemah, the leader of the sacred war, the enumerator and destroyer of inimical hosts, the victorious Juzef Aben Taxfin, after thanks rendered to Allah, now reposes in a blessed security, reclined on the chariot of his triumph and of victory, beneath the shadow of those conquering banners which are the ensigns of protection and glory. And already the flowing rivers of his greatness, the Nile-stream of his increasing power, hath been poured forth impetuously, in the persons of his warriors, on the cities and fortresses of the foe. The Faithful are desolating the fields of the Christian, and are loading his captive people with fetters, the Ameer beholding all this with eyes of complacency and delight, while the tyrant Alfonso regards the same with dismayed

and troubled glances, that turn giddy and are bewildered at the sight.

Of the Ameers of Spain, Aben Abed, King of Seville, alone was found to be constant in the fight; he alone refused to turn his face for the fear of the cruel carnage, maintaining his ground and fighting steadily, as should the bravest and noblest warrior of his land, and in a manner fully worthy of him who held the place of principal leader of the Moslemah. Yet he came forth from the battle with only a slight wound in the side, and this shall serve him as a glorious remembrance of that stupendous conflict wherein he received the same.

Alfonso sheltered beneath the shadows of the darksome night, saved his life by a hasty flight, without certain road or direction, nor did he give his sorrowful eyes to sleep through those dreary hours. Nay, of the five hundred cavaliers with whom he fled the field, four hundred perished in that difficult way, and he entered into the city of Toledo with one hundred only. For all this be thanks to God the Highest!

King Aben Abed sent the following letter to Seville:

Praise be to God.

The 12th day of the moon Regeb, in the year 479 (A. D. 1087), having come, God made manifest a decree of His eternal wisdom and irrevocable will, written in the resplendent characters of divine fire on the tablets of destiny. This decree opened to us the gates whereby we were to come forth from many oppressions and tribulations, entering instead thereof on a path that leadeth to much felicity and good fortune.

It was permitted to us by the Merciful, the Giver of all things, the Accepter of contrition, the Pardoner of our sins, that we should meet the arrogant enemy of the Faith, to our glory and to his confusion.

He commenced by certain falsehoods and deceits, whereby he purposed to offend and do us wrong, but the

Infidel fell into the snare which he had prepared for our feet, for such was the divine destination of eternal justice. His false and deceptive precipitation was the presage of felicity to the Faithful, the deceit whereby the enemy of Allah would have betrayed us, brought the air of victory, full of soft and cheering fragrance, to our banners, and this beneficent breeze the treachery of the Infidel could not dissipate, nor could his anger turn it aside.

Our Moslemah prepared their arms, resplendent as the light, and covered their horses with caparisons of silk; they then awaited with impatience the coming of the day wherein they were to mingle themselves in the ranks of the foe, and become involved amidst those Infidel hordes, in lakes and streams of whose blood they were to slake the fiery thirst of their swords. The felicitous dawn which was to make us conquerors at length arrived, it appeared in radiance, calling us to action from the heights of blessedness, and, as it were, exciting all to combat by these words: "The day hath dawned! the day hath dawned! and no long time hence shall come forth the sun, his bright rays scorching the Infidels, who shall this day find no shade or shelter beneath which they may conceal themselves from the noontide resplendence of his fires."

Never yet hath a more auspicious dawn appeared for the Moslemah arms; we put our troops into order of battle, the generals and valiant men beginning to place themselves in the positions destined for them; yet it was not without some commotion and heaving of the heart that we bound the linen wrappers of our turbans fast to our heads. We made a short profession of faith, and presently afterwards the earth trembled beneath our feet as we moved to that fight which was soon to make us glitter with the radiance of the victory given to his army by God the divine Protector, whom no human tongue can describe, nor the understanding of any creature of Allah comprehend.

In the first encounters there were some signs of dread defeat and consternation for the Moslemah, many of the

noblest among them falling a prey to the fury of the foe, whose countless numbers came upon us, impetuous as the torrent that rushes from the mountains, and these carried many away in their rage. But that imminent peril having passed, God bade victory descend upon our banners, and the edge of our Moslemah swords reaped an abundant harvest of Infidel throats. Allah had made us promise of the victory, and announced a favorable conclusion, and Allah is no vain breaker of his promise, but fulfilleth the compact made with minute exactitude.

And now reflect on this felicity, celebrate the great good fortune as its importance merits; rejoice in it with us, and give thanks to the Conqueror, even to Allah, for none is the conqueror save God alone, nor is there force or power save in His hand: wherefore say ye with us, "Thanks be to God, the creator and preserver of all things, for the happiness which he sent us at the dawn and the blessing which continued till the night."

The Cid Campeador, national hero of Spain, otherwise known as Cid Ruy Diaz, and to the Mohammedans as Ruderik, the Cambitor, is the subject of ballads innumerable and tales without number, as we shall see in our future studies. The Arab view is naturally very different from that of the Spaniards, and to show the contrast we give here Condé's account of an event which happened about the year 1084. Everybody admits that the Cadi was put to a well-merited death, but not all give credence to this horrible tale:

A son of King Almetuakil was imprisoned at Almithema, and Aben Zarfon relates that Abu Bekar Ben Alcabotorna, having gone to visit him some short time after the death of his father and brothers, could not restrain his tears as he beheld the miserable condition

to which misfortune had reduced a prince whom he had seen lord of rich cities. When he saw the man who had dwelt only in magnificent Alcazars, and was even surrounded by noble Xeques, who thought only of serving and doing him homage, now confined to a narrow prison and deprived of all that makes life desirable, he could not but reflect on the instability of human affairs. Such are the revolutions impressed by Fortune on her unstable and slippery wheel;—and so finished the kings of Andalusia. They were placed on their thrones by civil discords and intestine wars; they lived in the midst of perpetual contention, each laboring for his particular interest, to the destruction of the strength no less than the unity of Spain: they thus facilitated the aggrandizement of their enemies, and promoted the ruin of the entire country, while they thought only of establishing their feeble and ephemeral sovereignties in the various provinces.

And when, at length overpowered by the Christians, they perceived the evil consequences of their disunion, did they not seek to remedy the evil, by calling to their aid the Moors of Africa? These strangers defeated the Infidels without doubt, but they subsequently dethroned and subjugated the Ameers who had invited them, giving them a cruel death as their reward, or leading them into a degrading captivity more intolerable than death itself.

The assassination of King Alcadir of Valencia, with the occupation of that city by the Almoravides, through the medium of the Cadi Ahmed Ben Gehaf, was quickly made known through all Spain, as was also the fact that the traitor had been left Wali of the city as the price of his services to the murderers of his King.

Then the Lord of Santa Maria, a kinsman and ally of Alcadir Ben Alaftas, excited the people of Murbiter Xativa and Denia to avenge the death of that monarch, and they having also received cruel injuries at the hands of the Almoravides, joined with him, when all allied themselves to the general of the Christians, Ruderik, known as the Cambitor, who boasted that he also was

the friend and ally of the slaughtered King Alcadir, as well as of Abu Meruan and his kindred.

A well-appointed army of cavalry and infantry was then assembled, being composed of Christians and Moslemah alike; that force, led by the Cambitor, besieged the city of Valencia, which they pressed so closely that the Wali Aben Gehaf was compelled to surrender, seeing that he had no hope of receiving succors within the time that his necessities demanded them. The conditions made with the Wali were safety for himself, his family, and the citizens generally, who were not to be offended under any pretext, whether in their persons or goods: the Cambitor furthermore assured Gehaf that he should retain possession of his government.

Under these favorable conditions Aben Gehaf opened the gates of the city, and the Cambitor—may Allah confound him!—did not fail to enter at once therein, with all his people and allies.

These events took place in the moon of Giumada Primera, in the year 487, and the victorious general remained in Valencia with his troops both Christian and Moslemah, but without making his ultimate purpose manifest in any way. Ahmed Ben Gehaf also abode there in great confidence and security, being continued in his office of Cadilcoda, and being inflated with the pride of command; but when the year had accomplished its course, the Cambitor imprisoned Aben Gehaf at a time when he was least expecting such a circumstance, and with him all his family. This is said by some writers to have been done principally to the end that Gehaf might be forced to declare the place wherein he had concealed the treasures of the King Yahye Alcadir; and to obtain the truth as regarded those riches, there was no method left unattempted, whether entreaties, promises, menaces, deceptions, or tortures. A vast pile was at length prepared in the Great Square of Valencia, and this being kindled, the Cambitor commanded that Ahmed Ben Gehaf and all his family should be dragged thither, and cast into those flames, which were of so vast

an extent that even those who stood at a considerable distance were burnt, and compelled to flight by that insufferable heat.

When the fallen governor, loaded with his chains, appeared with his children and family before that fearful pile, the assembled multitude, Moslemah as well as Christians, cried with a loud voice, entreating that the Cambitor would at least grant pardon to the innocent children and household; to which, after long resistance, he at length consented.

But for the Cadi the tyrant Cambitor had commanded that a great hole should be dug within a short distance of the blazing pile, and in this he was placed even to the girdle. Then they surrounded the body of the doomed man with dry wood, and having kindled it there presently arose a great flame: as this approached him, the hapless Cadi covered his face, and exclaimed, "In the name of Allah, the Pitying, the Merciful!" As he uttered these words a vast mass of that fire fell upon him that very quickly burnt and consumed the body of Ahmed Gehaf, and his soul departed to the mercy of God. This took place on a Thursday, in the moon of Giumada Primera, in the year 488, and that was the same moon during which in the year preceding the accursed Cambitor had entered Valencia.

The following anecdote illustrates the tragic aptitude the Moslems had for settling some matters of dispute. The Don Sancho was a son of Alfonzo X, who met his death about 1273:

Now the Christians assembled from Tolaytola, Calatrava, and other parts of Spain, were commanded by the Prince Don Sancho, and the latter had no sooner been made acquainted with the immense force with which the African sovereign had entered Spain, than he hurried to the field with all the ardor of a youth but slightly ex-

perienced in matters of warfare. Eager for glory, Don Sancho forthwith advanced with his cavalry, and too impatient to wait for the arrival of his whole force, he attacked the Moslemah army with indescribable impetuosity; but the Arabian horse succeeded in surrounding his cavaliers, whom they destroyed with their lances to the last man. The prince, being known by his vestments, was taken alive; when the Africans would have sent him to their King Abu Juzef, but the Captains of Andarax and Baza demanded that he should be made over to their sovereign, Muhamad of Granada. A contention therefore arose as to which of these parties had the best right to the prisoner, and to whom he should be sent: the Africans ascribed the victory to themselves with great arrogance, and contemptuously declared that but for their arrival and assistance the Granadines would never have seen the waters of the Guadalquiver. Offended at these remarks, the Andalusians turned their horses, and a fierce combat was about to commence, when the captain, Aben Anasir, who was of the royal house of Granada, spurred his charger against the captive prince, Don Sancho, and piercing him through the heart with his lance, he exclaimed, "God will not permit that the lives of so many good cavaliers as are here should be lost for a dog such as this." The unfortunate Sancho fell dead to the earth; and his destroyers, having cut off the head and right hand of their victim, divided these terrible spoils between them, the Africans bearing off the head, and the Andalusians taking the hand, with its ring, for their part.

The siege and capitulation of Granada, which terminated Moorish dominion in Spain and placed the Arabs under the control of Ferdinand, is described in the following manner by Condé:

In the spring of the year 897 (A. D. 1491), all the horrors of war were renewed for the unhappy people

dwelling beneath the rule of King Zaquir. The Christians entered the country with forty thousand foot soldiers and ten thousand horse; they advanced even to the Vega of Granada, and fixed their camp at a place called the Fountains, being the sources of the Guetar, which are not more than two leagues from the capital. The inhabitants were filled with affright by the intelligence of their approach; and when it was known that the Infidel was at their gates in such force, even the boldest and most warlike trembled with a fear before unknown.

The King Abdallah El Zaquir assembled his council in the Alcazar of the Alhambra, where he held consultation with his Xeques and Alcaydes as to the best method of providing for the common defense. The Vizier of the city first reported the condition of the place in respect of provisions—an account which did not include the stores in possession of the richer citizens, nor those of merchants unconnected with the state. Registers of all the male inhabitants capable of bearing arms were also presented.

"The people are many," remarked the Vizier, in conclusion, after having completed his report, "the people are many, but for the multitude of the citizens, what shall we do with them, and to what purpose can they serve, unless it be to give us cares? They swell themselves and become great in peace; they howl aloud and threaten with their hands, but in time of war they conceal themselves and tremble: what then are they good for, if it be not to consume the food which should strengthen the hearts of our warriors?"

To this the brave General Muza Ben Abil made answer and said, "There is no need for distrust in our resources; if we direct them with intelligence and firmness, they will suffice. Not only have we soldiers who are the flower of the Andalusian force—the infantry no less than the cavalry—troops well accustomed to privation and inured to the toils of war, but we have besides twenty thousand of our young men, all in the fire of their age,

who will be speedily hardened in the present war, and will then be not inferior to the most veteran soldiers; soon shall you see them present their breasts to the foe as bravely as do those most experienced in warfare."

The King then said to his Xeques, "Ye are the shield of the kingdom. It is in you that, with the aid of Allah, will be found the avengers of all the wrongs that have been suffered by our religion. Ye will exact repayment for the lives of our kinsmen and friends, and for the outrages offered to our women. Dispose of all things for this war as shall seem good to your wisdom. In your hands and your bravery lies the general safety. From you must come the security of the country and the liberty of all."

The Xeques thereupon proceeded to give the orders required. The Vizier took charge of the provisions and arms; he also gave directions for the enrollment of the people, according to the registers presented, as above described. The General, Muza Ben Abil, was named commander-in-chief—he undertook the defense of the city, with the sallies to be made upon the Christians by the Moslemah cavalry; his second in command was Naim Ben Reduan: then followed other captains, to whom was confided the guardianship of the walls in the different quarters of the capital. The fortresses of the Alcazaba and that of the Red Towers were left to the care of the generals previously commanding them, each remaining in the hands of its respective Alcayde.

In the first months of the year, the principal gates of the capital were not closed, and all were maintained in security by the prudence and the valor of the General. Every day three thousand cavaliers went forth to skirmish with the advanced posts of the Christians, and to protect the convoys of provisions, which were brought to Granada from the hill-country. For that last mentioned service Muhamad Zahir Ben Atar was appointed, and was charged to give his attention to that object only: he therefore repaired to the mountains with fifteen hundred horse, where he committed no small havoc among

the Christians who were making an irruption upon that district. Near Padal, among other places, Muhamad Zahir Ben Atar fought a desperate battle with those Infidels. It is true that many valiant Moslemah lost their lives in the conflict; but there were yet greater numbers of the enemy left biting the dust. In that district not a few were the villages and hamlets sacked and burnt by the Christians, for the purpose of cutting off the supplies required by the Moslemah; obstinate encounters took place on all those occasions, the least sanguinary of such battles leaving the ground bathed in blood and covered with the bodies of the dead or dying.

The brave General Muza Ben Abil, with his hardy cavaliers, gave but little repose to the Christians, whom they attacked with an intrepidity and resolution that filled the hearts of those Infidels with dread: not unfrequently did Muza Ben Abil spur the fiery charger he bestrode till far within the entrenchments of the terrified enemy, and many were the victims left by his formidable lance, even within the shadow of their tents. Nor did the other generals and leaders on the Moslemah side fail to give equal proofs of their zeal; acts of signal prowess were performed by them all, and the Granadine cavalry were found to have degenerated in no degree from their ancient valor.

These continued skirmishes, and the attacks of the Moslemah cavalry, ever sallying forth from the city, were such and so many that the Christians finally drew a circumvallation around their camp; nay, as if the wall were still insufficient, they furthermore protected themselves by a deep ditch: admirable defenses without doubt, but therein did those besiegers make manifest their determination not to raise the siege, rather than their bravery in maintaining the struggle.

When Muza Ben Abil saw that work, he declared to the King Abdallah El Zaquir his desire to seek the besieger in his entrenchments; wherefore, on a certain day, he left the city at the hour of dawn, with all his cavalry and the greater part of the foot-soldiers: that

force advancing on the Christian camp amidst the resounding clangor of the trumpets and the pealing thunder of its Atambores.

The Christians did not refuse the battle on that occasion, as they had done at other times, and an obstinate encounter was commenced, in which the Moslemah cavalry performed prodigies of valor. Not so the foot-soldiers; they could not withstand the onset of the Christian force, and turned in disorderly flight towards the city, whither the Infidel enemy followed, after making themselves masters of the Moslemah artillery, and pursuing the fugitives to within a short distance of the walls.

The illustrious General Muza, desperate with rage, and almost deprived of hope, returned to the capital furious as a wounded lion or bull that hath felt the knife; he then took a solemn oath never again to attempt an onslaught with the infantry.

On that occasion the Christians obtained possession of the watch-towers, wherein they then placed an Infidel garrison, with a considerable number of Arquebusiers, sharp-shooters, and cross-bowmen.

Muza Ben Abil now commanded that the city gates opening on the Vega should be closed, since he could no longer place confidence in the foot-soldiers and cross-bowmen by whom they had previously been guarded, for the defense of the same in case of attack.

The devastations of the enemy having exhausted the Comarcas, and the plunder that he had not unfrequently made of the convoys bringing provisions from the Sierras having much diminished those supplies, a failure in the necessaries of life now began to be felt: the watchfulness of the Christians had much increased, all attempts to remedy the evils resulting from that care were baffled thereby, and the vast multitude of inhabitants of whom the Vizier had before made his plaint, a population but little accustomed to content itself with scanty portions, began to cause infinite care, and a council of the Xeques was assembled: then those nobles, with such of the principal citizens as were present, declared that the ceaseless

toils of the defense, rendered insupportable by the failure of their provisions, could no longer be endured: they added that the determination of the Christians was now clearly manifest, and that they would certainly never abandon the siege until the capital was surrendered. "What remedy, then, remains for us," they added; "what remedy or resource but surrender or certain death?"

The King, Abdallah El Zaquir, was so much troubled by the opinion thus announced that he could not utter a word in reply. All the members of his council, the valiant commander of the forces alone excepted, were inclined to enforce the opening of negotiations with the King of Castile; but the noble General Muza Ben Abil insisted that there was yet hope, and declared the mention of surrender to be at least premature. He affirmed that their resources were far from being exhausted, and remarked that the people had as yet made no effort; he demanded that the question of negotiation should be deferred until all had taken up the arms of desperation, which have not unfrequently been known to obtain a decisive victory, and assure to him who has wielded them the most signal vengeance.

Such was the opinion announced by the General Muza Ben Abil; but the opposite counsels prevailed, and it was ultimately determined that the Vizier Abul Salim Abdelmelic should go forth to propose a treaty of agreement with the Christians.

That noble old man proceeded to the camp of the enemy accordingly, and was favorably received by the Christian king, when the negotiations were opened in due form. After many proposals and very grave discussions, it was then agreed that in the event of the King of Granada receiving no succor, either by land or sea, within the space of two months, counted from that day, he should then, and after the lapse of that period, surrender to the King of Castile the two fortresses of Medina Granada, with the towers and forts of the city. Furthermore that the King Abdallah and his generals should

take the oath of obedience and fealty to the King of Castile, whom all the dwellers in Granada should acknowledge to be their lord and king. All Christian captives then within the city were to be instantly set free without ransom; in the meanwhile three hundred youths from the noblest families in Granada should be placed in the hands of the King of Castile, there to remain until all these things were accomplished. These conditions thus arranged were to be fulfilled within twelve days from the signature of the compact thus concluded.

To Abdallah El Zaquir, King of Granada, were then to be assigned certain domains, to enable him to live as befitted his birth: these he was himself to select in the Alpuxarras.

To the above-mentioned conditions were furthermore added those which follow:—The Moslemah inhabitants of Granada were to be permitted to remain in undisturbed possession of their houses and valuables of every kind, as they were then enjoying the same; they were not to be deprived of their arms, their horses, or any other part of their property; they were to be assured in the free exercise of their religion, to which there was no impediment to be offered, whether public or private; their mosques were to be retained by them, with perfect liberty for the fulfillment of all their rites, ceremonies, and customs; they were not to be disturbed in the use of their accustomed vestments or language; were to be governed by their own laws,—these were to be administered by Alcaydies of their own sect, the latter to serve as councilors to such commandant or governor as might be set over them by the Christians; no heavier tributes were to be laid upon them than those of the Sunna and Xara, which they paid to their own kings; and during the three years next to follow, it was furthermore stipulated that they were to be wholly exempted from tribute of every kind. Thus was the treaty concerted by computation of the Infidel, on the 25th day of November, in the year 1491.

Among the many historical ballads relating to the Moors, the following concerning the surrender of King Boabdil at Granada is one of the best. It is said that when the Moorish King Boabdil surrendered to Ferdinand and Isabella, he received them in state at the gates of his lost city, but entreated from them protection for himself. He was assigned a suitable place of residence and given a handsome revenue, but unable "to endure a private life in the country where he had so long reigned a king," he went over to Barbary:

There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down,
Some calling on the Trinity, some calling on Mahoun;
Here passed away the Koran, there in the Cross was borne,
And here was heard the Christian bell, and there the Moorish horn;

Te Deum Laudamus was up the Alcala sung:
Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung;
The arms thereon of Aragon they with Castile's display;
One king comes in in triumph, one weeping goes away.

Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his old white beard did tear,
"Farewell, farewell, Granada! thou city without peer;
Woe, woe, thou pride of Heathendom, seven hundred years and more
Have gone since first the faithful thy royal scepter bore.

"Thou wert the happy mother of an high renowned race:
Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now go from their place;

From Painting by Francisco Pradilla, Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee

SURRENDER OF GRANADA

Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who fought with mickle glee—
The enemies of proud Castile, the bane of Christientie.

"The mother of fair dames wert thou, of truth and beauty rare,
Into whose arms did courteous knights for solace sweet repair;—
For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric made display
Of might in joust and battle on many a bloody day:

"Here gallants held it little thing for ladies' sake to die,
Or for the Prophet's honor, and pride of Soldanry;—
For here did valor flourish, and deeds of warlike might
Ennobled lordly palaces, in which was our delight.

"The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and blooming bowers—
Woe, woe! I see their beauty gone, and scattered all their flowers.—
No reverence can he claim the King that such a land hath lost,
On charger never can he ride, nor be heard among the host—
But in some dark and dismal place, where none his face may see,
There weeping and lamenting, alone that King should be."—

Thus spake Granada's King as he was riding to the sea,
About to cross Gibraltar's Strait away to Barbary:—
Thus he in heaviness of soul unto his Queen did cry.—
(He had stopped and ta'en her in his arms, for together they did fly).

"Unhappy King! whose craven soul can brook"—(she 'gan reply),
"To leave behind Granada,—who hast not heart to die—
Now for the love I bore thy youth thee gladly could I slay,
For what is life to leave when such a crown is cast away?"

The following tale is so characteristic of the chivalric side of both Arab and Spanish character that we cannot resist the temptation to print it. It is given under the title *Singular Anecdote* at the close of Condé's history, and is related to the events of the latter part of the wars:

At the time when Medina Antequera, having fallen into the power of the Christians, was garrisoned by them as a frontier-town, a certain cavalier, called Narvaez, was Alcayde of that city. This general made incursions, as was usual, on the neighboring districts of the Granadine territory, sometimes conducting those expeditions in person, and at other times despatching his officers to make them in his place.

It happened, then, on a certain time, that Narvaez had detached a body of horse to that effect, and the officer in command of the force departing at the hour best suited to promote the success of the purpose he had in mind, pressed far beyond the frontier, and got deep into the territory of Granada before the dawn had appeared. Being thus on his way, and having as yet found no booty, the Christian came upon a bold Moslemah youth, who had come thither for a cause that shall be presently related, and having wandered from his path in the darkness, could not escape the enemy: this youth at once prepared to attack the Infidels, without giving himself time to consider their numbers, and they in like manner were about to fall upon him; but finding that he was alone, they took him unhurt, and returned to Antequera, where they presented their captive to Narvaez.

The prisoner, a young man of some twenty-two or twenty-three years old, was a cavalier of graceful appearance and dignified aspect; he wore a flowing robe of rich mulberry-colored silk, gorgeously bordered and decorated after the fashion of such vestments; a turban of the finest linen, worn over a scarlet baretta, covered

his head; he was mounted on a magnificent horse, and bore a lance which was adorned, as was his sword, in a manner seen only among the most noble of the Moslemah cavaliers.

Narvaez having inquired of the youth who he was, the latter replied by declaring himself the son of the Alcayde of Ronda, a Moslemah cavalier of high distinction, and one well known among the Christians for his ability in war. Being furthermore asked whither he was proceeding when thus encountered by the troops of the Christian Governor, he could not utter a word, tears having suddenly choked his voice and rendered him unable to reply. Narvaez then said to him, "I marvel to see thee! That thou, being as thou art a cavalier of good race, and the son of a noble so valiant as is thy father, should be thus cast down and weep like a woman, knowing, too, what are the chances of war, and having all the appearance of a brave soldier and a good cavalier: this I cannot understand!"

To these words the youth replied: "I do not weep because my lance hath failed to be my safeguard, nor because I am thy captive—these tears are not for the loss of my liberty; they are forced from mine eyes by a much deeper sorrow, and one that grieves me as the fallen state in which I now see myself could never do."

Hearing these words Narvaez entreated the youth with much kindness to confide to him the cause of his sorrow; and at length the latter replied in these terms:

"Know, then, that I have been long the servant and lover of a lady who is the daughter of the Alcayde of a fortress which I will not name to thee, and I have served her with much truth and loyalty; yea, many times have I fought in her honor against you Christians. Wherefore the lady, at length perceiving my constancy, and acknowledging that I had in some sort merited her favor, had declared herself willing to become my wife, and had sent to call me to her presence, that I might bear her to my dwelling, since she is willing to go in my company and leave the house of her father, for the love of me. I

then, going with this joyful prospect, and in the hope of attaining a treasure so much desired, was given up by my adverse fortune to the hands of thy horsemen; losing, not my liberty only, but all the happiness of my life, in the loss of that priceless jewel which I believed myself to hold in my hand. If this do not seem to thee to be worthy of tears, I know not for what purpose thou canst believe them to be given to the eyes of man, or how to make thee comprehend the misery I am suffering."

Here the captive closed his narration; and the pity which Narvaez then felt for the youth was such, that he said to him, "Thou art a cavalier of good race, and if, being such, thou wilt promise me to return to thy prison, I will give thee permission to go to thy beloved, and make known to her the cause of thy failure, accepting thy plighted word for the promptitude of thy return."

Gladly availing himself of his captor's indulgence, the Mosleman gave the promise demanded, and that same night he reached the castle, wherein his lady dwelt. Here, having made known to her his presence in a manner which he knew she would comprehend, the lady of his love received him with the accustomed welcome, insomuch that no more remained to be done than to fix the day and the hour when he might come to take her for his own. But all the reply that the lover could make to so gratifying an assurance was an expression of regret.

Amazed at this, the lady then said, "What do I hear! Now that thy wishes are accomplished by the promise I have given thee; now that, as thou seest, I am ready to be thine, art thou still sorrowful?" And the cavalier replied, "Know that as I was hastening hither, thinking only of the delight of beholding thee, treasure of my life! I was taken captive by the horsemen of Antequera, who led me to the presence of Narvaez; but he, proving himself the noble cavalier that all accord him to be, and having learned the extent of my evil fortune, hath permitted me to present myself before thee, but upon the faith of my plighted word, and it may be that I do but come to look my last."

Then if these two grieved ye will not ask me. At length the youth found words to say, "There is light in the heavens—it is the hour of dawn, and my word must be redeemed; I have come to see thee as I am permitted, but as the slave of the Christian, and no longer a free man: since, then, I have lost my liberty, God forbid that, loving thee as I do, I should bear thee to a place where thine also would be endangered; I leave thee, to return to my captivity, because I have pledged my faith; but if I can speedily obtain my ransom, that there may still be time, and I will return for thee."

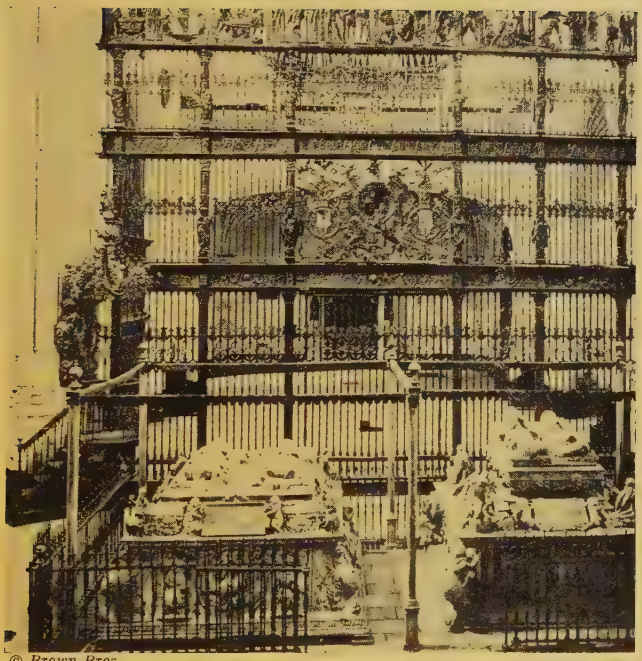
The lady then made answer, "Before this hour thou hast given me many a proof that thou dost truly love me, but now art thou giving me one that is stronger than all, seeing that thou dost hold my safety in so much respect. Since, then, thou art so good a cavalier, and hast so deeply considered what thou owest to me, as well as to thy plighted faith given to the Christian, God forbid that I should remain to pass my life in the company of any other than thyself; wherefore I will go with thee, even though thou shouldst refuse thy consent; if thou must be a slave, so also will I be; and if it please God to grant thee thy liberty, He will give me mine as well." Saying this, the lady turned her to her waiting damsel, and taking from her hands a coffer richly decorated, she added the few words that follow:—"Here have I this casket with very precious jewels; take me on thy horse, for I am well content to be the sharer of thy fortune."

Having uttered these last words, the lady passed forth with her lover, and he took her on his horse as she had desired. In the morning they arrived at Antequera, where they presented themselves to Narvaez, who received them very kindly, giving them various marks of honor, and praising the love of the lady no less than the honor and good faith of the cavalier. On the following day the Alcayde set them at liberty, with permission to proceed to their own land without delay: he made them rich presents at parting, and commanded an escort of his troops to accompany them to a place of safety.

V. The Growth of Spain. The kingdoms which rose out of the ruins of the Saracen civilization developed a warlike, turbulent, enthusiastic Christianity which approached the fanatical. Their wars among themselves were not less bloody than those they fought against the Moors. In the end Aragon and Castile absorbed the others, and it was the political system of Aragon that finally prevailed. The feudal system was established in its most rigid form, although the cities were given a great deal of power, which in time limited that of the king to a considerable extent, so that the leagues among the cities were the greatest power he had to combat. The monarchy was also restricted by the Parliament, or *Cortes,* which at a very early date became the principal law-making power.

Among the more famous rulers of medieval times, Alfonso the Wise (1252–1284) of Castile was one of the greatest, standing on the same plane with St. Louis of France and Frederick II of Germany. Poet, man of learning, historian and lawmaker, he was able to place Castile among the leading European powers; and had it not been for the ambition which led him into conflict with the Holy Roman Empire, he might have left a more profound mark upon his times.

James I (1213–1276) of Aragon conquered Valencia and the Balearic Islands, and with Pedro III (1276–1285), who obtained Sicily, James II (1291–1327), who annexed Sardinia,



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TOMBS OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

GRANADA, SPAIN

and Alfonso V (1416–1458), who conquered Naples, made Aragon a leading power.

Ferdinand V, known as the Catholic (1479–1516), became the ruler of the whole of Spain, with the exception of Navarre, when in 1492 he and his consort Isabella subjugated the kingdom of Granada. His shrewd policy was to increase the royal power at the expense of the nobles and the people, and in following this he raised Spain to a position of military importance among the countries of Europe. By 1512 he was the master of Navarre, and thus Spain was entirely unified.

Isabella dictated the religious policy of the kingdom, and the Holy Brotherhood, which she organized, was most efficient in establishing law and order among the Castilian barons. The year after the conquest of Granada, largely by the support of Isabella, Columbus made his wonderful discovery, which, coupled with the further discovery of the route to India around the Cape, changed for a time the whole aspect of European affairs. As a first result, Spain and Portugal were brought into collision, but the Pope defined in the New World the field in which each country could claim territory, and for a time all went well.

When Ferdinand died in 1516, his grandson, Charles I, who in 1519, as Charles V, ascended the throne of the Holy Roman Empire, became king of Spain and established the Hapsburg dynasty there. His reign was one of wonderful increase in wealth and power, for

the Spanish explorations in Mexico and Peru were bringing an apparently inexhaustible supply of precious metals from the mines in those countries. Unfortunately, the greater part of this wealth was sent abroad to Genoa and to the French, Dutch and German cities to pay soldiers and keep up the wars. Charles V, however, was the most powerful Christian monarch of his age, and during his reign Spain reached the zenith of her greatness.

VI. The Decadence of Spain. Philip II, son of Charles, came to the throne in 1556. Without the remarkable gifts of his father, narrow, despotic, lacking insight as a statesman and power as a leader, he failed in his most cherished schemes. Under him the Inquisition was developed into a powerful organization for the control of religious and political heresy, and he organized an attempt to destroy Protestantism in the Netherlands, which was ultimately the cause of the loss of those northern provinces. Charles V had loved the Netherlands, but Philip's oppressions were unendurable, so that under the leadership of William of Orange and others, many of the provinces gained their freedom.

After the assassination of William, Philip was so taken up by his contests with England and France that the Dutch established their permanent independence. In 1580 Philip conquered and annexed Portugal, and, seeing under his control the two most powerful navies of the world, he boastfully named them the

From Painting by Velasquez, Boston Museum of Fine Arts

PHILIP IV OF SPAIN—1605–1665

"Invincible Armada" and set about the subjugation and conversion of England. However, the English did not wait to be attacked, and their Queen, Elizabeth, gave the famous Admiral Drake authority to watch the Channel. Taking this as permission to act as he pleased, Drake sailed into the harbor of Cadiz and "singed the Spaniard's beard" by sinking and burning eighty of his ships and capturing an enormous treasure ship for England. This was practically the end of Philip's unbalanced dream of conquest, for though the fleet sailed, it was wholly unsuccessful, and in return the English ravaged the coasts of Spain and with their quicker vessels soon took the Eastern trade away from the heavy Spanish galleons. Philip's internal policies were not adapted to a growing nation, and a series of unfortunate laws destroyed what was left of commerce, impoverished the country, depressed manufacturing and allowed foreigners to gain control of all these industries. As a result of his maladministration, Spain became ignorant, intolerant, indolent and oppressed almost to the point of poverty by heavy taxes, which, however, were largely eaten up by the tax collectors before they reached the court.

The reign of Philip III (1598–1621) hastened the ruin of Spain and involved her in the Thirty Years' War, from which she emerged a second-rate power. Under Philip IV Spain lost Portugal and what remained of the Netherlands.

In 1700 the male line of Hapsburg became extinct in the person of Charles II, and the conflicting claims to the throne produced the War of the Spanish Succession, in which England, Holland, Austria, Prussia, the German Empire and Savoy were allied against Louis XIV of France to prevent him from establishing the House of Bourbon in the peninsula. This war, fought on the sea, in America, in Spain, Italy, along the Rhine, and especially in the Netherlands, was for a long time doubtful, and brought important consequences to every nation involved. In the combined treaties which closed it, Philip V of Anjou was acknowledged the King of Spain, but the nation lost its possessions in Italy and the Low Countries.

With the exception of two brief intervals, the dynasty of this Bourbon prince has ruled Spain. The first interruption was in 1808, when for six years Joseph Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, was in power. Spain, however, was instrumental in checking the ambitious progress of Napoleon when she successfully resisted his invasion. In 1868 again the Bourbon line was displaced, and within six years Spain had suffered under three forms of government. In 1874 the Bourbon line was reëstablished by the accession of Alfonso XII. At the time of his death (1886) the Queen, Maria Christina, was made regent. In 1898 the maladministration of Cuban affairs gave rise to the Spanish-American War, in which

Spain lost all the territories in the West Indies and the Philippine Islands which she had obtained early in the seventeenth century. The destruction of her navy and the expenses of the war threw a very heavy taxation upon her people. Maria's son, born after his father's death, became Alfonso XIII in 1902, when he became of age, and somewhat to the surprise of the critics has proved an able and liberal ruler, whose ambition is to make Spain again a leading power by developing her resources.

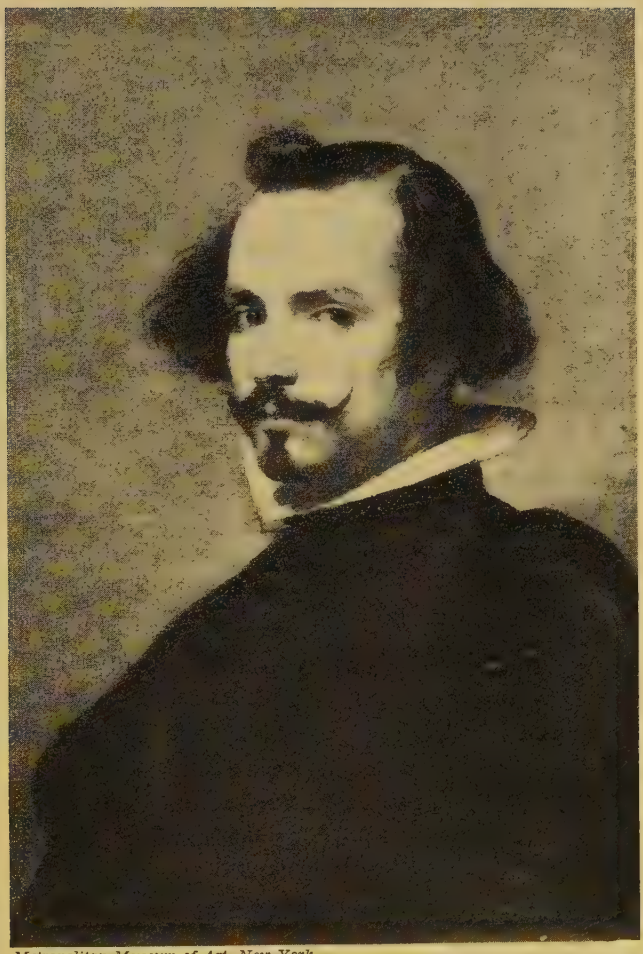
VII. Spanish Art. The Spanish have always been lovers of beauty, though more particularly in its ornate forms, and their love of display has made itself apparent in every form of their art. It cannot be said that they have originated anything great, but they have been sensitive to outside influences and have adapted to their own needs everything that has attracted their favorable attention. The Renaissance, which began in Italy, made itself felt in Spain as it did over the rest of Europe, and in some lines the Spaniards developed extraordinary talent.

1. *Architecture.* The architecture of Spain partakes of the nature of that of all the other European countries. When the Romanesque style was growing up after the decay of the Roman Empire and during the early Gothic periods, the south of Spain was under Moorish dominion, and the architecture there was Saracenic. The few Romanesque church remains are in the north and are of little importance

because of the constant rebuilding which has been in progress, but some of the churches show rich and beautiful sculpture. The Renaissance style in Spain, except when modified by Moorish influences, is practically the same as that of France, only it is richer and more elaborate than in any other part of Europe.

There are many notable examples of fine Renaissance architecture, built at intervals during nearly three centuries, and unlike those of France, they are principally in the towns and cities. The earliest known example is that of Charles V's palace, which was erected at Granada near the Alhambra. The building is an exact square, 205 feet each way, with an open, circular court, 100 feet in diameter, in the middle. This court is surrounded by a two-story open colonnade, in which the upper columns are Ionic and the lower Doric. Near Madrid is the immense Escurial, which contains palace, monastery, college and church, all in one plan. The most famous church edifices are the cathedrals at Burgos, Granada and Valladolid; the entrances to all are through magnificent portals, lavishly ornamented.

Spain contains the best European examples of Mohammedan palaces. The Alhambra, which dates almost entirely from the early fourteenth century, is the most renowned Saracenic building in the world and has been described as "the gem of Arabian art in Spain." The Court of the Lions, the older of two oblong courts, is most elaborate. We shall meet with



Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

VELAZQUEZ
BY HIMSELF
1599–1660

many allusions to the Alhambra in our study of Spanish literature, but one of the finest descriptions is that by Washington Irving. The Mosque of Cordova is another fine example of Mohammedan work, in which it should be remembered that geometrical tracery of the most intricate kind, graceful minarets, pointed, horseshoe, and other arches, and the great pear-shaped domes are characteristic.

2. *Painting.* Until the seventeenth century Spain had no school of painting which could be called her own, and when it finally appeared it was the result of Italian influence, which had been more slowly felt there than in other parts of Europe. However, in Velasquez and Murillo Spain produced two of the greatest painters of the world.

Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez (1599–1660) was a native of Seville who married the daughter of Francisco Pacheco and found through her influence a road to political power and honors until he became the Court Marshal under Philip IV. He visited in Rome and other parts of Italy for two years, and was intimate with Rubens and other famous painters. His art was highly original and showed a master hand, whether applied to landscape, classical or historic paintings. However, it was in portraiture that his genius and skill were displayed at their highest, and his *Philip IV, Count Olivarez* and *The Maids of Honor* are world renowned; however, *The Nativity* is considered his greatest work.

Bartholome Esteban Murillo (1617–1682) was also a native of Seville, trained to the art of painting, who went to Madrid in 1641, where he became a pupil of Velasquez, by whom he was treated with the greatest kindness. In 1645 he returned to Seville, three years later married a lady of means, and established a handsome home which was the resort of people of taste and fashion. In 1660 he founded the Academy of Seville, and was its president for the first year. His early paintings were illustrative of humble life, and those of children throwing dice, selling flowers or engaged in the other amusements and occupations of childhood, are beautiful and wonderfully true to life, though his manner was less refined than in later life. He is now best known as the painter of the *Immaculate Conception,* a subject which he used some twenty times.

In this connection it might be interesting to give the list of the world's twelve greatest paintings as named by the artist-critic, W. W. Story:

The Transfiguration (1519), Raphael, Italy;
Sistine Madonna (1518), Raphael, Italy;
Last Judgment (1534), Michelangelo, Italy;
Communion of St. Jerome (1614), Domenichino, Italy;
Descent from the Cross (1612), Rubens, Belgium;
Descent from the Cross (about 1545), Volterra, Italy;
Last Supper (1498), Leonardo da Vinci, Italy;
Assumption of the Virgin (1518), Titian, Italy;
The Night (1522), Correggio, Italy;
Aurora (1609), Guido Reni, Italy;

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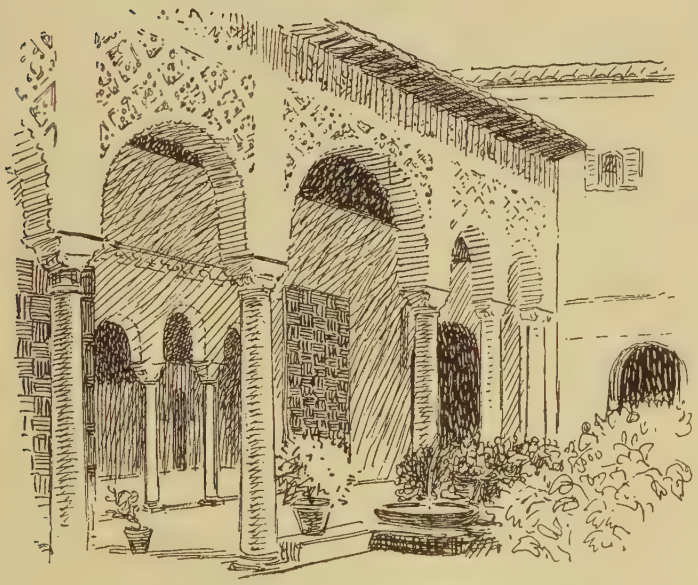
VELAZQUEZ

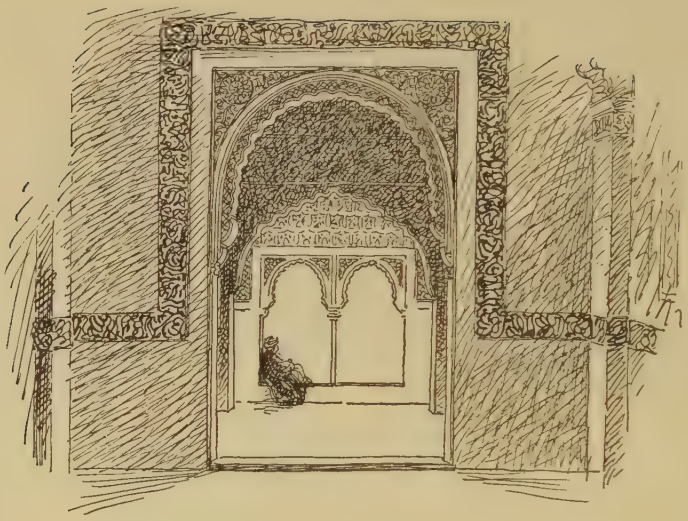
STATUE AND MONUMENT, SEVILLE

Beatrice Cenci (1609), Guido Reni, Italy;
Immaculate Conception (1678), Murillo, Spain.

3. *Sculpture.* The Spaniards have produced skillful sculptors, but none of their work has reached the fineness and beauty of French and Italian artists. Few if any subjects have been so successfully handled that they have made any impression upon the literature of the world, and accordingly may be omitted from our discussions.



PALACE ARCHITECTURE



CHAPTER II

EARLY SPANISH LITERATURE

THE LANGUAGE. Of the language of the Iberians we have very few records, and its influence upon the present Spanish tongue is wholly negligible. On the slopes of the Pyrenees live the Basques, who have a language and a limited literature of their own, but neither has played any great part in the development of the present national tongue. The Catalan, spoken by some millions of people in Northern Spain and Southern France, dates from the thirteenth century and resembles Provençal. As early as the fourteenth century it was regarded as a literary language and still enjoys some distinction of that character, but

however rich and varied it may be, a study of it is outside our plans. For our purposes we may neglect everything but the Castilian language as that in which Spanish literature was written.

The Carthaginians made no permanent impression upon the language of the peninsula, but the Romans, following their usual custom, forced their habits and speech upon the conquered inhabitants of Spain, and made Latin the national language. It will be remembered that many of the great figures in Roman literature were Spaniards, and that Seneca, Lucan, Martial, Quintilian and others aided in giving to Rome its Silver Age. Latin not unnaturally was altered by the Spaniards to a certain degree, but the invasions of the Goths and Visigoths did nothing to dispossess it, particularly as the Church preserved the Latin inviolate. The invasion of the Moors, however, threatened the predominance of the Roman tongue, for the East brought its culture and learning, established schools and colleges, and the people even began to speak a Moorish dialect; but still the Spanish divines remained stanch, although their Latin was continually growing more corrupt. The revival of learning in the eleventh and twelfth centuries took place almost entirely under Moorish influence, and during that time the Spanish Moors led Europe as poets, philosophers, scientists and theologians. The permanent influence upon the language, however, was merely to introduce

a considerable number of Moorish words, so the final Romance language of Spain remains a direct derivative from the Latin; in other words, the stately Latin of the Church and its literature gave way to the language of the common people, as it did in Italy, and Spanish became the universal tongue.

There were three great dialects in the three leading provinces—Aragon, Galicia and Castile. At first the Galician was considered the finest, but as the power of Castile increased the laws of the young nation were written in Castilian, and this state language swept away the other dialects or left them in use only among the common people of the provinces. Spanish is a melodious, high-sounding tongue, with great flexibility in construction, but at the same time is one of the simplest of the Romance languages. Some of the Oriental splendor of the Moors seems to have found its way into the speech and writings of the people who originally inhabited the peninsula, and to have remained there in spite of the change in words and constructions.

II. Beginnings. Before commencing to study Castilian literature, we must say that until the thirteenth century whatever of literature came from Spain was produced by the Romans, the Arabs and the Spanish Jews, and for an account of them we must refer the reader to the literatures of Rome, Arabia and the Hebrews, which are treated at length elsewhere in these volumes.

It is merely uttering a truth that has been many times demonstrated to say that the literatures of nearly all nations have begun alike, that poetry has preceded prose, and that the epic has preceded the lyric. Spain is no exception to this law, and the first Castilian poems of which we have any account are those that deal with the national hero, the Cid, and another called *The Mystery of the Magian Kings.* Following these poems is the work of the *trovadores* and *juglares,* similar in character to the troubadours and jongleurs of France, who, although apparently under French influence, yet developed a thoroughly Spanish type of song. The trovadores were extremely popular at one time and occupied a position relatively as great in the Spanish courts as their prototypes occupied in France. The burden of their song was similar. Love, knightly valor and religion formed the chief subjects, and a few of their productions still exist, but our concern in this chapter will lie principally with the ballads and epics of that region, for their lyrics occupy a relatively inferior position. John G. Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, has given us translations of many of these early ballads in a spirited verse that contains much of the flavor of the original. From among these our examples are taken.

III. Historical Ballads. One of the earliest heroes among the Spanish is Fernan Gonsalez, who lived at the beginning of the tenth

century and under whose rule it is said Castile first became an independent Christian state. In the ballads, as in history, his wife is as heroic as himself. Twice, it is said, she rescued him from prison at the risk of her own life, in one instance by exchanging clothes with him so that he might pass out unrecognized, while she remained in his place.

1. From the group of Gonsalez ballads Lockhart translates *The Escape of Count Fernan Gonsalez:*

They have carried afar into Navarre the great Count of Castile,
And they have bound him sorely, they have bound him hand and heel;
The tidings up the mountains go, and down among the valleys,
"To the rescue! to the rescue, ho! they have ta'en Fernan Gonsalez."—

A noble knight of Normandy was riding through Navarre,
For Christ his hope he came to cope with the Moorish scymitar;
To the Alcayde of the Tower, in secret thus said he,
"These bezaunts fair with thee I'll share, so I this lord may see."—

The Alcayde was full joyful, he took the gold full soon,
And he brought him to the dungeon, ere the rising of the moon;
He let him out at morning, at the gray light of the prime,
But many words between these lords had passed within that time.

The Norman knight rides swiftly, for he hath made him bowne

To a king that is full joyous, and to a feastful town;
For there is joy and feasting, because that lord is ta'en—
King Garci in his dungeon holds the doughtiest lord in Spain.

The Norman feasts among the guests, but at the evening tide
He speaks to Garci's daughter, within her bower aside;
"Now God forgive us, lady, and God his mother dear,
For on a day of sorrow we have been blithe of cheer.

"The Moors may well be joyful, but great should be our grief,
For Spain has lost her guardian, when Castile has lost her chief;
The Moorish host is pouring like a river o'er the land,
Curse on the Christian fetters that bind Gonsalez' hand!

"Gonsalez loves thee, lady, he loved thee long ago,
But little is the kindness that for his love you show;
The curse that lies on Caba's[1] head, it may be shared by thee—
Arise, let love with love be paid, and set Gonsalez free."—

The lady answered little, but at the mirk of night,
When all her maids are sleeping, she hath risen and ta'en her flight;
She hath tempted the Alcayde with her jewels and her gold,
And unto her his prisoner that jailer false hath sold.

She took Gonsalez by the hand at the dawning of the day,
She said, "Upon the heath you stand, before you lies your way;
But if I to my father go, alas! what must I do?
My father will be angry—I fain would go with you."—

[1] Caba, or Cava, the unfortunate daughter of Count Julian. No child in Spain was ever christened by that ominous name after the downfall of the Gothic kingdom.

He hath kissed the Infanta, he hath kissed her, brow and
cheek,
And lovingly together the forest path they seek;
Till in the greenwood hunting they met a lordly priest,
With his bugle at his girdle, and his hawk upon his
wrist.

"Now stop! now stop!" the priest he said (he knew them
both right well),
"Now stop, and pay your ransom, or I your flight will
tell;
Now stop, thou fair Infanta, for if my words you scorn,
I'll give warning to the foresters with the blowing of my
horn."—

. . . . . .

The base priest's word Gonsalez heard, "Now, by the
rood!" quoth he,
"A hundred deaths I'll suffer, or ere this thing shall
be."—
But in his ear she whispered, she whispered soft and
slow,
And to the priest she beckoned within the wood to go.

It was ill with Count Gonsalez, the fetters pressed his
knees,
Yet as he could he followed within the shady trees—
"For help, for help, Gonsalez!—for help," he hears her
cry,
"God aiding, fast I'll hold thee, until my lord come
nigh."

He has come within the thicket, there lay they on the
green,
And he has plucked from off the grass the false priest's
javelin;
Firm by the throat she held him bound, down went the
weapon sheer,
Down through his body to the ground, even as the boar
ye spear.

They wrapped him in his mantle, and left him there to bleed,
And all that day they held their way; his palfrey served their need;—
Till to their ears a sound did come, might fill their hearts with dread,
A steady whisper on the breeze, and horsemen's heavy tread.

The Infanta trembled in the wood, but forth the Count did go,
And, gazing wide, a troop descried upon the bridge below;
"Gramercy!" quoth Gonsalez—"or else my sight is gone,
Methinks I know the pennon yon sun is shining on.

"Come forth, come forth, Infanta, mine own true men they be,
Come forth, and see my banner, and cry *Castile!* with me:
My merry men draw near me, I see my pennon shine,
Their swords shine bright, Infanta, and every blade is thine."

2. Don Pedro, King of Castile, was given the name of "The Cruel" because of his many atrocious acts. Mariana, the Spanish historian, says of him:

He was pale of complexion; his features were high and well formed, and stamped with a certain authority of majesty, his hair red, his figure erect, even to stiffness; he was bold and determined in action and in council; his bodily frame sank under no fatigues, his spirit under no weight of difficulty or of danger. He was passionately fond of hawking, and all violent exercises.

In the beginning of his reign, he administered justice among private individuals with perfect integrity. But even then were visible in him the rudiments of those vices which grew with his age, and finally led him to his ruin;

such as a general contempt and scorn of mankind, an insulting tongue, a proud and difficult ear, even to those of his household. These faults were discernible even in his tender years; to them, as he advanced in life, were added avarice, dissolution in luxury, an utter hardness of heart, and a remorseless cruelty.

From among the many ballads relating to him we select *The Murder of the Master of St. Iago:*

"I sat alone in Coimbra—the town myself had ta'en,—
When came into my chamber, a messenger from Spain;
There was no treason in his look, an honest look he wore;
I from his hand the letter took,—my brother's seal it bore.

" 'Come, brother dear, the day draws near' ('twas thus bespoke the King),
'For plenar court and knightly sport, within the listed ring.'—
Alas! unhappy Master, I easy credence lent;
Alas! for fast and faster I at his bidding went.

"When I set off from Coimbra, and passed the bound of Spain,
I had a goodly company of spearmen in my train;
A gallant force, a score of horse, and sturdy mules thirteen:
With joyful heart I held my course—my years were young and green.

"A journey of good fifteen days within the week was done,
I halted not, though signs I got, dark tokens many a one;
A strong stream mastered horse and mule, I lost my poniard fine,
And left a page within the pool, a faithful page of mine.

"Yet on to proud Seville I rode; when to the gate I came,
Before me stood a man of God, to warn me from the same;

The words he spake I would not hear, his grief I would not see,
I seek, said I, my brother dear—I will not stop for thee.

"No lists were closed upon the sand, for royal tourney dight;
No pawing horse was seen to stand, I saw no armed knight;
Yet aye I gave my mule the spur, and hastened through the town,
I stopt before his palace-door, then gayly leapt I down.

"They shut the door, my trusty score of friends were left behind;
I would not hear their whispered fear, no harm was in my mind;
I greeted Pedro, but he turned—I wot his look was cold;
His brother from his knees he spurned—'Stand off, thou Master bold—

" 'Stand off, stand off, thou traitor strong,' 'twas thus he said to me,
'Thy time on earth shall not be long—what brings thee to my knee?
My Lady craves a New-year's gift, and I will keep my word;
Thy head methinks may serve the shift—Good yeoman, draw thy sword.' "

The Master lay upon the floor ere well that word was said,
Then in a charger off they bore his pale and bloody head;
They brought it to Padilla's chair, they bowed them on the knee,
"King Pedro greets thee, Lady fair, his gift he sends to thee."—

She gazed upon the Master's head, her scorn it could not scare,
And cruel were the words she said, and proud her glances were;

"Thou now shalt pay, thou traitor base, the debt of many
a year,
My dog shall lick that haughty face; no more that lip
shall sneer."—

She seized it by the clotted hair, and o'er the window
flung;
The mastiff smelt it in his lair, forth at her cry he sprung;
The mastiff that had crouched so low to lick the Master's
hand,
He tossed the morsel to and fro, and licked it on the sand.

And ever as the mastiff tore, his bloody teeth were shown,
With growl and snort he made his sport, and picked it to
bone.
The baying of the beast was loud, and swiftly on the street
There gathered round a gaping crowd, to see the mastiff
eat.

Then out and spake King Pedro,—"What governance is
this?
The rabble rout, my gate without, torment my dogs, I
wiss."—
Then out and spake King Pedro's page, "It is the
Master's head,
The mastiff tears it in his rage, therewith they him have
fed."—

Then out and spake the ancient Nurse, that nursed the
brothers twain,
"On thee, King Pedro, lies the curse, thy brother thou
hast slain;
A thousand harlots there may be within the realm of
Spain,
But where is she can give to thee thy brother back
again?"—

Came darkness o'er King Pedro's brow, when thus he
heard her say;

He sorely rued the accursed vow he had fulfilled that day;
He passed unto his paramour, where on her couch she lay.
Leaning from out her painted bower, to see the mastiff's play.

He drew her to a dungeon dark, a dungeon strong and deep;
"My father's son lies stiff and stark, and there are few to weep.
Fadrique's blood for vengeance calls, his cry is in mine ear;
Thou art the cause, thou harlot false, in darkness lie thou here."

3. According to popular legend, of which the historical value is uncertain, Don Sancho de Saldana and Ximena, sister of Alfonso II of Leon, were secretly married, and their son, Bernardo del Carpio, was brought up in the court and became not only one of the most famous warriors of the ninth century, but likewise a national hero of Spain. Because of his secret marriage to Ximena, the father was taken by the King, his eyes were put out, and he was imprisoned. When Bernardo became a knight, he vowed to deliver his father, and being unable to get any satisfaction from the King, he followed in the footsteps of some of his predecessors and went over to the Moors, among whom he became a leader and established himself firmly in the castle of Carpio. The King promised to release his father if Bernardo would surrender the castle. We have selected several of Southey's translations of old Spanish ballads to tell the story of Ber-

nardo. First of the ballads is the complaint of the Count of Saldana, while imprisoned by King Alfonso, and, as the Count supposed, forgotten by his son and wife:

The Count Don Sancho Diaz, the Signior of Saldane,
Lies weeping in his prison, for he cannot refrain:—
King Alphonso and his sister, of both doth he complain,
But most of bold Bernardo, the champion of Spain.

"The weary years I durance brook, how many they have been,
When on these hoary hairs I look, may easily be seen;
When they brought me to this castle, my curls were black, I ween,
Wo worth the day! they have grown gray these rueful walls between.

"They tell me my Bernardo is the doughtiest lance in Spain,
But if he were my loyal heir, there's blood in every vein
Whereof the voice his heart would hear—his hand would not gainsay;—
Though the blood of kings be mixed with mine, it would not have all the sway.

"Now all the three have scorn of me—unhappy man am I!
They leave me without pity—they leave me here to die.
A stranger's feud, albeit rude, were little dole or care,
But he's my own, both flesh and bone;—his scorn is ill to bear.

"From Jailer and from Castellain I hear of hardiment
And chivalry in listed plain on joust and tourney spent;—
I hear of many a battle, in which thy spear is red,
But help from thee comes none to me where I am ill bested.

"Some villain spot is in thy blood to mar its gentle strain,
Else would it shew forth hardihood for him whom 'twas ta'en;
Thy hope is young, thy heart is strong, but yet a day may be,
When thou shalt weep in dungeon deep, and none thy weeping see."

Bernardo, however, was not idle, nor had he forgotten his father, so he willingly offered to sacrifice his castle for the life of his sire, and Alfonso promised to send the latter to meet his son. However, instead of doing this, he gave orders that Count Sancho should immediately be executed in prison:

When he was dead they clothed him in splendid attire, mounted him on horseback, and so led him towards Salamanca, where his son was expecting his arrival. As they drew nigh the city, the King and Bernardo rode out to meet them; and when Bernardo saw his father approaching, he exclaimed, "O God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?"—"Look where he is," replied the cruel King; "and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see." Bernardo went forward and took his father's hand to kiss it; but when he felt the dead weight of the hand, and saw the livid face of the corpse, he cried aloud, and said, "Ah, Don Sandiaz, in an evil hour didst thou beget me!—Thou art dead, and I have given my stronghold for thee, and now I have lost all."

The funeral of Count Sancho is described in the following ballad:

All in the center of the choir Bernardo's knees are bent,
Before him for his murdered sire yawns the old monument.

His kinsmen of the Carpio blood are kneeling at his back,
With knightly friends and vassals good, all garbed in weeds of black.

He comes to make the obsequies of a basely slaughtered man,
And tears are running down from eyes whence ne'er before they ran.

His head is bowed upon the stone; his heart, albeit full sore,
Is strong as when in days by-gone he rode o'er Frank and Moor;

And now between his teeth he mutters, that none his words can hear;
And now the voice of wrath he utters, in curses loud and clear.

He stoops him o'er his father's shroud, his lips salute the bier;
He communes with the corse aloud, as if none else were near.

His right hand doth his sword unsheath, his left doth pluck his beard;—
And while his liegemen held their breath, these were the words they heard:—

"Go up, go up, thou blessed ghost, into the arms of God;
Go, fear not lest revenge be lost, when Carpio's blood hath flowed;

"The steel that drank the blood of France, the arm thy foe that shielded,
Still, Father, thirsts that burning lance, and still thy son can wield it."

Immediately after the funeral of the Count, the following incident may be supposed to have taken place:

With some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appeared
Before them all in the palace hall, the lying King to beard;
With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frowned, and flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the King, "who comest unbid to me;
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitors like to thee?
His sire, Lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our Champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale the King hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard, "here my gage I fling before the liar's feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?

"The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France;—
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval,—
Your words, Lord King, are recompense abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down—your hope was flown—I saw the falchion shine,
That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thanked the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free,
But curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see;
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind, and stiffened limb, were all they gave to me.

"The King that swerveth from his word hath stained his purple black,
No Spanish Lord will draw the sword behind a Liar's back;
But noble vengeance shall be mine, and open hate I'll show—
The King hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe."—

"Seize—seize him!"—loud the King doth scream—
"There are a thousand here—
Let his foul blood this instant stream—What! Caitiffs, do ye fear?
Seize—seize the traitor!"—But not one to move a finger dareth,—
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
And all the hall was still as death:—cries Bernard, "Here am I,

And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting
heaven and me;
Fain would I know who dares his point—King, Conde, or
Grandee."

Then to his mouth the horn he drew—(it hung below his
cloak)
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring
they broke;
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the
circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false King
to quake,

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this
warlike guise?
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I
prize."—
But Bernard turned upon his heel, and smiling passed
away—
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

4. As a type of one of the Moorish ballads, we select *The Bull-fight of Gazul:*

King Almanzor of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet
sound,
He had summoned all the Moorish Lords, from the hills
and plains around;
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and
twisted steel.

'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and
state,
And they have closed the spacious lists, beside the
Alhambra's gate;
In gowns of black with silver laced within the tented
ring,

Eight Moors to fight the bull are placed in presence of the King.

Eight Moorish lords of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,
The onset of the beasts abide, come trooping furious through;
The deeds they've done, the spoils they've won, fill all with hope and trust,
Yet ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud tambour,
Make room, make room for Gazul—throw wide, throw wide the door;—
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more loudly strike the drum,
The Alcayde of Agalva to fight the bull doth come.

And first before the King he passed, with reverence stooping low,
And next he bowed him to the Queen, and the Infantas all a-rowe;
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw
A scarf from out her balcony was whiter than the snow.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery is the sand,
Yet proudly in the center hath Gazul ta'en his stand;
And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with anxious eye,
But the lance is firmly in its rest, and his look is calm and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on,
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rejon;

Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,
He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.

"Turn, Gazul, turn," the people cry—the third comes up behind,
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind;—
The mountaineers that lead the steers, without stand whispering low,
"Now thinks this proud Alcayde to stun Harpado so?"—

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters clear,
Beneath the oak trees was he nursed, this proud and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull, like daggers they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows curled, ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might;

Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth
the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcayde's shock.

Now stops the drum—close, close they come—thrice meet,
and thrice give back;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast
of black—
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of
dun—
Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fear-
less one!

Once more, once more;—in dust and gore to ruin must
thou reel—
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel—
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast, I see, I see thee stagger,
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern Al-
cayde's dagger!

They have slipped a noose around his feet, six horses are
brought in,
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful
din.—
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of
price bestow
Upon Gazul of Agalva, that hath laid Harpado low.

5. A subject of many romantic ballads is Gayfer de Bourdeaux, who, under his Spanish name, is in the *Escape of Gayferos* represented as hearing from his mother the tale of his father's death and as narrowly escaping from his step-father's cruelty:

Before her knee the boy did stand, within the dais so fair,
The golden shears were in her hand, to clip his curled
hair;

And ever as she clipped the curls, such doleful words she spake,
That tears ran from Gayferos' eyes, for his sad mother's sake.

"God grant a beard were on thy face, and strength thine arm within.
To fling a spear, or swing a mace, like Roland Paladin!
For then, I think, thou wouldst avenge thy father that is dead,
Whom envious traitors slaughtered within thy mother's bed.

"Their bridal-gifts were rich and rare, that hate might not be seen;
They cut me garments broad and fair—none fairer hath the Queen."—
Then out and spake the little boy—"Each night to God I call,
And to his blessed Mother, to make me strong and tall!"—

The Count he heard Gayferos, in the palace where he lay;—
"Now silence, silence, Countess! it is falsehood that you say;
I neither slew the man, nor hired another's sword to slay;—
But, for that the mother hath desired, be sure the son shall pay!"—

The Count called to his esquires (old followers were they,
Whom the dead Lord had nurtured for many a merry day)—
He bade them take their old Lord's heir, and stop his tender breath—
Alas! 'twas piteous but to hear the manner of that death.

"List, esquires, list, for my command is offspring of mine oath—

The stirrup-foot and the hilt-hand see that ye sunder both;—
That ye cut out his eyes 'twere best—the safer he will go—
And bring a finger and the heart, that I his end may know.''—

The esquires took the little boy aside with them to go;
Yet, as they went, they did repent—''O God! must this be so?
How shall we think to look for grace, if this poor child we slay,
When ranged before Christ Jesus' face at the great judgment-day?''—

While they, not knowing what to do, were standing in such talk,
The Countess' little lap-dog bitch by chance did cross their walk;
Then out and spake one of the 'squires (you may hear the words he said),
''I think the coming of this bitch may serve us in good stead—

''Let us take out the bitch's heart, and give it to Galvan;
The boy may with a finger part, and be no worser man.''—
With that they cut the joint away, and whispered in his ear,
That he must wander many a day, nor once those parts come near.

''Your uncle grace and love will show; he is a bounteous man;''—
And so they let Gayferos go, and turned them to Galvan.
The heart and the small finger upon the board they laid,
And of Gayferos' slaughter a cunning story made.

The Countess, when she hears them, in great grief loudly cries:

Meantime the stripling safely unto his uncle hies:—
"Now welcome, my fair boy," he said, "what good news may there be
Come with thee to thine uncle's hall?"—"Sad tidings come with me—

"The false Galvan had laid his plan to have me in my grave;
But I've escaped him, and am here, my boon from thee to crave:
Rise up, rise up, mine uncle, thy brother's blood they've shed;
Rise up—they've slain my father within my mother's bed."

6. One of the most admired of the Spanish ballads, which in many respects resembles some of the Scottish and English poems of the same type, is *Lady Alda's Dream:*

In Paris sits the lady that shall be Sir Roland's bride,
Three hundred damsels with her, her bidding to abide;
All clothed in the same fashion, both the mantle and the shoon,
All eating at one table, within her hall at noon:
All, save the Lady Alda, she is lady of them all,
She keeps her place upon the dais, and they serve her in her hall;
The thread of gold a hundred spin, the lawn a hundred weave,
And a hundred play sweet melody within Alda's bower at eve.

With the sound of their sweet playing, the lady falls asleep,
And she dreams a doleful dream, and her damsels hear her weep;
There is sorrow in her slumber, and she waketh with a cry,

And she calleth for her damsels, and swiftly they come nigh.
"Now, what is it, Lady Alda" (you may hear the words they say),
"Bringeth sorrow to thy pillow, and chaseth sleep away?"—
"O, my maidens!" quoth the lady, "my heart it is full sore!
I have dreamt a dream of evil, and can slumber never more.

"For I was upon a mountain, in a bare and desert place,
And I saw a mighty eagle, and a falcon he did chase;
And to me the falcon came, and I hid it in my breast,
But the mighty bird, pursuing, came and rent away my vest;
And he scattered all the feathers, and blood was on his beak,
And ever, as he tore and tore, I heard the falcon shriek:—
Now read my vision, damsels, now read my dream to me,
For my heart may well be heavy that doleful sight to see."—

Out spake the foremost damsel was in her chamber there—
(You may hear the words she says), "Oh! my lady's dream is fair—
The mountain is St. Denis' choir; and thou the falcon art,
And the eagle strong that teareth the garment from thy heart,
And scattereth the feathers, he is the Paladin—
That, when again he comes from Spain, must sleep thy bower within;—
Then be blythe of cheer, my lady, for the dream thou must not grieve,
It means but that thy bridegroom shall come to thee at eve."—

"If thou hast read my vision, and read it cunningly"—
Thus said the Lady Alda, "thou shalt not lack thy fee."—

But wo is me for Alda! there was heard, at morning hour,
A voice of lamentation within that lady's bower;
For there had come to Paris a messenger by night,
And his horse it was a-weary, and his visage it was white;
And there's weeping in the chamber, and there's silence in the hall,
For Sir Roland has been slaughtered in the chase of Roncesval.

7. It is interesting to know that few of the Spanish ballads allude to the fairies in any way, a remarkable thing in the early literature of any country. However, in *The Lady of the Tree,* we are reminded of our own tales of fairyland, as well as of the enchantments which form so great a part of Oriental fiction:

The knight had hunted long, and twilight closed the day,
His hounds were weak and weary, his hawk had flown away.
He stopped beneath an oak, an old and mighty tree,
Then out the maiden spoke, and a comely maid was she.

The knight 'gan lift his eye, the shady boughs between;
She had her seat on high, among the oak-leaves green;
Her golden curls lay clustering above her breast of snow;
But when the breeze was westering, upon it they did flow.

"O, fear not, gentle knight; there is no cause for fear;
I am a good king's daughter, long years enchanted here;
Seven cruel fairies found me—they charmed a sleeping child;
Seven years their charm hath bound me, a damsel undefiled.

"Seven weary years are gone since over me charms they threw;
I have dwelt here alone—I have seen none but you.

My seven sad years are spent;—for Christ that died on
rood,
Thou noble Knight, consent, and lead me from the wood!

"O! bring me forth again from out this darksome place!
I dare not sleep for terror of the unholy race.
O, take me, gentle sir! I'll be a wife to thee—
I'll be thy lowly leman, if wife I may not be."—

"Till dawns the morning, wait, thou lovely lady, here;
I'll ask my mother straight, for her reproof I fear."—
"O, ill beseems thee, knight!" said she, that maid forlorn,
"The blood of kings to slight—a lady's tears to scorn."—

He came when morning broke, to fetch the maid way,
But could not find the oak wherein she made her stay;
All through the wilderness he sought in bower and tree—
Fair lordlings, will ye guess what weary heart had he.

There came a sound of voices from up the forest glen,
The King had come to find her with all his gentlemen;
They rode in mickle glee—a joyous cavalcade—
Fair in the midst rode she, but never word she said.

Though on the green he knelt, no look on him she cast—
His hand was on the hilt ere all the train were past.
"O shame to knightly blood! O scorn to chivalry!
I'll die within the wood! No eye my death shall see!"

8. It is difficult to tell at what date these ballads originated, but we know that Spain had ballads of the same general character at a very early period of her history. The *Cancionero de Romances,* published at Antwerp in 1555 and afterwards often reprinted under the name of *Romancero,* was the earliest collection that contained nothing but ballads. However,

many of the Spanish ballads are attributable to a much earlier date than this publication would indicate. In the original Spanish collections songs are thrown in among the ballads without respect to the title *Cancionero*. An example of them may be seen in *The Wandering Knight's Song:*

My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star:

My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee.

9. The following *Serenade* is taken from the *Romancero General* of 1604:

While my lady sleepeth,
The dark blue heaven is bright,
Soft the moonbeam creepeth
Round her bower all night.
Thou gentle, gentle breeze,
While my lady slumbers,
Waft lightly through the trees
Echoes of my numbers,
Her dreaming ear to please.

Should ye, breathing numbers
That for her I weave,

Should ye break her slumbers,
All my soul would grieve.
Rise on the gentle breeze,
And gain her lattice' height
O'er yon poplar trees,
But be your echoes light
As hum of distant bees.

All the stars are glowing
In the gorgeous sky,
In the stream scarce flowing
Mimic lusters lie:—
Blow, gentle, gentle breeze,
But bring no cloud to hide
Their dear resplendencies;
Nor chase from Zara's side
Dreams bright and pure as these.

IV. The Cid. The *Poem of the Cid,* to which we shall have occasion to refer at much greater length in the next section, was probably written toward the middle of the twelfth century, perhaps fifty years after the death of the hero. It is pronounced by some writers the most ancient epic in any modern language, though the weight of present-day authority positively regards *The Song of Roland* as older. Whatever the truth may be, *The Cid* holds great interest for every student of literature. Moreover, no other hero has been so intimately connected with all the history and poetry of his native land, nor has one been so universally celebrated by his countrymen. Before taking up the poem in detail, it is necessary to give its historical setting, an account which cannot fail to prove interesting.

It will be remembered that Sancho III of Navarre, who died in 1034, had united almost all of the Christian states of Spain under one dominion and was the first who assumed the title, King of Castile. During his reign, Don Rodrigo Laynez, the son of Diego, was born, probably about the year 1026. His name was abbreviated by the Spaniards to Ruy Diaz; the Moorish generals gave him the name *Es Sayd* (My Lord), and it is doubtless from the Saracen title that the name *the Cid* originated. Bivar, the castle from which he took his surname, was probably his birthplace, and he was descended on his mother's side from one of the most illustrious families of Spain, which, however, at the time of his birth was much impoverished.

Sancho III divided his kingdom among his children, and the Cid became the subject of Don Ferdinand, King of Castile. At about the same time the Ommiad dynasty was extinguished, and independent cities took the place of a united kingdom, as we have seen in the preceding chapter. Don Ferdinand recognized his opportunity and began successful warfare against the Moorish cities; not content with this, the ambitious monarch dispossessed his brothers and brothers-in-law of their inheritance and united Christian Spain under his own hand. During this time the Cid began his first romantic adventures, and acquired the title of *Campeador* (conqueror), by which he is best known in literature.

During these years he was the intimate friend and warrior companion of Don Sancho, the oldest son of Ferdinand, and when the latter died in 1065, Don Sancho kept up warfare against his relatives and owed much of his success to the valor of the Cid. When Sancho was slain while fighting before Zamora in 1072, Alfonso VI, the exiled King of Leon, was recalled from refuge among the Moors and ascended the vacant throne. He attempted to attach the Cid to his interest, and having offered his own niece Ximena as a wife, the two were married in 1074. At that time the Cid was about fifty years of age and had survived his first wife Ximena, the daughter of Count Gormez, celebrated in many Spanish and French tragedies.

The Cid continued his victorious career with Alfonso for some years, but by his generosity in restoring to his prisoners their arms and giving them their liberty, as well as by his popularity with both Moors and Christians, he gained the enmity of Alfonso, who banished him from Castile, and he took refuge with the King of Saragossa, who placed him in a position of great confidence, where he acted as governor of the King's son and had practical control of the kingdom. During the five or six years that the Cid spent in Saragossa he gained many victories over the Christians and made himself so formidable that Alfonso regretted the banishment, and in 1087 recalled the Cid to his assistance. With seven thousand

soldiers, whom he had hired with his own resources, the Cid joined his old master, and for two years brought victories to his grateful sovereign, but once again the latter grew jealous or became disgusted with the Cid's generosity to his beaten foes, and about the year 1090 banished him in deep disgrace. His son and his wife were imprisoned, and all his goods were confiscated. The *Poem of the Cid* begins at this point; it is not quite complete, for the conclusion has been reached that at least one sheet of the first part has been lost. We have seen in our extract from Condé's history that the view of the Moors did not always correspond with that of the Spaniards concerning the Cid, and that in spite of his position as the greatest hero in Spanish history it is evident that he threw his strength to the side where his interest lay and was many times guilty of cruelty and barbarities that his reputation for generosity to a fallen foe seems to contradict. Without going farther into the history of the times, we can begin our consideration of the poem.

V. "POEMA DEL CID" (THE POEM OF THE CID). An unknown number of leaves are missing at the beginning of the manuscript, and one at least in the middle is missing. In the whole fragment there are 3,744 lines, of which the last three were added by the transcriber. Because of the apparent omission of one or two letters in the last line, it is impossible to determine positively the date of the transcription, but as

it stands it appears to be 1245. The beginning is interesting and dignified. The hero is leaving Bivar desolate. The doors are down, the windows are broken, and the treasure rooms are empty. As he quits these scenes he weeps, an act which the old knights never considered inconsistent with bravery. At the head of sixty lances, borne by his ever faithful friends, he traversed Burgos, whose citizens wept as he passed and exclaimed, "O God, why didst thou not give a good Lord to so good a vassal," but no citizen dared to show him hospitality, for Alfonso had sworn that if any so offended all his possessions should be confiscated, and his eyes should be put out.

Before crossing the Moorish borders the Cid discovered that he had no money, and from a Jew borrowed five hundred marks in silver, giving as a pledge two heavy cases filled with sand, which he assured the Jew contained treasure and which by the conditions of the loan the Jew was not to open until a year had expired. From the first spoils in his Moorish battles he repaid the loan; this statement is not made in the poem itself, but it appears in some of the ballads and also in the chronicles. This solitary deception on the part of the Cid is forgiven by all the chroniclers, particularly as no loss to the Jew was intended.

At the abbey of St. Peter the Cid had left Ximena with her daughters, and when he approached she commanded her six ladies to conduct her to his presence:

Her eyes were full of tears, and she sunk upon the floor,
And she tried to kiss his hands, and cried, "Mercy, Campeador!
Oh! Born in happy hour, to the evil of the land
Your enemies have made you here a banish'd man to stand.
Mercy! oh, gallant Beard, to thee I bring thy daughters fair,
Who still are in their early years, and under God's good care.
That you will quit us soon, I see will be our fate,
And even while we live 'tis doom'd that we live separate;
Give us, for Holy Mary's sake, your counsel ere too late."

Embracing his daughters, his eyes filled with tears as he exclaimed:

"Ximena! fairest woman, as my soul to me you're dear,
But we must part, and I must go, and you must tarry here.
Still, if it pleases God, and the Holy Virgin too,
I hither will return to my daughters and to you;
I'll marry them, and pass again some happy days with thee;
Now farewell, honor'd lady, sometimes think of me."

In the Moorish provinces the Cid rapidly acquired booty from which to pay his soldiers and to send to Alfonso a present of horses as his share of the plunder. This tribute of respect softened Alfonso's heart, and he permitted the Cid to recruit in his realm, where numbers of warriors flocked to the standard of the Campeador. His conquest excited the jealousy of some of the other Christian princes, and Count Raymond of Barcelona attacked him, only to be taken prisoner and to lose his

famous sword *Colada,* worth a thousand marks of silver. Ashamed of his defeat, the Count refused to eat:

"I will not eat a morsel for the sum of all Spain's wealth;
Not for my soul's salvation, no, nor for my body's health,
Since, by such vagabonds as these, I have been vanquished."
Now listen what my Cid, Ruy Dias, straightway to him said:
"Eat, Count, this bread, and drink this wine, and do as I command,
And speedily from prison free, believe me, you shall stand;
Or elsewise you shall never more behold the Christian land."
Don Raymond answered him: "Eat yourself, Cid, and rejoice,
But as for me, I will not eat; so leave me to my choice."

At the end of the third day the Cid promised him liberty if he would eat. Raymond accepted the offer and terminated his self-imposed starvation. Turning south, the Campeador attacked Valencia, and after a seige of six months, during which the chivalry of Castile and Aragon assisted, the city capitulated. Rodrigo sent for Ximena and his daughters and mounted on his good horse Bavieca, as much celebrated in Spain as the Cid himself, marched before them into the city. Scarcely were they established in the Alcazar, or Moorish palace, when the emperor of Morocco landed with an army of fifty thousand men:

This news unto my Cid thus suddenly being given,
He cried, "Thanks to God, my Father who is in Heaven,

That all that I possess is here before my sight.
There's Valencia which I gained, and which I hold as my right;
Valencia I will never yield, but only with my life.
Now, praised be God and the Virgin, my daughters and my wife,
Those blessings of the land, have traveled to this shore,
And now shall I put on my arms, and never leave them more.
My daughters, and my wife likewise, shall see me smite the foe,
And to gain a home in foreign lands, the way to them I'll show;
And how I furnish bread to them they by their eyes shall know."
His daughters and his wife, from the towers of Alcazar,
Their eyes they lifted up, and beheld the tents of war.
"What is this matter, Cid? God keep you safe from harm!"
"You need not, honored Lady," said he, "feel the least alarm!
The riches which are shown to us are great and marvelous,
For scarcely have you here arrived, when God vouchsafeth us.
For these, our dearest daughters, a marriage portion thus."

In the battle which followed the Cid destroyed the whole Moorish army and captured a prodigious booty. He religiously sent to Alfonso his share of the plunder, and in return that monarch offered the Cid pardon provided he would give his two daughters in marriage to two leading nobles of Alfonso's court. Although the Cid had consented to the marriage, it pleased him little, and even on the day of the

nuptials his sons-in-law showed their cowardice, when a lion which Rodrigo kept chained in his palace broke loose and rushed into the hall where the guests were assembled. The bridegrooms retreated behind the guests, and their fear was not easily quieted, even when the Campeador calmly picked up the chain and led the lion back to his den.

A new army of Moors approached, and while the Cid and his warriors rejoiced at the opportunity for more service, his sons-in-law sighed for the peace of their homes. In the beginning of the combat which followed, the bishop of Valencia, more warlike than the young princes, slew two Moors with his lance and put five more to death with his sword, but the exploits of the Cid were infinitely more brilliant. He slew the Moorish King and gained possession of his sword *Tizon,* which was valued at more than a thousand marks in gold. The princes begged permission to take their wives back to their home and father Carion, and though both the Campeador and Ximena hesitated to see them go, they at last consented, and Donna Elvira and Donna Sol could not refuse to accompany their husbands. Rodrigo overwhelmed the princes with valuable presents, and gave to one the sword *Colada* and the other *Tizon,* at the same time charging Felez Munoz, his cousin, to accompany the travelers.

The treacherous princes had married the Cid's daughters only to gain wealth, and now plotted to dispose of them on their way home.

Elmendorf Photo: © *Ewing Galloway*

THE ESCURIAL

THIS CHURCH, PALACE AND MAUSOLEUM WAS ERECTED NEAR MADRID BY PHILIP II IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

On their journey they met King Galvon, the Cid's devoted Moorish friend, who loaded them with presents and entertained them lavishly. Ungrateful and treacherous as ever, the Infants plotted to assassinate Galvon and obtain his treasures, but their scheme was detected and Galvon reproached them:

"If I did not respect the Cid, the world both far and near
How justly I had dealt with you should very shortly hear.
The daughters of my faithful Cid no more should wend
with you;
Nor ever more, believe me, Carion should you view:
But now I do dismiss you both, as villains and traitors too.
A gentle farewell, ladies, both: I wish to hear no more
Of these your husbands; but may Heaven great blessings
have in store
For marriages that please my friend, the gallant Campeador."

The Infants on their journey reached the oak forest of Corpes:

The mountains there are high, and the branches seem'd
to rest
Upon the clouds, and wild beasts did the travelers molest.
They found a pleasant orchard, through which a streamlet went,
And there they presently resolved that they would pitch
their tent;
That by them and those they brought with them the night
might there be spent.
They pressed their ladies to their hearts, with the words
which love affords;
But when the morning came, it seem'd they had forgot
those words.
Orders were given by them to load their baggage—a rich
store;

The tent in which that night they slept was folded up
once more;
And the servants who had care of them had all pushed on
before.
The Infants so had ordered it, that no one should remain,
Excepting Donna Elvira and Donna Sol, their wives
twain.

. . . . . .

The rest had push'd before, and these four remain'd
alone,
When to their wives they said: "In these mountains wild
and lone,
With shame shall you be covered: as for us, we travel on,
And leave you here, for you ne'er shall see the lands of
Carion.
You may carry this news to the Cid, and say, we take our
vengeance thus
For the good jest he play'd on us, when he let his lion
loose."
Thus having said, these traitors false their mantles they
did doff,
And from their coward shoulders their pelisses did put
off;
And they took the horses' reins, which when their wives
did see,
"In the name of God," cried Donna Sol, "we supplicate
that ye,
As ye have two trenchant swords, *Colada* and *Tizon*,
With them will slay us speedily, that we, when we are
gone,
The martyr crown not shamefully may be reckoned to
have won.
But whip us not like slaves; lest when we are beaten, you,
By the blows which you have given, shall be degraded
too."

The supplications were of no avail, and the husbands having beaten their wives with

thongs until the blood started from the wounds, they left the women, as they thought, dead, and a prey to birds and beasts. Felez Munos, however, discovered that the ladies were not in the party, and returning secretly, found his two cousins weltering in their blood:

"Cousins! gentle cousins!" cried he, "waken you I pray;
For the love of God, awaken; and hasten, while 'tis day,
Lest the night arrive, and wild beasts should eat us on our way."
At his cries, his cousins both their senses did regain,
And opening their eyelids, saw Felez Munoz again.
"Make an effort, cousins, for God's sake, cousins dear,
For if the Infants miss me, they'll follow my footsteps here;
And if God should not assist us, we all must died, I fear."
"For the love of the Cid, our father," Donna Sol she cried out first,
"Brings us some water, cousin, to quench our raging thirst."
Felez Munoz hearing her complaint, a stream of water sought,
And in his hat, which lately in Valencia he had bought,
To satisfy his cousin's thirst, some water straightway brought;
They cruelly were torn, but he did exhort them so,
That their courage he restored, and they both declar'd they'd go;
So he placed them on his horse, and with his mantle he
Did cover them, and he took the reins, and they journey'd joyfully
Through the oak woods of Corpes, and out of that wild country.
At twilight, they had pass'd the hills, and reach'd the Douro's side,
Where Felez Munoz left them, for Santesteban, to provide
Horses and habits fit for them, and every thing beside.

When the Cid hears of the terrible treatment the miscreants have given his daughters, he promises them a more noble alliance, and in the meantime sends an ambassador to King Alfonso describing the outrage and demanding that his cause should be judged before the Cortes. Alfonso, considering the action of the princes as an insult to himself as well as to Rodrigo, summons the Cortes, and in seven weeks the grandees assemble at Toledo. Among the first to arrive is Ordonez, a bitter enemy of the Cid, who encourages the Infants of Carion and promises them the assistance of many of his friends. At length the Cid arrives, accompanied by a hundred knights, the bravest in the kingdom, richly appareled, but armed ready for any emergency. All the grandees rise to do the Cid honor when he enters the assembly, excepting the friends of the Infants of Carion. Impartial judges are appointed by Alfonso, and the Cid states his case. First he reminds the judges that he has given to the princes the great swords *Colada* and *Tizon* and demands that the Infants should restore these weapons, because they are trophies of great value. Count Ordonez advises the Infants to concede this point. When Rodrigo demands that they should restore the silver that they had received as dowry, the Infants are compelled to yield in this also, and are obliged to mortgage their lands to raise the money. Deceived by the apparent moderation of the Cid's demands, the Infants believe that their punish-

ment is over, but no sooner has the hero recovered his riches and presented the two swords to two of his most worthy retainers than he again addresses the King. The translation which follows is by Robert Southey:

"Justice and mercy, my Lord the King, I beseech you of your grace!
I have yet a grievance left behind, which nothing can efface.
Let all men present in the court attend and judge the case,
Listen to what these Counts have done and pity my disgrace.
Dishonor'd as I am, I cannot be so base,
But here before I leave them, to defy them to their face.
Say, Infants, how had I deserved, in earnest or in jest,
Or on whatever plea you can defend it best,
That you should rend and tear the heartstrings from my breast?
I gave you at Valencia my daughters in your hand,
I gave you wealth and honors, and treasure at command:
Had you been weary of them, to cover your neglect,
You might have left them with me, in honor and respect.
Why did you take them from me, Dogs and Traitors as you were?
In the forest of Corpes, why did you strip them there?
Why did you mangle them with whips? Why did you leave them bare
To the vultures and the wolves, and to the wintry air?
The Count will hear your answer, and judge what you have done.
I say, your name and honor henceforth is lost and gone."
The Count Don Garcia was the first to rise:
"We crave your favor, my Lord the King, you are always just and wise
The Cid is come to your court in such an uncouth guise,
He has left his beard to grow and tied it in a braid,
We are half of us astonish'd, the other half afraid.

The blood of the Counts of Carion is of too high a line
To take a daughter from his house though it were for a concubine.
A concubine or a leman from the lineage of the Cid,
They could have done no other than leave them as they did:
We neither care for what he says nor fear what he may threat."
With that the noble Cid rose up from his seat;
He took his beard in his hand: "If this beard is fair and even,
I must thank the Lord above, who made both earth and heaven;
It has been cherished with respect and therefore it has thriven:
It never suffered an affront since the day it first was worn.
What business, Count, have you to speak of it with scorn?
It never yet was shaken, nor pluck'd away nor torn,
By Christian nor by Moor, nor by man of woman born,
As yours was once, Sir Count, the day Cabra was taken;
When I was master of Cabra that beard of yours was shaken,
There was never a footboy in my camp but twitch'd away a bit;
The side that I tore off grows all uneven yet."
Ferran Gonzales started upon the floor,
He cried with a loud voice, "Cid, let us hear no more;
Your claim for goods and money was satisfied before:
Let not a feud arise betwixt our friends and you;
We are the Counts of Carion, from them our birth we drew,
Daughters of Emperors or Kings were a match for our degree,
We hold ourselves too good for a baron's such as thee.
If we abandon'd, as you say, and left and gave them o'er,
We vouch that we did right, and prize ourselves the more."
The Cid looked at Bermuez, that was sitting at his foot:
"Speak thou, Peter the Dumb, what ails thee to sit mute?

My daughters and thy nieces are the parties in dispute.
Stand forth and make reply, if you would do them right;
If I should rise to speak, you cannot hope to fight."
Peter Bermuez rose, somewhat he had to say,
The words were strangled in his throat, they could not find their way;
Till forth they came at once, without a stop or stay.
"Cid, I'll tell you what, this always is your way!
You have always served me thus; whenever we have come
To meet here in the Cortes, you call me Peter the Dumb.
I cannot help my nature; I never talk nor rail;
But when a thing is to be done, you know I never fail.
Fernando, you have lied, you have lied in every word:
You have been honor'd by the Cid, and favor'd and preferr'd.
I know of all your tricks, and can tell them to your face:
Do you remember in Valencia the skirmish and the chase?
You asked leave of the Cid, to make the first attack:
You went to meet the Moor, but you soon came running back.
I met the Moor and kill'd him, or he would have kill'd you;
I gave you up his arms, and all that was my due.
Up to this very hour I never said a word.
You praised yourself before the Cid, and I stood by and heard,
How you had kill'd the Moor, and done a valiant act,
And they believ'd you all, but they never knew the fact.
You are tall enough and handsome, but cowardly and weak.
Thou tongue without a hand, how can you dare to speak?
There's the story of the lion should never be forgot:
Now let us hear, Fernando, what answer have you got?
The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around,
The cry went forth along the Hall, that the lion was unbound,—
What did you do, Fernando? like a coward as you were,
You slunk behind the Cid, and crouch'd beneath his chair.

We press'd around the throne, to shield our Lord from harm,
Till the good Cid awoke; he rose without alarm;
He went to meet the lion, with his mantle on his arm;
The lion was abash'd the noble Cid to meet,
He bow'd his mane to the earth, his muzzle at his feet.
The Cid by the neck and mane drew him to his den,
He thrust him in at the hatch, and came to the hall again:
He found his knights, his vassals, and all his valiant men;
He ask'd for his sons-in-law, they were neither of them there.
I defy you for a coward and a traitor as you are;
For the daughters of the Cid you have done them great unright,
In the wrong that they have suffer'd, you stand dishonor'd quite.
Although they are but women, and each of you a knight,
I hold them worthier far, and here my word I plight,
Before the King Alfonso upon this plea to fight;
If it be God his will, before the battle part,
Thou shalt avow it with thy mouth, like a traitor as thou art."
Uprose Diego Gonzalez and answered as he stood:
"By our lineage we are Counts, and of the purest blood;
This match was too unequal, it never could hold good;
For the daughters of the Cid we acknowledge no regret,
We leave them to lament the chastisement they met.
It will follow them through life for a scandal and a jest:
I stand upon this plea to combat with the best,
That having left them as we did, our honor is increas'd."
Uprose Martin Antolinez when Diego ceas'd:
"Peace, thou lying mouth! thou traitor coward, peace!
The story of the lion should have taught you shame at least:
You rush'd out at the door, and ran away so hard,
You fell into the cispool that was open in the yard.
We dragg'd you forth in all men's sight, dripping from the drain,

For shame, never wear a mantle, nor a knightly robe again!
I fight upon this plea without more ado,
The daughters of the Cid are worthier far than you.
Before the combat part you shall avow it true,
And that you have been a traitor and a coward too."
Thus was ended the parley and challenge betwixt these two.
Assur Gonzalez was entering at the door
With his ermine mantle trailing along the floor;
With his sauntering pace and his hardy look,
Of manners or of courtesy, little heed he took:
He was flush'd and hot with breakfast and with drink.
"What oh, my masters, your spirits seem to sink!
Have we no news stirring from the Cid Ruy Diaz of Bivar?
Has he been to Riodivirna to besiege the windmills there?
Does he tax the millers for their toll, or is that practice past?
Will he make a match for his daughters, another like the last?
Munio Gustioz rose and made reply;
"Traitor, wilt thou never cease to slander and to lie?
You breakfast before mass, you drink before you pray;
There is no honor in your heart, nor truth in what you say;
You cheat your comrade and your Lord, you flatter to betray:
Your hatred I despise, your friendship I defy:
False to all mankind, and most to God on high.
I shall force you to confess that what I say is true."

Alfonso imposes silence on the Cortes and grants permission to the soldiers to fight, saying that the cause shall be decided by this contest. At this moment two ambassadors enter and ask that the two daughters of the Cid shall with the consent of Alfonso be given in mar-

riage to the kings of Navarre and Aragon. At the solicitation of Rodrigo, Alfonso consents. Seizing the opportunity, Menaya Alver Fanez, one of the Cid's stanchest friends, challenges both of the princes, but the King imposes silence and decides that the three sets of combatants are sufficient to settle the question. The King wishes the contest to take place next day, but the Infants of Carion requesting three weeks of preparation and the Cid wishing to return to Valencia, the King takes under his own protection the three knights who are to fight and promises to preside at the combat on the plains of Carion twenty-one days thereafter. His final announcement is that whosoever fails to appear shall be accounted vanquished and reckoned as a traitor. Don Rodrigo, removing his signs of affliction, thanks the King and offers to present him with Bavieca, but the monarch says that the horse would suffer by the change and that it was only right that the best warrior in Spain should have the best horse with which to pursue the Moors.

When the three weeks are past, Alfonso goes to Carion with the three champions of the Cid. The three Infants of Carion arm themselves under the guidance of Ordonez and beg the King to forbid their adversaries to use the swords *Colada* and *Tizon*. The King replies that as they have restored them without drawing them from their sheaths, they must procure weapons for themselves. When all is ready, the King thus addresses them:

"Infants of Carion! Attend to what I say:
You should have fought this battle upon a former day,
When we were at Toledo, but you would not agree;
And now the noble Cid has sent these champions three,
To fight in the lands of Carion, escorted here by me.
Be valiant in your right, attempt no force or wrong;
If any man attempt it he shall not triumph long,
He never shall have rest or peace within my kingdom more."
The Infants of Carion are now repenting sore;
The Heralds and the King are foremost in the place,
They clear away the people from the middle space:
They measure out the lists, the barriers they fix:
They point them out in order, and explain to all the six:
"If you are forc'd beyond the line where they are fix'd and traced,
You shall be held as conquered and beaten and disgraced."
Six lances' length on either side an open space is laid,
They share the field between them, the sunshine and the shade.
Their office is perform'd, and from the middle space
The heralds are withdrawn, and leave them face to face.
Here stood the warriors of the Cid, that noble champion,
Opposite on the other side, the Lords of Carion.
Earnestly their minds are fix'd each upon his foe;
Face to face they take their place, anon the trumpets blow.
They stir their horses with the spur, they lay their lances low,
They bend their shields before their breasts, their face to the saddle bow,
Earnestly their minds are fix'd upon his foe.
The heavens are overcast above, the earth trembles below,
The people stand in silence, gazing on the show:
Bermuez the first challenger first in combat closed,
He met Ferran Gonzales, face to face opposed;
They rush together with such rage that all men count them dead,

They strike each other on the shield, without all fear or dread.
Ferran Gonzales with his lance pierced the shield outright,
It pass'd Bermuez on the left side, in his flesh it did not bite.
The spear was snapp'd in twain, Bermuez sat upright,
He neither flinch'd nor swerved, like a true steadfast knight.
A good stroke he received, but a better he has given;
He struck the shield upon the boss, in sunder it is riven,
Onward into Ferran's breast the lance's point is driven,
Full upon his breast-plate, nothing would avail;
Two breast-plates Fernando wore and a coat of mail:
The two are riven in sunder, the third stood him in stead,
The mail sunk in his breast, the mail and the spear-head,
The blood burst from his mouth that all men thought him dead.
The blow has broken his girdle and his saddle girth,
It has taken him over his horse's back, and borne him to the earth.
The people think him dead as he lies on the sand;
Bermuez left his lance and took his sword in hand.
Ferran Gonzales knew the blade which he had worn of old,
Before the blow came down, he yielded and cried, "Hold!"
Antolinez and Diego encounter'd man for man.
Their spears were shiver'd with the shock, so eagerly they ran.
Antolinez drew forth the blade which Diego once had worn,
Eagerly he aim'd the blow for the vengeance he had sworn.
Right through Diego's helm the blade its edge has borne,
The crest and helm are lopt away, the coif and hair are shorn.
He stood astounded with the stroke, trembling and forlorn,

He waved his sword above his head, he made a piteous cry,
"O save me, save me from that blade, Almighty Lord on high."
Antolinez came fiercely on to reach the fatal stroke,
Diego's courser rear'd upright, and through the barrier broke.
Antolinez has won the day, though his blow was miss'd,
He has driven Diego from the field, and stands within the list.
I must tell you of Munio Gustioz, two combats now are done;
How he fought with Assur Gonzales, you shall hear anon.
Assur Gonzales, a fierce and hardy knight,
He rode at Munio Gustioz with all his force and might:
He struck the shield and pierced it through, but the point came wide,
It passed by Munio Gustioz, betwixt his arm and side:
Sternly, like a practiced knight, Munio met him there.
His lance he level'd steadfastly, and through the shield him bare;
He bore the point into his breast, a little beside the heart;
It took him through the body, but in no mortal part;
The shaft stood out behind his back a cloth-yard and more;
The pennon and the point were dripping down with gore.
Munio still clench'd his spear, as he pass'd he forced it round,
He wrench'd him from the saddle, and cast him to the ground.
His horse sprung forward with the spur, he pluck'd the spear away,
He wheel'd and came again to pierce him where he lay.
Then cried Gonzalo Asurez, "For God's sake spare my son!
The other two have yielded, the field is fought and won."

King Alfonso proclaims the champions of the Cid as conquerors, and during the night they

return to their leader, lest the vassals of the Infants should avenge their lords. In the last two stanzas it is announced that the Cid died on the Day of Pentecost, but it does not state the year or the manner of his death. However, we are not yet through with the literature of the Cid, and shall learn some circumstances concerning his latter days in the pages immediately following.

VI. Ballads of the Cid. The life of the Cid naturally separates itself into four periods. The first, comprising his youth and his exploits under Ferdinand the Great, is the time in which the great French dramatist Corneille laid his tragedy; the second, under Sancho the Brave, is concerned with the civil wars of Spain; the third, passed under Alfonso VI, and a part of the fourth, in which he was located as sovereign in the principality of Valencia, which he had conquered, correspond with the poem described in the last section; the latter part of the fourth period comprises the old age and death of the hero.

The ballads relating to the Cid are extremely numerous and deal with almost every period of his life. The metrical translations of Mr. Lockhart are the best available, and it is from them that we quote.

The Young Cid is taken from the famous collection of popular romances which was gathered about 1614:

Now rides Diego Laynez, to kiss the good King's hand,
Three hundred men of gentry go with him from his land,

Among them, young Rodrigo, the proud Knight of Bivar;
The rest on mules are mounted, he on his horse of war.

They ride in glittering gowns of soye—He harnessed like
a lord;
There is no gold about the boy, but the crosslet of his
sword;
The rest have gloves of sweet perfume,—He gauntlets
strong of mail;
They broidered cap and flaunting plume,—He crest un-
taught to quail.

All talking with each other thus along their way they
passed,
But now they've come to Burgos, and met the King at
last;
When they came near his nobles, a whisper through them
ran,—
"He rides amidst the gentry that slew the Count
Lozan."—

With very haughty gesture Rodrigo reined his horse,
Right scornfully he shouted, when he heard them so dis-
course,—
"If any of his kinsmen or vassals dare appear,
The man to give them answer, on horse or foot, is here."—

"The devil ask the question!" thus muttered all the
band;—
With that they all alighted, to kiss the good King's
hand,—
All but the proud Rodrigo, he in his saddle stayed,—
Then turned to him his father (you may hear the words
he said).

"Now, light, my son, I pray thee, and kiss the good King's
hand,
He is our lord, Rodrigo; we hold of him our land."—
But when Rodrigo heard him, he looked in sulky sort,—

I wot the words he answered they were both cold and
short.

"Had any other said it, his pains had well been paid,
But thou, sir, art my father, thy word must be
obeyed."—
With that he sprung down lightly, before the King to
kneel,
But as the knee was bending, out leapt his blade of steel.

The King drew back in terror, when he saw the sword was
bare;
"Stand back, stand back, Rodrigo, in the devil's name
beware,
Your looks bespeak a creature of father Adam's mold,
But in your wild behavior you're like some lion bold."

When Rodrigo heard him say so, he leapt into his seat,
And thence he made his answer, with visage nothing
sweet,—
"I'd think it little honor to kiss a kingly palm,
And if my fathers kissed it, thereof ashamed I am."—

When he these words had uttered, he turned him from
the gate,
His true three hundred gentles behind him followed
straight;
If with good gowns they came that day, with better arms
they went;
And if their mules behind did stay, with horses they're
content.

The following is *The Cid's Courtship*. While Rodrigo was still young, his father was grievously insulted and struck in the face by Count Gomez. Diego was too old a man to take vengeance and accordingly retired to his home, where he dwelt in solitude and wept over his

dishonor. His food gave him no pleasure, sleep departed from him, and whenever his friends appeared he turned his face from them as though his breath was tainted with the shame of disgrace. Count Gomez was a mighty man, with thousands of friends in the mountains, but Rodrigo did not fear his power when he thought of the insult to his father, and accordingly determined to inflict vengeance with his own hand. Diego approved the plan, gave Rodrigo his sword and his blessing, and the lad went out, fought and killed the Count, and having cut off his head, brought it home. The old man was sitting at the table with food untasted before him when his son returned, but as Rodrigo pointed to the dripping head which hung from the horse's collar, Diego joyously heard the words of his son, who said, "Here is the herb which will restore to you your appetite; the tongue which insulted you is no longer a tongue; the hand no longer a hand." Rejoiced at the bravery of Rodrigo, the old man exclaimed, "The man who brought home that head must be the head of the house of Layn Calvo." Ximena, alluded to in *The Cid's Courtship,* was Count Gomez's daughter:

Now, of Rodrigo de Bivar great was the fame that run,
How he five Kings had vanquished, proud Moormen every one;
And how, when they consented to hold of him their ground,
He freed them from the prison wherein they had been bound.

To the good King Fernando, in Burgos where he lay,
Came then Ximena Gomez, and thus to him did say:—
"I am Don Gomez' daughter, in Gormaz Count was he;
Him slew Rodrigo of Bivar in battle valiantly.

"Now am I come before you, this day a boon to crave,
And it is that I to husband may this Rodrigo have;
Grant this, and I shall hold me a happy damosell,
Much honored shall I hold me, I shall be married well.

"I knew he's born for thriving, none like him in the land;
I know that none in battle against his spear may stand;
Forgiveness is well pleasing in God our Savior's view.
And I forgive him freely, for that my sire he slew."—

Right pleasing to Fernando was the thing she did propose;
He writes his letter swiftly, and forth his foot-page goes;
I wot, when young Rodrigo saw how the King did write,
He leapt on Bavieca—I wot his leap was light.

With his own troop of true men forthwith he took the way,
Three hundred friends and kinsmen, all gently born were they;
All in one color mantled, in armor gleaming gay,
New were both scarf and scabbard, when they went forth that day.

The King came out to meet him, with words of hearty cheer;
Quoth he, "My good Rodrigo, you are right welcome here;
This girl Ximena Gomez would have ye for her lord,
Already for the slaughter her grace she doth accord.

"I pray you be consenting, my gladness will be great;
You shall have lands in plenty, to strengthen your estate."—
"Lord King," Rodrigo answers, "in this and all beside.

Command, and I'll obey you. The girl shall be my bride."—

But when the fair Ximena came forth to plight her hand,
Rodrigo, gazing on her, his face could not command:
He stood and blushed before her;—thus at the last said he—
"I slew thy sire, Ximena, but not in villainy:—

"In no disguise I slew him, man against man I stood;
There was some wrong between us, and I did shed his blood.
I slew a man, I owe a man; fair lady, by God's grace,
An honored husband thou shalt have in thy dead father's place."

Compassion and gentleness were among the most noteworthy characteristics of the Cid; and the Spaniards, with their superstitious tendencies, rarely lose an opportunity of attaching the miraculous to incidents in the life of the Cid, as in *The Cid and the Leper:*

He has ta'en some twenty gentlemen, along with him to go,
For he will pay that ancient vow he to Saint James doth owe;
To Compostella, where the shrine doth by the altar stand,
The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land.

Where'er he goes, much alms he throws, to feeble folk and poor;
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure;
For, God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win,
His hand was ever bountiful: great was his joy therein.

And there, in middle of the path, a leper did appear;
In a deep slough the leper lay, none would to help come near.

With a loud voice he thence did cry, "For God our Savior's sake,
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take."—

When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down;
For all they said, no stay he made, that noble champion;
He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,
Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount.

Behind him rode the leprous man; when to their hostelrie
They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully;
While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shrunk away,
To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay.

All at the mid-hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept,
A breath came from the leprous man, it through his shoulders crept;
Right through the body, at the breast, passed forth that breathing cold;
I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold.

He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find,
Through the dark chamber groped he, with very anxious mind;
Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed a lamp was brought,
Yet nowhere was the leper seen, though far and near they sought.

He turned him to his chamber, God wot, perplexed sore
With that which had befallen—when lo! his face before,
There stood a man, all clothed in vesture shining white:
Thus said the vision, "Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Sir Knight?"—

"I sleep not," quoth Rodrigo; "but tell me who art thou,
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow?"—
"I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee;
I am the same poor leper thou savedst for charity.

"Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been;
God favors thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve yestreen.
There shall be honor with thee, in battle and in peace,
Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.

"Strong enemies shall not prevail, thy greatness to undo;
Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale—Christians and Moslem too;
A death of honor shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,
Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in heaven."—

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite,
Rodrigo rose and knelt him down—he knelt till morning light;
Unto the Heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,
He made his prayer right humbly, till dawned the morning clear.

Bavieca is mentioned in almost every one of the hundred ballads that relate to his master, and in some of them the horse is more the hero than the man. In the Cid's last will he says: "When ye bury Bavieca, dig deep, for shameful thing were it that he should be eat by curs, who hath trampled down so much currish flesh of the Moors." The following is one of the best of the Bavieca ballads:

The King looked on him kindly, as on a vassal true;
Then to the King Ruy Diaz spake after reverence due,—
"O King, the thing is shameful, that any man beside
The liege lord of Castile himself should Bavieca ride:

"For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
So good as he, and certes, the best befits my King.
But that you may behold him, and know him to the core,
I'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt the Moor."—

With that, the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furred and wide,
On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his career,
Streamed like a pennon on the wind Ruy Diaz' minivere.

And all that saw them praised them—they lauded man and horse,
As matched well, and rivalless for gallantry and force;
Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight come near,
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
He snapt in twain his hither rein:—"God pity now the Cid."
"God pity Diaz," cried the Lords,—but when they looked again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him, with the fragment of his rein;
They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,
Like a true lord commanding—and obeyed as by a lamb.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the King,
But "No," said Don Alphonso, "it were a shameful thing
That peerless Bavieca should ever be bestrid

By any mortal but Bivar—Mount, mount again, my Cid."

VII. "THE CHRONICLE OF THE CID." Robert Southey, speaking of his inimitable translation, *The Chronicle of the Cid,* says it is wholly translation, but that the matter has been taken from the *Chronicles* published in Burgos in 1593, from the poems which we have discussed in a preceding section and from the *Romances of the Cid.* From the last of these, however, he has drawn very little. The main parts of the story are taken from *The Chronicle.*

The selections which we shall take from Southey's *Chronicle* are all from the last book, which deals with the last days of the aged hero, who has for some time been the ruler of Valencia. Toward the end the Cid receives news that King Bucar of Morocco has arrived with a mighty host of Moors and is coming against him. There are in Valencia a great many Moors, whom the Cid has sent out to dwell in the suburbs until the battle with King Bucar is determined:

Now after the Moors were all gone out of the city, it came to pass in the middle of the night that the Cid was lying in his bed, devising how he might withstand this coming of King Bucar, for Abenalfarax saith that when he was alone in his palace his thoughts were of nothing else. And when it was midnight there came a great light into the palace, and a great odor, marvelous sweet. And as he was marveling what it might be, there appeared before him a man as white as snow; he was in the

likeness of an old man, with gray hair and crisp, and he carried certain keys in his hand; and before the Cid could speak to him he said, Sleepest thou, Rodrigo, or what art thou doing? And the Cid made answer, What man art thou who askest me? And he said, I am St. Peter the Prince of the Apostles, who come unto thee with more urgent tidings than those for which thou art taking thought concerning King Bucar, and it is, that thou art to leave this world, and go to that which hath no end; and this will be in thirty days. But God will show favor unto thee, so that thy people shall discomfit King Bucar, and thou, being dead, shalt win this battle for the honor of thy body; this will be with the help of Santiago, whom God will send to the business: but do thou strive to make atonement for thy sins, and so thou shalt be saved. All this Jesus Christ vouchsafeth thee for the love of me, and for the reverence which thou hast alway shown to my Church in the Monastery of Cardena.

When the Cid Campeador heard this he had great pleasure at heart, and he let himself fall out of bed upon the earth, that he might kiss the feet of the Apostle St. Peter; but the Apostle said, Strive not to do this, for thou canst not touch me; but be sure that all this which I have told thee will come to pass. And when the blessed Apostle had said this he disappeared, and the palace remained full of a sweeter and more delightful odor than heart of man can conceive. And the Cid Ruydiez remained greatly comforted by what St. Peter had said to him, and as certain that all this would come to pass, as if it were already over.

The Campeador calls his friends about him, relates the vision, and lays plans for the struggle with King Bucar:

After the Cid had said this he sickened of the malady of which he died. And the day before his weakness waxed great, he ordered the gates of the town to be shut, and went to the Church of St. Peter; and there the

Bishop Don Hieronymo being present, and all the clergy who were in Valencia, and the knights and honorable men and honorable dames, as many as the Church could hold, the Cid Ruydiez stood up, and made a full noble preaching, showing that no man whatsoever, however honorable or fortunate they may be in this world, can escape death; to which, said he, I am now full near: and since ye know that this body of mine hath never yet been conquered, nor put to shame, I beseech ye let not this befall it at the end, for the good fortune of man is only accomplished at his end. How this is to be done, and what ye all have to do, I will leave in the hands of the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and Alvar Fanez, and Pero Bermudez. And when he had said this he placed himself at the feet of the Bishop, and there before all the people made a general confession of all his sins, and all the faults which he had committed against our Lord Jesus Christ. And the Bishop appointed him his penance, and assoyled him of his sins. Then he arose and took leave of the people, weeping plenteously, and returned to the Alcazar, and betook himself to his bed, and never rose from it again; and every day he waxed weaker and weaker, till seven days only remained of the time appointed. Then he called for the caskets of gold in which was the balsam and the myrrh which the Soldan of Persia had sent him; and when these were put before him he bade them bring him the golden cup, of which he was wont to drink; and he took of that balsam and of that myrrh as much as a little spoonful, and mingled it in the cup with rose-water, and drank of it; and for the seven days which he lived he neither ate nor drank aught else than a little of that myrrh and balsam mingled with water. And every day after he did this, his body and his countenance appeared fairer and fresher than before, and his voice clearer, though he waxed weaker and weaker daily.

On the twenty-ninth day, being the day before he departed, he called for Dona Ximena, and for the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and Don Alvar Fanez Minaya, and Pero Bermudez, and his trusty Gil Diaz; and when they were

all five before him, he began to direct them what they should do after his death; and he said to them, Ye know that King Bucar will presently be here to besiege this city, with seven and thirty Kings whom he bringeth with him, and with a mighty power of Moors. Now therefore the first thing which ye do after I have departed, wash my body with rose-water many times and well, as blessed be the name of God it is washed within and made pure of all uncleanness to receive His Holy Body to-morrow, which will be my last day. And when it has been well washed and made clean, ye shall dry it well, and anoint it with this myrrh and balsam, from these golden caskets, from head to foot, so that every part shall be anointed, till none be left. And you my Sister Dona Ximena, and your women, see that ye utter no cries, neither make any lamentation for me, that the Moors may not know of my death. And when the day shall come in which King Bucar arrives, order all the people of Valencia to go upon the walls, and sound your trumpets and tambours, and make the greatest rejoicings that ye can. And when ye would set out for Castile, let all the people know in secret, that they make themselves ready, and take with them all that they have, so that none of the Moors in the suburb may know thereof; for certes ye cannot keep the city, neither abide therein after my death. And see ye that sumpter beasts be laden with all that there is in Valencia, so that nothing which can profit may be left. And this I leave especially to your charge, Gil Diaz. Then saddle ye my horse Bavieca, and arm him well; and ye shall apparel my body full seemity, and place me upon the horse, and fasten and tie me thereon so that it cannot fall: and fasten my sword Tizona in my hand. And let the Bishop Don Hieronymo go on one side of me, and my trusty Gil Diaz on the other, and he shall lead my horse. You, Pero Bermudez, shall bear my banner, as you were wont to bear it; and you, Alvar Fanez, my cousin, gather your company together, and put the host in order as you are wont to do. And go ye forth and fight with King Bucar; for be ye certain and doubt not

that ye shall win this battle; God hath granted me this. And when ye have won the fight, and the Moors are discomfited, ye may spoil the field at pleasure.

As his end approaches, the Cid makes his will and directs his nephews and friends to see that all his wishes are carried out. Then:

This was at the hour of sexts. Then the Cid Ruydiez, the Campeador of Bivar, bade the Bishop Don Hieronymo give him the body of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and he received it with great devotion, on his knees, and weeping before them all. Then he sat up in his bed and called upon God and St. Peter, and began to pray, saying, Lord Jesus Christ, thine is the power and the kingdom, and thou art above all Kings and all nations, and all Kings are at thy command. I beseech thee therefore pardon me my sins, and let my soul enter into the light which hath no end. And when the Cid Ruydiez had said this, this noble Baron yielded up his soul, which was pure and without spot, to God, on that Sunday which is called Quinquagesima, being the twenty and ninth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand and ninety and nine, and in the seventy and third year of his life. After he had thus made his end they washed his body twice with warm water, and a third time with rose water, and then they anointed and embalmed it as he had commanded. And then all the honorable men, and all the clergy who were in Valencia, assembled and carried it to the Church of St. Mary of the Virtues, which is near the Alcazar, and there they kept their vigil, and said prayer and performed masses as was meet for so honorable a man.

Three days after the Cid had departed King Bucar came into the port of Valencia, and landed with all his power, which was so great that there is not a man in the world who could give account of the Moors whom he brought. And there came with him thirty and six Kings, and one Moorish Queen, who was a negress, and she brought with her two hundred horsewomen, all negresses

like herself, all having their hair shorn save a tuft on the top, and this was in token that they came as if upon a pilgrimage, and to obtain the remission of their sins; and they were all armed in coats of mail, and with Turkish bows. King Bucar ordered his tents to be pitched round about Valencia, and Abenalfarax who wrote this history in Arabic, saith, that there were full fifteen thousand tents; and he bade that Moorish negress with her archers to take their station near the city. And on the morrow they began to attack the city, and they fought against it three days strenuously; and the Moors received great loss, for they came blindly up to the walls and were slain there. And the Christians defended themselves right well, and every time that they went upon the walls, they sounded trumpets and tambours, and made great rejoicing, as the Cid had commanded. This continued for eight days or nine, till the companions of the Cid had made ready everything for their departure, as he had commanded. And King Bucar and his people thought that the Cid dared not come out against them, and they were the more encouraged, and began to think of making bastilles and engines wherewith to combat the city.

All this while the company of the Cid were preparing all things to go into Castile, as he had commanded before his death; and his trusty Gil Diaz did nothing else but labor at this. And the body of the Cid was prepared after this manner: first it was embalmed and anointed as the history hath already recounted, and the virtue of the balsam and myrrh was such that the flesh remained firm and fair, having its natural color, and his countenance as it was wont to be, and the eyes open, and his long beard in order, so that there was not a man who would have thought him dead if he had seen him and not known it. And on the second day after he had departed, Gil Diaz placed the body upon a right noble saddle, and this saddle with the body upon it he put upon a frame; and he dressed the body in a *gambax* of fine sendal, next the skin. And he took two boards and fitted them to the body, one to the breast and the other to the shoulders;

these were so hollowed out and fitted that they met at the sides and under the arms, and the hind one came up to the pole, and the other up to the beard; and these boards were fastened into the saddle, so that the body could not move. All this was done by the morning of the twelfth day; and all that day the people of the Cid were busied in making ready their arms, and in loading beasts with all that they had, so that they left nothing of any price in the whole city of Valencia, save only the empty houses. When it was midnight they took the body of the Cid, fastened to the saddle as it was, and placed it upon his horse Bavieca, and fastened the saddle well: and the body sat so upright and well that it seemed as if he was alive. And it had on painted hose of black and white, so cunningly painted that no man who saw them would have thought but that they were grieves and cuishes, unless he had laid his hand upon them; and they put on it a surcoat of green sendal, having his arms blazoned thereon, and a helmet of parchment, which was cunningly painted that every one might have believed it to be iron; and his shield was hung round his neck, and they placed the sword Tizona in his hand, and they raised his arm, and fastened it up so subtilly that it was a marvel to see how upright he held the sword. And the Bishop Don Hieronymo went on one side of him, and the trusty Gil Diaz on the other, and he led the horse Bavieca, as the Cid has commanded him. And when all this had been made ready, they went out from Valencia at midnight, through the gate of Roseros, which is towards Castile. Pero Bermudez went first with the banner of the Cid, and with him five hundred knights who guarded it, all well appointed. And after these came all the baggage. Then came the body of the Cid with an hundred knights, all chosen men, and behind them Dona Ximena with all her company, and six hundred knights in the rear. All these went out so silently, and with such a measured pace, that it seemed as if there were only a score. And by the time that they had all gone out it was broad day.

Now Alvar Fanez Minaya had set the host in order,

and while the Bishop Don Hieronymo and Gil Diaz led away the body of the Cid, and Dona Ximena, and the baggage, he fell upon the Moors. First he attacked the tents of that Moorish Queen the Negress, who lay nearest to the city; and this onset was so sudden, that they killed full a hundred and fifty Moors before they had time to take arms or go to horse. But that Moorish Negress was so skillful in drawing the Turkish bow, that it was held for a marvel, and it is said that they called her in Arabic *Nugueymat Turya,* which is to say, the Star of the Archers. And she was the first that got on horseback, and with some fifty that were with her, did some hurt to the company of the Cid; but in fine they slew her, and her people fled to the camp. And so great was the uproar and confusion, that few there were who took arms, but instead thereof they turned their backs and fled toward the sea. And when King Bucar and his Kings saw this, they were astonished. And it seemed to them that there came against them on the part of the Christians full seventy thousand knights, all as white as snow; and before them a knight of great stature upon a white horse with a bloody cross, who bore in one hand a white banner, and in the other a sword which seemed to be of fire, and he made a great mortality among the Moors who were flying. And King Bucar and the other Kings were so greatly dismayed that they never checked the reins till they had ridden into the sea; and the company of the Cid rode after them, smiting and slaying and giving them no respite; and they smote down so many that it was marvelous, for the Moors did not turn their heads to defend themselves. And when they came to the sea, so great was the press among them to get to the ships, that more than ten thousand died in the water. And of the six and thirty Kings, twenty and two were slain. And King Bucar and they who escaped with him hoisted sails and went their way, and never more turned their heads. Then Alvar Fanez and his people when they had discomfited the Moors, spoiled the field, and the spoil thereof was so great that they could not carry it away. And they

loaded camels and horses with the noblest things which they found, and went after the Bishop Don Hieronymo and Gil Diaz, who with the body of the Cid, and Dona Ximena and the baggage, had gone on till they were clear of the host, and then waited for those who were gone against the Moors. And so great was the spoil of that day, that there was no end to it; and they took up gold, and silver, and other precious things as they rode through the camp, so that the poorest man among the Christians, horsemen, or on foot, became rich with what he won that day. And when they were all met together, they took the road toward Castile; and they halted that night in a village which is called Siete Aguas.

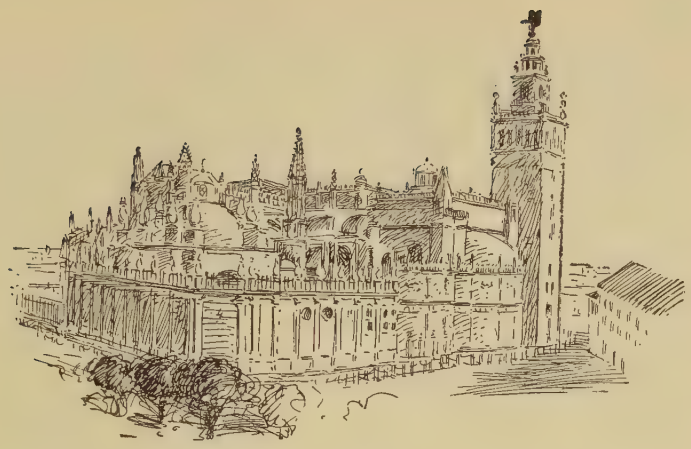
The next extract shows what disposition was made of the body of the Cid:

On the third day after the coming of King Don Alfonso, they would have interred the body of the Cid, but when the King heard what Dona Ximena had said, that while it was so fair and comely it should not be laid in a coffin, he held that what she said was good. And he sent for the ivory chair which had been carried to the Cortes of Toledo, and gave order that it should be placed on the right of the altar of St. Peter; and he laid a cloth of gold upon it, and upon that placed a cushion covered with a right noble *tartari,* and he ordered a graven tabernacle to be made over the chair, richly wrought with azure and gold, having thereon the blazonry of the Kings of Castile and Leon, and the King of Navarre, and the Infante of Arragon, and of the Cid Ruydiez the Campeador. And he himself, and the King of Navarre and the Infante of Arragon, and the Bishop Don Hieronymo, to do honor to the Cid, helped to take his body from between the two boards, in which it had been fastened at Valencia. And when they had taken it out, the body was so firm that it bent not on either side, and the flesh so firm and comely, that it seemed as if he were yet alive. And the King thought that what they purported to do and had thus begun, might full well be effected. And they clad the

body in a full noble *tartari,* and in cloth of purple, which the Soldan of Persia had sent him, and put him on hose of the same, and set him in his ivory chair; and in his left hand they placed his sword Tizona in its scabbard, and the strings of his mantle in his right. And in this fashion the body of the Cid remained there ten years.

The last extract tells how Gil Diaz took care of Bavieca:

Gil Diaz did his best endeavor to fulfill all that his Lord the Cid Ruydiez had commanded him, and to serve Dona Ximena and her companions truly and faithfully; and this he did so well, that she was well pleased with his faithfulness. And Dona Ximena fulfilled all that the Cid had commanded her; and every day she had masses performed for his soul, and appointed many vigils, and gave great alms for the soul of the Cid and of his family. And this was the life which she led, doing good wheresoever it was needful for the love of God; and she was alway by the body of the Cid, save only at meal times and at night, for then they would not permit her to tarry there, save only when vigils were kept in honor of him. Moreover, Gil Diaz took great delight in tending the horse Bavieca, so that there were few days in which he did not lead him to water, and bring him back with his own hand. And from the day in which the dead body of the Cid was taken off his back, never man was suffered to bestride that horse, but he was alway led when they took him to water, and when they brought him back. And this good horse lived two years and a half after the death of his master the Cid, and then he died also, having lived, according to the history, full forty years. And Gil Diaz buried him before the gate of the Monastery, in the public place, on the right hand; and he planted two elms upon the grave, the one at his head and the other at his feet, and these elms grew and became great trees, and are yet to be seen before the gate of the Monastery. And Gil Diaz gave order that when he died they should bury him by that good horse Bavieca, whom he had loved so well.



CHAPTER III

POETRY PRIOR TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

GONZALO DE BERCEO. The first Castilian poet whose work has reached us is Gonzalo de Berceo, who was born about the beginning of the thirteenth century. He was a secular priest in a Benedictine monastery; of the details of his life we know very little. The remains of his works consist of nine poems upon sacred subjects, treating rather of Christian mythology than of Christianity itself. Careless, commonplace and dull as all his poems are, there is little to interest the reader except, perhaps, the imagination shown by the priest in the miracles which he records so freely. In the rhymed biography of St. Dominick appears the following passage, given by Sismondi as a good example of his work:

I wish to relate to you a precious miracle, and do you open your ears to listen to it. Let your faith therein be firm; and the good father St. Dominick will become greater in your eyes. In a place called Coscorrita, not far from Tiron, there was born a valiant soldier, named Servan, who in fighting against the Moors was taken prisoner by them. This valiant soldier fell to the share of some cruel men, who led him in chains to Medina Celi, where they loaded him with irons, and enclosed him in a narrow cell surrounded with thick walls. The Moors by every means rendered his prison odious to him, and hunger and the weight of his fetters tormented him. During the day he was made to labor with the other captives, and at night he was shut up under dismal bolts. Often did they inflict stripes upon him, and wound his flesh; but what was more grievous still, were the blasphemies which he heard these miscreants utter. Servan's only resource during his suffering was Jesus Christ. "O Lord!" cried he, "who commandest the winds and the sea, take pity on my pain, and deign to look down upon me. O Lord! I have no hope of succor, but from thee. I am tormented by the enemies of the cross; I am maltreated because I venerate thy name. O Lord! who sufferedst for me death and martyrdom, may thy mercy succor me in my sins!"

When Servan had finished his prayer, midnight was past, and the hour arrived when the cock was used to crow. Under all the weight of his punishments he still slept, but he despaired of his safety and of his life. Suddenly, in the midst of his prison, appeared a resplendent light; and Servan awakened, and was afraid. Raising up his head, he called on his Creator, and making the sign of the cross, he exclaimed: "O Lord! help thou me!" Then it seemed that he saw a man clothed in white, as though he were a priest prepared for mass; and the poor captive, terrified at the sight, turned aside his head, and threw himself upon his face. The vision then addressing him, said, "Servan, fear not, but know that God hath heard thee, and hath sent me hither to release thee. Trust

therefore in God, who will snatch thee from danger.'' ''My Lord!'' answered the captive, ''if thou art he whom thou sayest, tell me in the name of God, and his glorious mother, what is thy name, lest I be deceived by a lying spirit.'' The holy messenger answered him: ''I am brother Dominick, formerly a monk. I was abbot of Silos, though unworthy, and there are my bones interred.'' ''My Lord!'' said the captive, ''how may I escape hence, when I cannot even disengage myself from my irons? If thou indeed art the physician who is to heal me, without doubt thou hast a remedy for this evil.''

Then St. Dominick gave him a mallet, made entirely of wood, without either iron or steel, which yet broke the stoutest bars as you would pound garlick in a mortar. When Servan had broken through the bars of his prison, St. Dominick bade him go bravely forth. Servan answered, that the walls of his prison were very high, and that he had no ladder wherewith to scale them; but the holy messenger, sitting upon the top of the wall, let down a cord, one end of which the captive fastened round his waist, while the celestial messenger held the other in his hand, and sitting above him, pulled him up with his irons on as easily as if he had been a little bundle and placed him on the outside of his prison. The good confessor then said to him, ''Fly, my friend; the gates are open, and the Musulmans are asleep; thou shalt meet with no trouble, for thou art under good protection, and shalt be far enough off by daybreak. Do not thou hesitate as to thy place of refuge; but proceed directly to my monastery, with thy chains; place them upon my sepulcher, where my body reposeth, and thou shalt encounter no obstacle, and mayest trust in me.''

After having instructed him in this manner, the white figure disappeared from his eyes. Servan immediately commenced his journey, and meeting with no obstacle, and finding no gate shut against him, when day appeared, he was far on his way. At length he arrived at the monastery, as he had been commanded. It happened that a festival was held there on that day, it being the anni-

versary of the day whereon the church had been consecrated, and many priests were there assembled together, with a crowd of the neighbors. A Cardinal of Rome, who appeared as legate, was presiding over the assembly, and had brought with him a number of bishops and abbots, who formed a brilliant assembly. The captive, still loaded with his irons, in squalid garments, and wretchedly shod, appeared in the midst of them. His hair was uncombed, his beard was long, and he fell in prayer before the sepulcher of the confessor. "My lord and father," he cried, "it is unto thee that I ought to return thanks, that I again appear in a Christian land. It was by thy means that I escaped from prison; by thee have I been healed, and even as thou didst command, am I come to offer up to thee my chains." The report of the favor which the confessor had shown him, was quickly noised through all the town, and there was neither bishop nor abbot, who did not show Servan marks of his esteem. The legate himself did not refuse to chaunt the canticle *Tibi laus,* in company with a man so favored by heaven, and moreover granted general pardons to the people, while all persons acknowledged the power of the holy confessor, after so marvelous a miracle. A treasure like this, a light so shining as this, should cast its rays from a rich shrine; and if they before valued it as a precious relic, they now estimated it still more highly. The legate Richard preached his fame at Rome, and the Pope acknowledged him to be a most accomplished saint.

The Life of St. Millan, founder of the monastery to which Berceo belonged, is another poem, in three books. Tradition says that in 934, three hundred fifty years after his death, the saint appeared at the battle of Simancas, in which the Moors were defeated and the kingdom of Oviedo relieved from a yearly tribute of a hundred maidens, which the Christians had been forced to pay to the Saracens. Al-

though Berceo makes no use of the incident, it is said that the revolt of the Christians was occasioned by the extraordinary bravery of seven young girls of Simancas, who, having been selected as part of the annual allotment, cut off their hands in order that the Moors might reject them. Many years later Lope de Vega made from this incident one of his most brilliant tragedies. Berceo, however, suppressed every heroic circumstance and brought forth only the miracles of his favorite saint, but he dealt with the saint in a characteristic way that gives him a personality even to this day. A rhymed specimen of his work may be quoted from the translation of Hookham Frere:

He walked those mountains wild, and lived within that
nook.
For forty years and more, nor ever comfort took
Of offer'd food or alms, or human speech a look:
No other saint in Spain did such a penance brook.

For many a painful year he pass'd the seasons there,
And many a night consumed in penitence and prayer—
In solitude and cold, with want and evil fare,
His thoughts to God-resigned, and free from human care.

Oh! sacred is the place, the fountain and the hill,
The rocks where he reposed, in meditation still,
The solitary shades through which he roved at will:
His presence all that place with sanctity did fill.

II. Alfonso the Wise. Alfonso X of Castile (1221–1284) was an ambitious man who was disappointed in his highest aspirations,

but succeeded in leaving behind him a reputation for scholarship and literary worth that was well deserved. The Jesuit historian Mariana, in writing of him, says: "He was a man of great sense, but more fit to be a scholar than a king; for whilst he studied the heavens and the stars, he lost the earth and his kingdom." Political disaster never stopped the activity of his intellect and he may be remembered as the father of Castilian verse, the creator of its prose and the center of Spanish intellectual life for many years. A mass of legend, much of it wholly without foundation and unfair to the man, has gathered about his name. Pedro IV said that Alfonso remarked, "Had God consulted me in the creation of the world, he would have made it differently," a saying that is probably the origin of much of the unfavorable criticism passed upon the King.

He was the son of Ferdinand, surnamed the Saint, who conquered Seville and established Christianity in place of the Moslem religion, but the son, only twenty-five at the time of his accession to the throne, was extremely popular, honored for his learning and skill in war, and for piety; but he began his reign by debasing the coinage, a common but extremely unpopular habit of rulers in early times. It meant that he removed the gold and silver from the coins and substituted in its place a cheap alloy. If this was the beginning of his troubles, there were others to follow. He sought to become the head of the Holy Roman Empire and narrowly

missed the honor, but his kingdom fell into confusion, one of his sons rebelled against him, and finally deposed him, so that he felt obliged to appeal to the King of Morocco for aid. Though he never reinstated himself in power, yet as the historian looks back over his reign he discovers that while Alfonso was losing his kingdom he had established for it a code of laws which still has its influence, even in the southern part of the United States; was advancing science, particularly in chemistry and astronomy; and giving to his own people the wealth of his learning in a tongue they could read and understand. Perhaps this is sufficient claim to honorable remembrance.

Las Siete Partidas (The Seven Parts) is a name which has been given to his codification of the laws, which did not aim at so strict a classification as similar ones of to-day and which was not couched in ponderous legal phraseology. Primarily, its object was to unify the confusing and contradictory laws that he found in his kingdom, but it often abandons the strict statement of laws and indulges in dissertations from general principles and in petty details of conduct. Some of its titles now almost provoke a smile, as for instance: "Why the king should abstain from low talk," "Why the king's children should be taught to be cleanly," "What things men should blush to confess and what not." It is from the *Siete Partidas* that Montesquieu drew the sentence that he so much admired: "The despot cuts

down the tree, but the wise monarch prunes it." One quotation must suffice:

> Vicars of God are the kings, each one in his kingdom, placed over the people to maintain them in justice and in truth. They have been called the heart and soul of the people. For as the soul lies in the heart of men, and by it the body lives and is maintained, so in the king lies justice, which is the life and maintenance of the people of his lordship. . . .
>
> And let the king guard the thoughts of his heart in three manners: firstly, let him not desire nor greatly care to have superfluous and worthless honors. Superfluous and worthless honors the king *ought* not to desire. For that which is beyond necessity cannot last, and being lost, and come short of, turns to dishonor. Moreover, the wise men have said that it is no less a virtue for a man to keep that which he has than to gain that which he has not; because keeping comes of judgment, but gain of good fortune. And the king who keeps his honor in such a manner that every day and by all means it is increased, lacking nothing, and does not lose that which he has for that which he desires to have,—he is held for a man of right judgment, who loves his own people, and desires to lead them to all good. And God will keep him in this world from the dishonoring of men, and in the next from the dishonor of the wicked in hell.

Among the most famous of medieval books is his *Tablas Alfonsinas (Alfonsine Tables)*, a mystical yet scientific production which embodied the wisdom of the Arabian astronomers, whom Alfonso had had the courage to recall and establish in an academy of sciences, where men were occupied "through many years in rectifying the old planetary observations, in disputing about the most abstruse details of this science, in constructing new instru-

ments, and observing, by means of them, the courses of the stars, their declensions, their ascensions, eclipses, longitudes and latitudes."

The King either wrote himself or directed the preparation of other important scientific works, histories and poems. The following selection is taken from the *Gran Conquista de Ultramar (Great Conquest of Oversea),* a translation, or rather perversion, of a history and poems from French sources, and, although it is frequently attributed to Alfonso VI, it may have belonged to the reign of Sancho IV, his son and successor:

The ancient histories which describe the early inhabitants of the East and their various languages show the origin of each tribe or nation, or whence they came, and for what reason they waged war, and how they were enabled to conquer the former lords of the land. Now in these histories it is told that the Turks, and also the allied race called Turcomans, were all of one land originally, and that these names were taken from two rivers which flow through the territory whence these people came, which lies in the direction of the rising of the sun, a little toward the north; and that one of these rivers bore the name of Turco, and the other Mani: and finally that for this reason the two tribes which dwelt on the banks of these two rivers came to be commonly known as Turcomanos or Turcomans. On the other hand, there are those who assert that because a portion of the Turks lived among the Comanos (Comans) they accordingly, in course of time, received the name of Turcomanos; but the majority adhere to the reason already given. However this may be, the Turks and the Turcomans belong both to the same family, and follow no other life than that of wandering over the country, driving their herds from one good pasture to another, and taking with them

their wives and their children and all their property, including money as well as flocks.

The Turks did not dwell then in houses, but in tents made of skins, as do in these days the Comanos and Tartars; and when they had to move from one place to another, they divided themselves into companies according to their different dialects, and chose a *cabdillo* (judge), who settled their disputes, and rendered justice to those who deserved it. And this nomadic race cultivated no fields, nor vineyards, nor orchards, nor arable lands of any kind; neither did they buy nor sell for money: but traded their flocks among one another, and also their milk and cheese, and pitched their tents in the places where they found the best pasturage; and when the grass was exhausted, they sought fresh herbage elsewhere. And whenever they reached the border of a strange land, they sent before them special envoys, the most worthy and honorable of their men, to the kings or lords of such countries, to ask of them the privilege of pasturage on their lands for a space; for which they were willing to pay such rent or tax as might be agreed upon. After this manner they lived among each nation in whose territory they happened to be.

The following selection will give an idea of Alfonso's lyrical power, though the reader, of course, cannot be expected to understand the mastery of unusual versification nor the elaborate rhymes which characterize the collection of poems published under the name *Cantigas:*

Welcome, O May, yet once again we greet thee!
So alway praise we her, the Holy Mother,
Who prays to God that he shall aid us ever
Against our foes, and to us ever listen.
Welcome, O May! loyally art thou welcome!
So alway praise we her, the Mother of kindness,
Mother who alway on us taketh pity,
Mother who guardeth us from woes unnumbered.

Welcome, O May! welcome, O month well favored!
So let us ever pray and offer praises
To her who ceases not for us, for sinners,
To pray to God that we from woes be guarded.
Welcome, O May, of bread and wine the giver!
So will we ever pray to her who gaineth
Grace from her Son for us, and gives each morning
Force that by us the Moors from Spain are driven.
Welcome, O May, O joyous month and stainless!
Pray then to her, for in her arms, an infant
She bore the Lord! she points us on our journey,
The journey that to her will bear us quickly!

III. JUAN RUIZ. The dates of the birth and death of Juan Ruiz, Archpriest of Hita, are not known, but he was born probably at the close of the thirteenth century, and it seems likely that he died in jail. If we may judge him by his own writings, he was a dissolute priest, whose standing in the community at that time, however, was not the less because of his peccadillos. He gives numerous injunctions for moral living and points the way to salvation, if we may believe his statements, but his writings are suggestive of contrary things. About seventeen hundred stanzas remain of his extensive works, all of which bear the stamp of his own personality. He was the most original writer of his times, and his chief enterprise, the famous textbook on love, has in it some of the spirit of Chaucer, with a peculiar power of rendering with exactitude the female characters from different walks of life in that loose epoch. In this he was more adept than most of his contemporaries.

IV. Juan Manuel. The Prince Don Juan Manuel (1282–1347) traced his descent from St. Ferdinand. In his twelfth year he served against the Moors, and in 1312 succeeded to the regency. The Spanish historian Mariana describes him as one "who seemed born solely to wreck the state," and the wars, rebellions, and assassinations which characterized his reign would seem to justify the phrase; but, though he fought against the King when he became of age, there appears to have been no malice after the wars were over, and he served his prince with great fidelity battling against the Moors of Granada. In spite of his fifty years of fighting, he retained a love of literature and proved the truth of the old Castilian adage that "pen never blunted lance, nor lance pen."

His most important work is called *Count Lucanor,* and it is usually called the first literary prose work in Spanish, published, it will be seen, about the same time that the *Decameron* was published in Italy. *Count Lucanor* resembles the *Decameron* in being a collection of novels, but in every other respect the two works are entirely different, for the Prince Manuel's purpose was to instruct his nation in grave and serious matters through the medium of his stories. To accomplish this, the Prince places his hero, Count Lucanor, in very difficult situations, where he is driven to ask advice from his minister, Patronio, who answers through a witty and ingenious story, which is

related with much grace and skill. There are forty-nine of these stories, and a translation of the first follows. The moral of each story is contained in two little verses that follow it. The story to which we alluded is prefaced by the following words from Count Lucanor:

Patronio, thou knowest that I am a great hunter, and that I have hunted more than any man before; and that I have invented and added to the hoods and jesses of my falcons certain contrivances which are entirely new. Now they who are maliciously inclined towards me speak of me in derision. They praise the Cid Ruy Diaz or Count Fernando Gonzales, for the battles they have fought, or the holy and blessed King D. Ferdinand, for all the conquests which he achieved; but they praise me for having accomplished a great thing in bringing to perfection the hoods and jesses of my falcons. Now, as such praise is rather an insult than an honor, I pray thee counsel me how I may avoid this irony upon a subject which, after all, is praiseworthy enough.

To this inquiry Patronio replies as follows:

There was once a Moorish king of Cordova, whose name was Al-Haquem. He governed his kingdom with tolerable discretion, but he did not exert himself to accomplish any great and honorable exploits, as kings are in duty bound. It is not enough in them barely to preserve their dominions. They who would acquire a noble fame, should so act as to enlarge their territories without injustice, and thus gain the applause of their subjects during their life, and at their death leave lasting monuments of their great achievements. But the King of whom we are speaking cared nothing about all this; he thought only of eating, and amusing himself, and spending his time idly in his palace.

Now it happened one day that he was listening to the music of an instrument of which the Moors are very fond,

and which they call albogon. He observed that it did not sound so well as he could contrive to make it; so he took the albogon, and made a hole underneath opposite the others. The effect of this was that the albogon yielded a much finer note than before. This was a very clever invention, but not exactly suited to a royal personage. The people in derision pretended to praise it. It passed into a proverb, and, when speaking of any useless improvement, they say: "It is worthy of King Al-Haquem himself." This saying was so often repeated, that it came at last to the ears of the King, who inquired its meaning, and in spite of the silence of those whom he questioned, he insisted so pertinaciously on an answer, that they were obliged to explain it to him. When he knew this, the King grieved sorely, as, after all, he was in truth a very good king. He inflicted no punishment upon those who had thus spoken of him, but he made a resolution in his own heart to invent some other improvement which should compel the people to praise him in good earnest.

He set his people to work to finish the great mosque of Cordova. He supplied every deficiency, and finally completed it, and made it the most beautiful, noble and exquisite of all the Moorish mosques in Spain. Praise be to the Lord, it is at this day a church, and is called St. Mary's. It was dedicated by that holy Saint, King Ferdinand, after he had taken Cordova from the Moors. When the King had finished it, he said, that if his improvements on the albogon had hitherto exposed him to derision, he expected that for the future he should be applauded for the completion of the mosque of Cordova. The proverb was in fact changed, and even unto this day, when the Moors speak of an addition superior to the object to which it is attached, they say: "King Al-Haquem has mended it."

Some of his books are lost, but the only one which is to be regretted is his book of verses, which it is felt included many remarkable

satires. Our estimate of him gives him a rank in prose like that of Ruiz in poetry, and there is a further similarity in the fact that both are witty, though in the Prince's speech cutting sarcasm and bitter irony replace the genial flow of the priest's humor.

V. Ayala. The Grand Chamberlain and Grand Chancellor of Castile, Pedro Lopez de Ayala (1332–1407), lived a romantic life, first under Alfonso XI, then as the favorite of Pedro the Cruel, whom he deserted at the right moment; and then during the reigns of three other successful rulers without treason, but measuring his loyalty by his self-interest. This usually served him well, though he was captured by the Black Prince in 1367 and spent fifteen months in an iron cage in the castle of Oviedes. This gave him the opportunity to write, and he seized it with customary promptitude.

The most celebrated of his poems is the *Rimado de Palacio (Court Rhymes),* perhaps a chance title that was never given the poems by the writer. There are over sixteen hundred stanzas in the poem, which deals alternately with politics, morals and religion, but many of them are vitriolic criticisms of courtiers, statesmen, bishops, lawyers and merchants.

VI. Santillana. Don Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis de Santillana (1398–1458), was by his rank and wealth, as well as by his political and military powers, an important figure in his age and a man of considerable influence.

His character, his stately manners, and his reputation as a literary man made him an object of interest to every one who visited Castile. He was a warrior and a poet, a politician and a scholar: as a warrior he fought successfully, not always on the side of King John; as a poet he wrote martial lyrics full of the gallant spirit of his times; as a politician he stood for justice and right; and as a scholar he was erudite and accurate. In fact, most of his writings are burdened with their learning, or rather, with a pedantry which, however popular at that time, is considered now a defect. He was another manifestation of that passionate attachment to learning which reigned in Italy, and had now found its way into Spain. All his more important works would be considered dull and stupid at the present time, but he wrote some light poems which are still pleasing; as witness the following, quoted by Sismondi:

I ne'er on the border
Saw girl fair as Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

Once making a journey
To Santa Maria,
Of Calataveno,
From weary desire
Of sleep, down a valley
I strayed, where young Rosa
I saw, the milk-maiden
Of lone Finojosa.

In a pleasant green meadow,
Midst roses and grasses,
Her herd she was tending,
With other fair lasses;
So lovely her aspect,
I could not suppose her
A simple milk-maiden
Of rude Finojosa.

I think not primroses
Have half her smile's sweetness,
Or mild modest beauty;
(I speak with discreetness).
O had I beforehand
But known of this Rosa,
The handsome milk-maiden
Of far Finojosa;

Her very great beauty
Had not so subdued,
Because it had left me
To do as I would.
I have said more, oh fair one!
By learning 'twas Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

VII. JUAN DE MENA. Another of the Cordovan poets belonging to the court of John II was Juan de Mena (1412–1456). Educated at Salamanca and a traveler in Italy, he quickly acquired a thirst for classic learning, and becoming acquainted with the writings of Dante, appears to have given up his genius for servile imitation. The reputation which he earned while court poet does not seem to be borne out by the examples we have of his work,

for, though we might call him the Ennius of Castile, his pedantry and servile imitations would seem to contravene the title "Prince of Castilian Poets" and "That Great Cordovan Poet," which Cervantes gave him. His masterpiece is *El Labarintho,* an allegorical composition in which he intended to describe every era of history, to honor virtue, punish crimes, and show the controlling power of destiny. Like Dante, he begins by wandering in a desert, where he is pursued by voracious animals. Here a beautiful woman, Providence, takes him under her protection and shows him the three wheels of destiny, which according to the influence of the seven planets, throw men into the past, present or future. The patriotism and loyalty he shows to his country may account in some degree for a measure of popularity which still persists amongst the Spaniards.

VIII. Amatory Poems. It was not the habit of Spanish poets to undertake works of any great length, and they contented themselves with simple lyrics expressing a single sentiment, a witty idea or an action of gallantry. In many respects they resemble the songs of the ancient troubadours, and are still accessible to us in a compilation called the *Cancionero General,* or *Collection of Songs.* In the earlier edition of this much-printed and amended work there are songs and poems from one hundred thirty-six writers of the fifteenth century. The amatory poems, which are more

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CATHEDRAL AND CAMPANILE
SEVILLE

THE CAMPANILE, COMMONLY CALLED THE "GIRALDA," WAS BUILT LATE IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY BY THE MOORS, AND LATER CONVERTED INTO THE BELL-TOWER OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, ERECTED THREE CENTURIES LATER.

numerous than any other kind, are monotonous in their repetition in new terms of a given idea, that is, they show great poverty of thought with a wealth of expression. Spanish love songs are more passionate, less refined and more burdened with grief than the corresponding lyrics of Italy. The Spaniards were more serious than the Italians, and in their poetry there is a constant recurrence of the combat between passion and reason, usually showing the sad and dreary triumph of the latter after passion has burned out the stormy feelings and despair reigns. Their descriptions of love which overwhelms the soul have rarely been equaled. Some stanzas by Alonzo of Carthagena are quoted by Sismondi:

Oh! fierce is this flame that seizes my breath,
My body, my soul, my life and my death;
It burns in its fury, it kindles desire,
It consumes, but alas! it will never expire.

How wretched my lot! No respite I know,
My heart is indifferent to joy or to woe;
For this flame in its anger kills, burns, and destroys,
My grief and my pleasures, my sorrows and joys.

In the midst of such perils, all methods I try
To escape from my fate—I weep, laugh, and sigh;
I would hope, I would wish for some respite from grief,
But have not a wish, to wish for relief.

If I vanquish this foe, or if vanquish'd I be,
Is alike in the midst of my torments to me;
I would please, and displease, but, between me and you,
I know not, alas! what I say or I do.

IX. Las Casas. Bartolomeo de Las Casas (1474–1566) was a companion of Columbus on his first voyage, and was one of the first to protest against the hideous cruelty of the Spaniards in the West Indies. He was born at Seville, educated in the University of Salamanca, and passed most of his life as a missionary to the Indians. His first work was called *A Very Short Account of the Ruin of the Indies,* which made a powerful appeal to European minds, as did the succeeding works of this large-hearted man. The American historian, John Fiske, says Las Casas "wrote a most attractive Spanish style, quaint, pithy, and nervous—a style which goes straight to the mark and rings like true metal." A little later he adds: "In contemplating such a life as that of Las Casas, all words of eulogy seem weak and frivolous. The historian can only bow in reverent awe before a figure which is in some respects the most beautiful and sublime in the annals of Christianity since the Apostolic age. When now and then in the course of the centuries God's providence brings such a life into this world, the memory of it must be cherished by mankind as one of its most precious and sacred possessions. For the thoughts, the words, the deeds of such men there is no death; the sphere of their influence goes on widening forever. They bud, they blossom, they bear fruit from age to age."

From Las Casas we take one quotation, from his *Relation of the First Voyage:*

The Spaniards passed, in the year 1511, into the Island of Cuba, which contains as much ground in length as from Valladolid to Rome. There were formerly fine and flourishing provinces to be seen, filled with vast numbers of people, who met with no milder or kinder treatment from the Spaniards than the rest. On the contrary, they seemed to have redoubled their cruelty upon those people. There happened divers things in this island that deserve to be remarked. A rich and potent Cacique named Hatbuey was retired to the Island of Cuba to avoid that slavery and death with which the Spaniards menaced him; and being informed that his persecutors were upon the point of landing in this island, he assembled all his subjects and domestics together, and made a speech to 'em after this manner: "You know," said he, "the report that is spread abroad that the Spaniards are ready to invade this island; and you are not ignorant of the ill usage our friends and countrymen have met with at their hands, and the cruelties they have committed at Hayei." (So Hispaniola is called in their language.) "They are now coming hither with a design to exercise the same outrages and persecutions upon us. Are you ignorant," says he, "of the ill intentions of the people of whom I am speaking?" "We know not," say they all with one voice, "upon what account they come hither, but we know they are a very wicked and cruel people." "I'll tell you then," replied the Cacique, "that these Europeans worship a very covetous sort of god, so that 'tis difficult to satisfy him; and to perform the worship they render to this idol, they'll exact immense treasures of us, and will use their utmost endeavor to reduce us to a miserable state of slavery, or else to put us to death." Upon which he took a box full of gold and valuable jewels which he had with him; and exposing it to their view—"Here is," says he, "the god of the Spaniards, whom we must honor with our sports and dances, to see if we can appease him, and render him propitious to us, that so he may command the Spaniards not to offer us any injury." They all applauded this speech, and fell a-leaping and dancing

round the box, till they had quite tired and spent themselves. After which the Cacique Hatbuey, resuming his discourse, continued to speak to them in these terms: "If we keep this God," says he, "till he's taken away from us, he'll certainly cause our lives to be taken from us; and therefore I am of the opinion 'twill be the best way to cast him into the river." They all approved of this advice, and went all together with one accord to throw this pretended god into the river.

The Spaniards were no sooner arrived in the Isle of Cuba but this Cacique, who knew 'em too well, began to think of retreating to secure himself from their fury, and resolved to defend himself by force of arms if he should happen to meet with them; but he unfortunately fell into their hands; and because he had taken all the precautions he could to avoid the persecutions of so cruel and impious a people, and had taken arms to defend his own life, as well as the lives of his subjects, this was made a capital crime in him, for he was burned alive. While he was in the midst of the flames, tied to a stake, a certain Franciscan friar of great piety and virtue took upon him to speak to him of God and our religion, and to explain to him some articles of the Catholic faith, of which he had never heard a word before; promising him eternal life if he would believe, and threatening him with eternal torment if he continued obstinate in his infidelity. Hatbuey, reflecting on the matter as much as the place and condition in which he was would permit, asked the friar that instructed him whether the gate of heaven was opened to the Spaniards; and being answered that such of them as were good men might hope for entrance there, the Cacique without any further deliberation told him he had no mind to go to heaven, for fear of meeting with such cruel and wicked company as they were; but would much rather choose to go to hell, where he might be delivered from the troublesome sight of such kind of people: to so great a degree have the wicked actions and cruelties of the Spaniards dishonored God and his religion in the minds of the Americans.

X. Boscan and Garcilaso. Juan Boscan Almogaver (1490–1542), a Spanish noble, came to the court of Charles V in 1516. He was a native of Barcelona, served as a soldier in Italy, and was afterward entrusted with the education of the celebrated Duke of Alva. His poems were published in four books by his widow at Barcelona in 1543. In the first are light poems in the old Castilian meters, while the second and third books contain a number of lyrics in the Italian style of blank verse, the longest of which is *Hero and Leander.* The fourth book contains his best poem, *The Allegory.* Boscan has left an account of a conversation he held with Navagiero, an accomplished courtier who came in Spain as ambassador from Venice and who, by his influence, began a revolution in Spanish literary history. Fitzmaurice-Kelly quotes as follows:

> Talking of wit and letters, especially of their varieties in different tongues, he inquired why I did not try in Castilian the sonnets and verse-forms favored by distinguished Italians. He not only suggested this, but pressed me urgently to the attempt. Some days later, I made for home, and, because of the length and loneliness of the journey, thinking matters over, I returned to what Navagiero had said, and thus I first attempted this sort of verse; finding it hard at the outset, since it is very intricate, with many peculiarities, varying greatly from ours. Yet, later, I fancied that I was progressing well, perhaps because we all love our own essays; hence I continued, little by little, with increasing zeal.

While there had been imitators of the Italians, as we have seen, Boscan is properly re-

garded as the leader of the movement which changed the spirit of Spanish poetry. He lived when Castilian was becoming the national language, and wrote in it gracefully. The following poem *On the Death of Garcilaso* was translated by Wipfen:

Tell me, dear Garcilaso—thou
  Who ever aim'dst at Good,
And in the spirit of thy vow,
  So swift her course pursued
That thy few steps sufficed to place
The angel in thy loved embrace,
  Won instant, soon as wooed—
Why took'st thou not, when winged to flee
From this dark world, Boscan with thee?

Why, when ascending to the star
  Where now thou sitt'st enshrined,
Left'st thou thy weeping friend afar,
  Alas! so far behind?
Oh, I do think, had it remained
With thee to alter aught ordained
  By the Eternal Mind,
Thou wouldst not on this desert spot
Have left thy other self forgot!

For if through life thy love was such
  As still to take a pride
In having me so oft and much
  Close to thy envied side,—
I cannot doubt, I must believe,
Thou wouldst at least have taken leave
  Of me; or, if denied,
Have come back afterwards, unblest
Till I too shared thy heavenly rest.

The following extract is from the *Epistle to Mendoza:*

'Tis peace that makes a happy life,—
And that is mine through my sweet wife;
Beginning of my soul, and end,
I've gained new being through this friend;—
She fills each thought and each desire,
Up to the height I would aspire.
This bliss is never found by ranging;
Regret still springs from saddest changing;
Such loves, and their beguiling pleasures,
Are falser still than magic treasures,
Which gleam at eve with golden color,
And change to ashes ere the morrow.
But now each good that I possess,
Rooted in truth and faithfulness,
Imparts delight to every sense;
For erst they were a mere pretense,
And long before enjoyed they were,
They changed their smiles to grisly care.
Now pleasures please; love being single,
Evils with its delights ne'er mingle.

. . . . . .

And thus, by moderation bounded,
I live by my own goods surrounded,
Among my friends, my table spread
With viands we may eat nor dread;
And at my side my sweetest wife,
Whose gentleness admits no strife,—
Except of jealousy the fear,
Whose soft reproaches more endear;
Our darling children round us gather,—
Children who will make me grandfather.
And thus we pass in town our days,
Till the confinement something weighs;
Then to our village haunt we fly,
Taking some pleasant company,—
While those we love not never come
Anear our rustic, leafy home.

For better 'tis to philosophize,
And learn a lesson truly wise
From lowing herd and bleating flock,
Than from some men of vulgar stock;
And rustics, as they hold the plow,
May often good advice bestow.
Of love, too, we may have the joy:
For Phoebus as a shepherd-boy
Wandered once among the clover,
Of some fair shepherdess the lover;
And Venus wept, in rustic bower,
Adonis turned to purple flower,
And Bacchus 'midst the mountains drear
Forgot the pangs of jealous fear;

And nymphs that in the water play
('Tis thus that ancient fables say),
And Dryads fair among the trees,
Fain the sprightly Fauns would please.
So in their footsteps follow we,—
My wife and I,—as fond and free,
Love in our thoughts and in our talk;
Direct we slow our sauntering walk
To some near murmuring rivulet,
Where 'neath a shady beech we sit,
Hand clasped in hand, and side by side,—
With some sweet kisses, too, beside,—
Contending there, in combat kind,
Which best can love with constant mind.

. . . . . .

Thus our village life we live,
And day by day such joys receive;
Till, to change the homely scene,
Lest it pall while too serene,
To the gay city we remove,
Where other things there are to love;
And graced by novelty, we find
The city's concourse to our mind;
While our new coming gives a joy

Which ever staying might destroy.
We spare all tedious compliment;
Yet courtesy with kind intent,
Which savage tongues alone abuse,
Will often the same language use.

. . . . . .

And Monleon, our dearest guest,
Will raise our mirth by many a jest;
For while his laughter rings again,
Can we to echo it refrain?
And other merriment is ours,
To gild with joy the lightsome hours.
But all too trivial would it look,
Written down gravely in a book:
And it is time to say adieu,
Though more I have to write to you.
Another letter this shall tell:
So now, my dearest friend, farewell.

The Garcilaso referred to in the poem we quoted above was born about 1500, and was an associate of Boscan's in the reformation of Spanish poetry. He lived the stormy life of a warrior and died in action, but he found time to write some of the finest pastoral poetry in Spanish and to enroll himself among the classic poets of his native land. As Ticknor says, he enjoys "a general national admiration such as is given to hardly any other Spanish poet and to none before his time." Among the thirty sonnets which he has left there are, to quote Sismondi, "several in which we remark that sweetness of language and that delicacy of expression which so completely captivate the ear, together with a mixture of sadness and of love, of the fear and the desire of death, which

powerfully expresses the agitation of the soul." An example follows:

If lamentations and complaints could rein
The course of rivers as they roll'd along,
And move on desert hills, attir'd in song,
The savage forests; if they could constrain
Fierce tygers and chill rocks to entertain
The sound, and with less urgency than mine,
Lead tyrant Pluto and stern Proserpine,
Sad and subdued with magic of their strain;
Why will not my vexations, being spent
In misery and in tears, to softness soothe
A bosom steel'd against me? with more ruth
An ear of rapt attention should be lent
The voice of him that mourns himself for lost,
Than that which sorrow'd for a forfeit ghost!

The pastoral poetry of Garcilaso is executed with wonderful skill, though it lacks originality. Its beauty lies in its simplicity and a sweetness and gentleness that seem altogether out of keeping with his life, for the sound of battle is never heard in his lines. The following brief extract, as translated by Wipfen, shows the charming simplicity of his work:

Here ceased the youth his Doric madrigal,
And sighing, with his last laments let fall
A shower of tears; the solemn mountains round,
Indulgent of his sorrow, tossed the sound
Melodious from romantic steep to steep,
In mild responses deep;
Sweet Echo, starting from her couch of moss,
Lengthened the dirge; and tenderest Philomel,
As pierced with grief and pity at his loss,
Warbled divine reply, nor seemed to trill
Less than Jove's nectar from her mournful bill.

What Nemoroso sang in sequel, tell,
Ye sweet-voiced Sirens of the sacred hill.

The most celebrated of his eclogues is the first, which he wrote while at Naples. Two shepherds, Salicio and Nemoroso, express in verse the torments which they have suffered, one from the infidelity of his shepherdess and the other from the death of his mistress. One expresses softness, delicacy, and submission; the other a deep sense of grief. From this celebrated eclogue Sismondi quotes the following stanzas:

SALICIO

Through thee the silence of the shaded glen,
Through thee the horror of the lonely mountain
Pleased me no less than the resort of men;
The breeze, the summer wood, and lucid fountain,
The purple rose, white lily of the lake,
Were sweet for thy sweet sake;
For thee the fragrant primrose, dropt with dew,
Was wish'd, when first it blew.
Oh, how completely was I in all this
Myself deceiving! Oh, the different part
That thou wert acting, covering, with a kiss
Of seeming love, the traitor in thy heart!
This my severe misfortune long ago
Did the soothsaying raven, sailing by
On the black storm, with hoarse sinister cry,
Clearly presage; in gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!

How oft when slumbering in the forest brown,
(Deeming it fancy's mystical deceit),
Have I beheld my fate in dreams foreshown.
One day methought that from the noontide heat,
I drove my flocks to drink of Tagus' flood,

And, under curtain of its bordering wood,
Take my cool siesta, but arrived, the stream,
I know not by what magic, changed its track,
And in new channels, by an unused way,
Roll'd its warp'd waters back:
Whilst I, scorch'd, melting with the heat extreme
Went ever following in their flight, astray,
The wizard waves: in gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow.

. . . . . .

But though thou wilt not come for my sad sake,
Leave not the landscape thou hast held so dear;
Thou may'st come freely now without the fear
Of meeting me, for, though my heart should break,
Where late forsaken, I will now forsake.
Come, then, if this alone detains thee, here
Are meadows full of verdure, myrtles, bays,
Woodlands, and lawns, and running waters clear,
Belov'd in other days;
To which, bedew'd with many a bitter tear,
I sing my last of lays.
These scenes, perhaps, when I am far remov'd,
At ease thou wilt frequent
With him who rifled me of all I lov'd.
Enough! my strength is spent;
And leaving thee in his desir'd embrace,
It is not much to leave him this sweet place.

. . . . . .

NEMOROSO

As at the set of sun the shades extend,
And when its circle sinks, that dark obscure
Rises to shroud the world, on which attend
The images that set our hair on end,
Silence, and shapes mysterious as the grave:
Till the broad sun sheds, once more, from the wave
His lively luster, beautiful and pure;
Such shapes were in the night, and such ill gloom
At thy departure; still tormenting fear
Haunts, and must haunt me, until death shall doom

The so much wish'd for sun to re-appear,
Of thine angelic face, my soul to cheer,
Resurgent from the tomb.

. . . . . .

Poor lost Eliza! of thy locks of gold
One treasured ringlet in white silk I keep
For ever at my heart, which when unroll'd,
Fresh grief and pity o'er my spirit creep,
And my insatiate eyes, for hours untold,
O'er the dear pledge will like an infant weep:
With sighs more warm than fire, anon I dry
The tears from off it, number, one by one,
The radiant hairs, and with a love-knot tie;
Mine eyes, this duty done,
Give over weeping, and with slight relief,
I taste a short forgetfulness of grief.

XI. Herrera and Luis de Leon. The school of Boscan and Garcilaso made its way into Portugal; and in Spain was represented by two secondary schools, one of which, at Seville, was led by Herrera, and the other, at Salamanca, by de Leon.

1. *Fernande de Herrera* (1534–1597), called by the Spaniards "the Divine," has been by them often placed at the head of the poets of Spain, but this may be attributed to party feeling rather than to a just critical estimate of his writings. Very little is known of his life except that he was a cleric and dedicated his erotic verses to the wife of Alvaro of Portugal, a popular poet. His defenders explain that this was the result of a purely platonic affection such as Dante held for Beatrice. Under the name of Eliodora, Herrera addresses his love as his light, his sun and his

star, in a series of cold verses that show little true emotion. In fact, his poetry is all artificial and bears evidence of careful construction, with original phraseology and even words new to his language, but dignified and harmonious, while his ideas are elevated. His odes to Don John of Austria on the occasion of the Moorish revolt, his elegy on the death of Sebastian of Portugal and his song on the victory at Lepanto are the greatest of his canzoni on Italian models. The battle of Lepanto was the most glorious victory of Spanish arms during that century, as it not only secured for them at least the stability of the monarchy at home but it also gratified the religious enthusiasm of the nation. Herrera's magnificent verse breathes confidence in divine protection, a pride in the triumph of the arms of Spain, and a deep hatred of her enemies. Not infrequently he borrows language from the Old Testament to strengthen his verse.

A graceful poem of another character, is Herrera's *Ode to Sleep:*

Sweet Sleep! that through the starry path of night,
With dewy poppies crown'd, pursuest thy flight,
Stiller of human woes!
That shed'st o'er nature's breast a soft repose;
Oh! to these distant climates of the West
Thy slowly wandering pinions turn;
And with thy influence blest,
Bathe these love-burthen'd eyes that ever burn
And find no moment's rest;
While my unceasing grief
Refuses all relief!

O hear my prayer! I ask it by thy love,
Whom Juno gave thee in the realms above.

Sweet Power, that dost impart
Gentle oblivion to the suffering heart,
Beloved sleep, thou only canst bestow
A solace for my woe!
Thrice happy be the hour
My weary limbs shall feel thy sovereign power!
Why to these eyes alone deny
The calm thou pour'st on Nature's boundless reign?
Why let thy votary all neglected die,
Nor yield a respite to a lover's pain?
And must I ask thy balmy aid in vain?
Hear, gentle Power, oh, hear my humble prayer,
And let my soul thy heavenly banquet share.

In this extreme of grief, I own thy might;
Descend and shed thy healing dew;
Descend, and put to flight
Th' intruding dawn, that with her garish light
My sorrows would renew.
Thou hear'st my sad lament, and in my face
My many griefs may'st trace!
Turn then, sweet wanderer of the night, and spread
Thy wings around my head;
Haste, for th' unwelcome morn
Is now on her return!
Let the soft rest the hours of night denied,
Be by thy lenient hand supplied.

Fresh from my summer bowers,
A crown of soothing flowers,
Such as thou lov'st, the fairest and the best,
I offer thee; won by their odors sweet
Th' enamor'd air shall greet
Thy advent; oh, then, let their hand
Express their essence bland,
And o'er my eye-lids pour delicious rest.

Enchanting Power! soft as the breath of Spring
Be the light gale that steers thy dewy wing;
Come, ere the sun ascends the purple East,
Come, end my woes; so, crown'd with heavenly charms,
May fair Pasithea take thee to her arms.

The following sonnet, as rendered by Archdeacon Churton, is addressed to Don John of Austria:

Deep sea, whose thundering waves in tumult roar,
Call forth thy troubled spirit—bid him rise,
And gaze, with terror pale, and hollow eyes,
On floods all flashing fire, and red with gore.
Lo! as in list enclosed, on battle-floor
Christian and Sarzan, life and death the prize,
Join conflict: lo! the batter'd Paynim flies;
The din, the smoldering flames, he braves no more.
Go, bid thy deep-toned bass with voice of power
Tell of this mightiest victory under sky,
This deed of peerless valor's highest strain;
And say a youth achieved the glorious hour,
Hallowing thy gulf with praise that ne'er shall die,—
The youth of Austria, and the might of Spain.

2. *Luis Ponce de Leon* (1529–1591) joined the Augustinian Order in his eighteenth year, and at thirty-two became professor of theology in the University of Salamanca. Here he became embroiled in theological discussions, was denounced to the Inquisition and after his arrest was kept for four and a half years in prison, but finally, in 1576, was acquitted. The calmness and sturdy uprightness of the man never wavered, and it is an interesting fact that so little was he disturbed by his experiences that when, after his long absence in

prison, he faced his class for the first time, he began with the remark, "Gentlemen, as we were saying the other day—." In 1591 he was elected Vicar-General of Castile, but died ten days later.

Luis de Leon's character was eminently religious, his mild and tender piety is exhibited in all his writings, and he is regarded by the Spaniards as the most skillful of their poets in expressing the inmost feelings of the heart with elegance and sensibility, while his simplicity and dignity are remarkable. In prison he wrote his celebrated treatise *Los Nombres de Cristo,* a series of platonic dissertations on the value of such symbolic names of Christ as *The Mount, The Arm of God, The Prince of Peace, The Bridegroom.* This, one of the greatest mystic books in the Spanish language, is put in the form of a dialogue in which Marcelo Sabino and Julian examine the subject.

Both in prose and in verse Luis de Leon ranks high, yet he himself placed no value upon his poems, and their preservation is due to accident rather than intent. One example which we give is *The Cloudless Night:*

When to the heavenly dome my thoughts take flight,
With shimmering stars bedecked, ablaze with light,
  Then sink my eyes down to the ground,
  In slumber wrapped, oblivion bound,
Enveloped in the gloom of darkest night.

With love and pain assailed, with anxious care,
A thousand troubles in my breast appear,
  My eyes turn to a flowering rill,

Sore sorrow's tearful floods distil,
While saddened, mournful words my woes declare.

Oh, dwelling fit for angels! sacred fane!
The hallowed shrine where youth and beauty reign!
Why in this dungeon, plunged in night,
The soul that's born for Heaven's delight
Should cruel Fate withhold from its domain?

XII. Religious Poetry. The religious poetry of Spain, as prefigured in the work of de Leon and others, is characterized by deep feeling, profound devotion and beautiful expression. An anonymous sonnet, *To Christ Crucified,* has been rendered into English by Dryden:

O God, Thou art the object of my love,
Not for the hopes of endless joys above,
Nor for the fear of endless pains below
Which those who love Thee not must undergo:
For me, and such as me, Thou once didst bear
The ignominious cross, the nails, the spear,
A thorny crown transpierced Thy sacred brow,
What bloody sweats from every member flow!
For me, in torture Thou resign'st Thy breath,
Nailed to the cross, and sav'dst me by Thy death:
Say, can these sufferings fail my heart to move?
What but Thyself can now deserve my love?
Such as then was and is Thy love to me,
Such is, and shall be still, my love to Thee.
Thy love, O Jesus, may I ever sing,
O God of love, kind Parent, dearest King.

One of the famous names of the sixteenth century is that of Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada (1515–1582), who is known to the Church as the Seraphic Mother, Santa Teresa de Jesus,

or The Saint of the Flaming Heart. Fitzmaurice-Kelly says of her: "Santa Teresa is not only a glorious saint and a splendid figure in the annals of religious thought: she ranks as a miracle of genius, as, perhaps, the greatest woman who ever handled pen, the single one of all her sex who stands beside the world's most perfect masters." Her life was one of remarkable devotion to her ideals. At the age of seven she started out to seek martyrdom. Her first essay in literature was a chivalresque romance, but at sixteen she entered the Carmelite convent as a nun. Although always struggling against ill health, her ardor and natural force were in no way affected, and her calmness under misunderstanding and in persecution was a marvel. Her songs are artless and full of passion and ecstasy, which loses itself in translation; but we have a characteristic passage from her prose which Froude has thus translated:

A man is directed to make a garden in a bad soil overrun with sour grasses. The Lord of the land roots out the weeds, sows seeds and plants herbs and fruit-trees. The gardener must then care for them and water them, that they may thrive and blossom, and that the Lord may find pleasure in His garden and come to visit it. There are four ways in which the watering may be done. There is water which is drawn wearily by hand from the well. There is water drawn by the ox-wheel, more abundantly and with greater labor. There is water brought in from the river, which will saturate the whole ground; and, last and best, there is rain from heaven. Four sorts of prayer correspond to these. The first is a weary effort with small returns; the well may run dry: the gardener

then must weep. The second is internal prayer and meditation upon God; the trees will then show leaves and flower-buds. The third is love of God. The virtues then become vigorous. We converse with God face to face. The flowers open and give out fragrance. The fourth kind cannot be described in words. Then there is no more toil, and the seasons no longer change; flowers are always blowing, and fruit ripens perennially. The soul enjoys undoubting certitude; the faculties work without effort and without consciousness; the heart loves and does not know that it loves; the mind perceives, yet does not know that it perceives. If the butterfly pauses to say to itself how prettily it is flying, the shining wings fall off, and it drops and dies. The life of the spirit is not our life, but the life of God within us.

Another religious poet of distinction was Juan de Yepes y Alvarez (1542–1591), who, after joining the Carmelite Order in 1563, took the name Juan de la Cruz (St. John of the Cross), and by that name he is known in literature as the exponent of deep mysticism and spiritual ecstasy. His *Dark Night of the Soul* has been rendered into English by David Lewis:

In an obscure night,
With anxious love inflamed,
O happy lot!
Forth unobserved I went,
My house being now at rest. . . .

In that happy night,
In secret, seen of none,
Seeing nought but myself,
Without other light or guide
Save that which in my heart was burning.

That light guided me
More surely than the noonday sun
To the place where he was waiting for me
Whom I knew well,
And none but he appeared.

O guiding night!
O night more lovely than the dawn!
O night that hast united
The lover with his beloved
And charged her with her love.

On my flowery bosom,
Kept whole for him alone,
He reposed and slept:
I kept him, and the waving
Of the cedars fanned him.

Then his hair floated in the breeze
That blew from the turret;
He struck me on the neck
With his gentle hand,
And all sensation left me.

I continued in oblivion lost,
My head was resting on my love;
I fainted at last abandoned,
And, amid the lilies forgotten,
Threw all my cares away.

TOWER OF COMARES, THE ALHAMBRA

CHAPTER IV

ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY

VASCO LOBEIRA. For many years Vasco Lobeira, a Portuguese knight who was probably contemporary with Prince Juan, has been considered the author of *Amadis de Gaula,* the greatest of the chivalric romances. It is supposed now that Lobeira or his father wrote the first four books, which constitute the best part of the story and practically all that is worth reading, in Spanish, and that the remainder of the long work has been the additions of subsequent writers. It is difficult to ascertain the truth of the authorship, although a recent writer, Fitzmaurice-Kelly, thinks that the *Amadis* is merely a translation from a lost original which was written in Portuguese. We need not waste time in a dis-

cussion of the subject, but may content ourselves rather with the story itself, of which Robert Southey has made an excellent translation into English that still preserves the antique flavor of the original. It is probably the only chivalresque novel that it is necessary for any man of culture to read and one of which every one should know something, for the simple reason that it is undoubtedly the greatest among a host of like tales that appeared everywhere in France and England as well as Spain, and achieved a great popularity which continued until they were laughed out of existence by Cervantes.

At the time Southey wrote, the oldest version known was the Spanish of De Montalvo, who claimed to have corrected it from the old originals and, it is known, made many changes. As Lobeira was a Portuguese, Amadis nearly always was made to fight against the Christians, a fact which Montalvo felt it necessary to disguise as much as possible, so he interpolated much matter and changed the personnel of many of the characters. The French version was filled with additions, especially such as make the incidents more indecent. Southey's translation was from neither of these works, though both were used for comparison. As *Amadis of Gaul* occupies in prose about the same position that *Orlando Furioso* occupies in poetry, we have felt at liberty to make the somewhat extensive extracts which appear in the following pages.

II. "Amadis of Gaul." Amadis is the son of King Perion of Gaul by Elisena, the daughter of Garinter, a Christian king in the Lesser Britain. As the infant is born before the parents are married, the mother in despair dresses it richly, puts it into a cradle, lays the sword of King Perion beside it, and sets it adrift on the river. The babe floats safely out to sea and is picked up by Gandales, a knight of Scotland, and taken home, where he is brought up with Gandalin, the young son of the knight. The first extract shows Amadis, who is called the "Child of the Sea," meeting with his reputed father. We preserve the spelling and punctuation of Southey's book:

With that he left her and came to his castle, and seeing the little boy come running towards him, he took him up in his arms, and lovingly embraced him, and remembering all that Urganda had told him, he said in his heart, my fair child God let me live to see thy good days! and with that the tears came. At this time the child was of three years, and his beauty was marvelous to behold, and he seeing the tears, put up his little hands to wipe them away, whereat Gandales rejoiced as a sign that he would be gentle-hearted, and thenceforward he taught him with a kinder will. And when he came to the age of five, he made a bow for him suited to his strength, and another for his son Gandalin, and they used to shoot before him.

When he was seven years old, King Languines and his Queen and household, passing through his Kingdom from one town to another, came to the castle of Gandales, where they were well feasted; but the Child of the Sea, and Gandalin and the other children were removed to the back Court that they might not be seen. It fortuned that the Queen was lodged in one of the highest apartments

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THRONE ROOM, ROYAL PALACE
MADRID

of the Castle, and looking from her window she saw the children at play with their bows, and among them remarked the Child of the Sea for his shapeliness and beauty, and he was better clad than his companions, of whom he looked like the Lord. The Queen called to her Ladies and Damsels, come and see the fairest creature that ever was seen! While they were looking at him, the Child who was thirsty, laid down his bow and arrows, and went to a water-pipe to drink. A boy bigger than the rest took up his bow to shoot with it, this Gandalin would not suffer, the other struck him angrily and Gandalin cried out, Help me, Child of the Sea! He hearing this ran to him, and snatched the bow and crying, in an ill minute did you strike my brother, struck him on the head with all his force; they fought a while till the other was fain to run away, and meeting their Tutor, who asked what was the matter, replied, that the Child of the Sea had beat him. The Tutor went towards him with the strap in his hand, how is this, Child of the Sea, said he, that you dare beat the boys? I shall punish you! but the Child fell upon his knees, I had rather you would strike me, said he, than that any one before me should dare to beat my brother; and the tears came in his eyes. The Tutor was moved, and told him to do so no more. All this the Queen saw, and she wondered why they called him the Child of the Sea.

Of the knighting of the Child of the Sea, the following account is given:

The Child of the Sea was now twelve years old, but in stature and size he seemed fifteen, and he served the Queen; but now that Oriana was there, the Queen gave her the Child of the Sea that he should serve her, and Oriana said that *it pleased her,* and that word which she said the Child kept in his heart, so that he never lost it from his memory, and in all his life he was never weary of serving her, and his heart was surrendered to her, and this love lasted as long as they lasted, for as well as he

loved her did she also love him. But the Child of the Sea, who knew nothing of her love, thought himself presumptuous to have placed his thoughts on her, and dared not to speak to her; and she who loved him in her heart was careful not to speak more with him than with another; but their eyes delighted to reveal to the heart what was the thing on earth that they loved best. And now the time came that he thought he could take arms if he were knighted, and this he greatly desired, thinking that he would do such things, that, if he lived, his mistress should esteem him. With this desire he went to the King, who was at that time in the garden, and fell upon his knees before him, and said, Sire, if it please you, it is time for me to receive Knighthood. How, Child of the Sea! said Languines, are you strong enough to maintain Knighthood? it is easy to receive, but difficult to maintain; and he who would keep it well, so many and so difficult are the things he must atchieve, that his heart will often be troubled; and if, through fear, he forsakes what he ought to do, better is death to him than life with shame. Not for this, replied he, will I fail to be a Knight: my heart would not require it, if it were not in my will to accomplish what you say. And since you have bred me up, compleat what you ought to do in this; if not, will seek some other who will do it. The King, who feared lest he should do this, replied, Child of the Sea, I know when this is fitting better than you can know, and I promise you to do it, and your arms shall be got ready; but, to whom did you think to go?—To King Perion, who they say is a good knight, and has married the sister of your Queen. I would tell him how I was brought up by her, and then he would willingly fulfill my desire. Now, said the King, be satisfied, it shall be honorably done. And he orders that the arms should be made, and sent to acquaint Gandales thereof.

When Gandales heard this, he greatly rejoiced; and sent a Damsel with the sword, and the ring, and the letter in the wax, which he had found in the ark. The Child of the Sea was with Oriana and the ladies of the palace,

discoursing, when a page entered, and told him there was a stranger Damsel without, who brought presents for him, and would speak with him. When she who loved him heard this, her heart trembled, and if any one had been looking at her they might have seen how she changed; and she told the Child of the Sea to let the Damsel come in, that they might see the presents. Accordingly she entered, and said, Sir Child of the Sea, your good friend Gandales salutes you as the man who loves you much, and sends you this sword, and this ring, and this wax, and he begs you will wear this sword while you live for his sake. He took the presents, and laid the ring and the wax in his lap, while he unrolled the sword from a linen cloth in which it was wrapt, wondering that it should be without a scabbard. Meantime Oriana took up the wax, and said, I will have this, not thinking that it contained any thing: it would have better pleased him if she had taken the ring, which was one of the finest in the world. While he was looking at the sword, the King came in and asked him, what he thought of it. It seems a goodly one, Sir, said he, but I marvail wherefore it hath no scabbard. It is fifteen years, said the King, since it had one; and, taking him by the hand, he led him apart, and said, You would be a Knight, and you know not whether of right you should be one. I therefore tell you all that I know concerning you, and with that he told him all that Gandales has communicated. The Child of the Sea answered, I believe this, for that Damsel said, my good friend Gandales had sent her, and I thought she had mistaken, and should have called him my father; but I am nothing displeased herewith, except that I know not my parents, nor they me, for my heart tells me I am well born; and now, Sir, it behoves me more to obtain knighthood, that I may win honor and the praise of prowess, since I know not my lineage, and am like one whose kindred are all dead. When the King heard him speak thus, he believed that he would prove a hardy and good Knight.

. . . . . .

This while had the Child of the Sea been looking earnestly at Perion, not as his father, for of that he knew nothing, but because of his great goodness in arms, of which he had heard the fame; and he desired to be made a knight by his hand, rather than by any man in the world. To attain this purpose, he thought best to entreat the Queen; but her he found so sad that he would not speak to her; and, going to where Oriana was, he knelt before her, and said, Lady Oriana, could I know by you the cause of the Queen's sadness? Oriana's heart leaped at seeing him whom she most loved before her, and she said to him, Child of the Sea, this is the first thing ye ever asked of me, and I shall do it with a good will.—Ah, Lady! I am neither so bold nor worthy as to ask anything from one like you, but rather to obey what it pleases you to command. What! said she, is your heart so feeble?—So feeble, that in all things towards you it would fail me, except in serving you like one who is not his own, but yours. Mine! said she, since when?—Since *it pleased you.*—How *since it pleased me?*—Remember, Lady, the day whereon your Father departed, the Queen took me by the hand, and, leading me before you, said, I give you this child to be your servant; and you said *it pleased you.* And from that time I have held and hold myself yours to do you service: yours only, that neither I nor any other while I live can have command over me. That word, said she, you took with a meaning that it did not bear, but *I am well pleased* that it is so. Then was he overcome with such pleasure, that he had no power to answer, and Oriana, who now saw the whole power that she had over him, went to the Queen and learnt the cause of her sadness, and, returning to the Child of the Sea, told him, that it was for the Queen her sister, who now was so distressed. He answered, if it pleased you that I were a Knight, with your leave I would go and aid the Queen her sister.—With my leave! and what without it? would you not then go? No, said he; for without the favor of her whose it is, my heart could not sustain itself in danger. Then Oriana smiled, and said, since I have

gained you, you shall be my Knight, and you shall aid the sister of the Queen. The Child of the Sea kissed her hand,—the King my master has not yet knighted me, and I had rather it should be done by King Perion at your entreaty. In that, said she, I will do what I can, but we must speak to the Princess Mabilia, for her request will avail with her uncle.

Mabilia, who loved the Child of the Sea with pure love, readily agreed. Let him go, said she, to the Chapel of my Mother, armed at all points, and we and the other Damsels will accompany him; and when King Perion is setting off, which will be before day-break, I will ask to see him, and then will he grant our request, for he is a courteous knight. When the Child of the Sea heard this, he called Gandalin, and said to him, My brother, take all my arms secretly to the Queen's chapel, for this night I think to be knighted, and, because it behoves me to depart right soon, I would know if you wish to bear me company? Believe me, quoth Gandalin, never with my will shall I depart from ye. The tears came in the eyes of the Child at this, and he kissed him in the face, and said, do now what I told you. Gandalin laid the arms in the chapel, while the Queen was at supper; and, when the cloths were removed, the Child of the Sea went there, and armed himself all, save his head and his hands, and made his prayer before the altar, beseeching God to grant him success in arms, and in the love which he bore his Lady.

The following gives an account of the manner in which Amadis succored his parents:

When the morning came, Perion and the Queen went into the Child's chamber, whom they found rising and washing his hands, and they saw that his eyes were red and his cheeks marked with tears, so that it was plain he had slept little that night, and truly he had been thinking of his Lady, and how hopeless his love was, and that death was all he could expect. Queen Elisena took Gan-

dalin aside, and asked him the cause of his Master's sadness, if it was for any offense that he had received there. He replied, he hath received great honor here, and this, Madam, is his custom: he is wont to weep at night, as you see. While they were discoursing, the townsmen saw their enemies near, and shouted, to arms! to arms! Right glad was the Child of the Sea at this alarm: they armed themselves and rode to the gate, where they found Agrayes in wrath, because the wardens would not let him go forth, for he was one of the most spirited Knights in the world, and if his strength had been like his courage, there would have been none to surpass him in prowess. At the King's command the gates were opened, and all the Knights went forth; but, seeing their enemies to be so great a number, there were some who said it would be folly to attack them. But Agrayes spurred his horse, exclaiming ill luck to him who tarries longer; and the Child of the Sea had already advanced before him,—so they went to the charge. Daganel and Galayn made ready to receive them as those whom they heartily hated. The Child of the Sea encountered Galayn, who was foremost, and overthrew both man and horse, and the Duke brake his leg in the fall. The Child had broken his lance; he laid hand of his sword, and rode among them, striking on all sides so fiercely that nothing could withstand his blows, till he was beset that his horse could not move for the throng. Agrayes with some of his followers forced their way to him, and made a great destruction among their enemies; and King Perion with his people came up, whom Daganel as well received. Then were the armies mingled together: there might you have seen the Child of the Sea doing wonders, felling all that opposed him, hewing and chining his enemies, and shewing such chivalry that none durst abide him. Agrayes, at seeing him, took the more courage, and cried aloud to encourage his men, Look at the best Knight that ever was born! When Daganel saw the Child of the Sea, what havoc he made, he made up to him, and strove to kill his horse, that he might fall among the throng;

but that he could not effect, for the Child gave him such a stroke on the helmet that the laces burst, and it fell off, and King Perion, who had come to the Child's succor, with another blow cleft him to the teeth. Then were they of Ireland and the Normans conquered, and they fled to the forest, crying aloud for King Abies that he should not tarry longer, and suffer them to be destroyed; and Perion and his company pursued till they saw Abies and his main army advance, crying, Set on them! leave not a man alive! enter the town with them! When the Knights of Gaul found themselves thus surprised, they were affrighted, for they were weary and their lances broken, and King Abies was the best Knight in the world, and the one whom they most feared.

But the Child of the Sea cried, now, Sirs, ye must maintain your honor! it will be seen what each is worth! The Irish came on like fresh men, and who had a great heart to do mischief. King Abies left not a Knight in his saddle so long as his spear lasted; then drew he his sword, and laid about him so valiantly that King Perion's men could not withstand him, and they retreated towards the town. The Child seeing that bestirred himself more angrily, and fought in the front, so that he gave the Gauls leisure to retire in some order, and prevented their utter rout. Agrayes and Perion always kept by him, and they three were the safety of the host, and enough to do had those Irishmen whom Abies had sent forward to enter the town, that the war might be finished. And now the Gauls had entered the gates, and King Abies came up, hoping that his men had entered with them, and greatly was he grieved to see that it was otherwise, and the more for he now heard how that Galayn and Daganel were slain. One of his people came up to him, and said, Sire, do you see the Knight on the white horse, who does nothing but what is marvelous? He it is who slew your Captains. It was the Child of the Sea, who rode the white horse of Galpano. With that King Abies rode up to him and said, Knight! thou hast slain the man in the world whom I most love, and dearly shalt thou

abide it if thou wilt come out and continue the battle. The Child replied, this is not a time to fight with you: for your men are many in number and fresh, and we are but few, and so travailed, that it is a wonder how we have resisted you; but if ye will show the great hardiness for which you are renowned, and revenge him of whom ye speak like a Knight, chuse you of your people as many as you think fit, and I will do the same, and then being equal you may gain the more honor; which is not to be won by coming with so great a number to take what is not your own. King Abies replied, of how many shall the battle be? Since you leave it in my choice, said the Child, I will propose what may please you better. You are mine enemy for what I have done to-day, and I yours for the wrong you have done this land. It is not reasonable that any other than ourselves should suffer. Let the battle be between you and me, and presently if ye will, only let neither side stir till the end.—So let it be, said Abies; and he called ten of his best Knights, who, with ten Knights of the Child's party, were appointed to keep the field. King Perion and Agrayes would have had him delay the combat till the next day, seeing that he was sore wounded; but he would not be moved, desiring the battle above all things, that he might prove himself against him who had the renown of the best Knight in the world, and thinking that if he conquered, the war would be finished, and he might return to his Lady Oriana, on whom his heart and all his desires were fixed.

But they on both sides, seeing that the greater part of the day was spent, determined that the combat should be delayed till the morrow, albeit against the will of both champions, and this also they did that their arms might be repaired, and some remedy applied to their wounds, and because both armies being wearied, and having been hardly handled, stood in need of rest. The Child of the Sea therefore entered the town with Agrayes and King Perion, and, as he rode along with his head unarmed, the people cried out, Ah, good Knight; God give thee grace to proceed as thou hast begun! thou art a fair

Knight, and one upon whom knighthood was well bestowed. As they drew nigh the palace, a Damsel met them, and said to the Child of the Sea, that the Queen desired he would not be disarmed anywhere but in her apartments. This was at the King's desire, who now said, friend, you must needs grant this request, and Agrayes must bear you company. So they went thither, where they found the Queen, and with her many Ladies and Damsels ready to disarm them, but the Queen would suffer none of them to touch the Child of the Sea, whom she herself disarmed, and threw a mantle over him. The King then came and saw how he was wounded, and asked him why he had not delayed the day of battle. It had been needless, quoth the Child; I have no wound to detain me. So they presently dressed his wounds, and the supper was brought.

On the morrow the Queen and her Ladies went to visit them, and they found them conversing with the King. Then mass was said, which being ended, the Child armed himself, not in the arms which he had worn yesterday, for they had been so dealt with that they were useless, but in a rich and goodly armor. Then he took leave of the Queen, and mounted a fresh horse. King Perion carried his helm, and an old Knight called Aganon his lance, and Prince Agrayes his shield, whereon were pourtrayed two azure lions in a field of gold, rampant the one against the other. They went out from the town, and found King Abies mounted on a large black courser, armed at all points save his head. The townsmen and those of the host placed themselves where they might best see the combat. The lists were marked out, and scaffolding erected round them. Then they laced on their helmets. King Abies hung round his neck a shield, which bore a giant in a field azure, and a knight beheading him, for so had he once slain a giant who had lain waste his country. When they both had taken their arms, all who were in the lists went out, each commending their own champion to God; and the two Knights ran at each other, as they who were of great strength and good heart. At the first

encounter all their arms failed, the lances pierced through shield and breast plate, and into the flesh, and the staves flew in pieces, and they met body to body and horse to horse so furiously that both fell, and all the beholders thought them dead; but soon they rose, and plucked the spear-heads from the wound, and engaged so fiercely with their swords that it was fearful to see them. Yet the combat seemed unequal, not that the Child of the Sea was not well made and of goodly stature, but King Abies was so large that there was no Knight whom he did not exceed in stature by a palm, and his limbs were like those of a giant; he was, however, beloved by his people, and had in him all good qualities, except that he was too proud. The battle between them was cruel and without any respite, and their strokes resounded like the fight of twenty knights. They sliced away the shields, and battered the helmets, and hewed away the harness, and each bled so fast, that it was a wonder how they could endure, and thus they continued till the hour of tierce; and then the Sun grew hot and heated their armor, so that they began to wax somewhat feeble.

At this time King Abies drew back. Hold! said he, and let us rest if you will: thou art the best Knight that ever I combated withal—but I shall not for that spare thee, for thou hast killed him whom I loved best, and now puttest me to shame that the battle should last so long, before so many good men. The Child of the Sea answered him, King Abies, thou hast shame for this, and not for entering this country in thy pride, and doing so much evil to him who had not deserved it at thy hands! Remember that men, and Kings especially, are not to do what they *can,* but what they *ought.* And now thou wishest to rest!—so have they whom you in your oppression would not allow to rest; and that you may feel what you have made others feel, look to yourself, for you shall not rest here. Abies then took his sword and the little of his shield that was left; to thy own misfortune dost thou brave me, quoth he, for thou shalt not leave these lists till I have cut off thy head. Do thy utmost! replied

the Child. Herewith more cruelly than before they renewed the battle, as if it were even then begun. King Abies, who was well practiced in arms, fought warily now, warding the sword of his antagonist and striking where the blow could injure most; but the lightness and promptitude of the Child destroyed all the remaining part of his shield, and wounded him so often that the sword turned in his hand for weakness, and so prest he was that he gave back, and almost turned to fly, seeking some safety against that sword that so cruelly he felt. But, when he saw no remedy but death, he grasped his sword in both hands, and smote at the Child, thinking to hew his helmet; the shield caught the blow, and the sword pierced in so deep that Abies could not pull it forth. The Child, in return, struck him so fiercely on the left leg that he cut it off, and the King fell. The Child set foot upon him, and, plucking off his helmet, said, Thou art dead, King Abies, if thou dost not yield thyself vanquished! He replied, I am indeed dead, not vanquished, and my pride has overthrown me. I pray thee, let assurance be given to my people, that they may safely depart and carry me into my own country. I forgive thee and all whom I hated, and all that I have taken from King Perion shall be restored, and I beseech you let me be confessed. When the Child of the Sea heard this, he was exceedingly sorrowful for King Abies, though he knew that he would have been without pity had he been the conqueror; and now the men of the army and of the town assembled in peace, King Abies ordered all his conquests to be restored, and Perion gave assurance to the Irish that they might return in safety. And Abies, having received all the sacraments of the holy church, gave up the ghost; and they carried him to his own country, making great lamentation for his loss.

The manner in which King Perion and Queen Elisena recognized the Child of the Sea as their son is interestingly told in the following extract:

It so happened, that as he was one day walking in the hall with the Damsel, young Melicia, King Perion's daughter, past by him weeping. He asked her why she wept, and she told him for a ring, which her father had given her to keep while he slept, and which she had lost. I will give you another as good, said the Child, and he gave her one from his finger. She looked at it, and cried, this is the one I lost. Not so, said he.—Then it is the one in the world most like it. So much the better: you may give it for the other. And, leaving her, he went with the Damsel to his chamber, and laid upon his bed, and she upon another that was there.

The King awoke, and asked his daughter for the ring; then gave she him the same she had of the Prince, which he put on, thinking it was his own; but presently he saw his own lying where Melicia had dropt it, and taking it up he compared it with the other, which he then saw was the one which he had given to Elisena, and which she told him, when he had inquired for it, had been lost. He demanded of the little girl how she came by that ring; and she, who was much afraid of him, told him what had happened. Immediately he began to suspect the Queen, that she had fallen into some dishonest liking of the young Knight for his great worth and exceeding beauty; and he took his sword, and went into the Queen's chamber, and fastened the door. Madam, said he, you always denied to me the ring which I gave you, and the Child of the Sea has now given it to Melicia! How came he by it? if you tell me a lie, your head shall pay for it. Ah God, mercy! quoth Elisena, and fell at his feet. I will tell you what I have hitherto concealed, but now you suspect me! And then she told him how she had exposed the infant, with whom the ring and the sword were placed; and then she lamented, and beat her face. Holy Mary! cried the King, I believe that this is our child! The Queen stretched out her hands,—may it please God! With that they went into his chamber, whom they found sleeping; but Elisena wept bitterly because of her husband's suspicion. The King took the

Child's sword which was at the bed's-head, and looking at it he knew it well, as one wherewith he had given many and hard blows; and he said to Elisena, By my God I know the sword! Then Elisena took the Child by the arm, and wakened him, who awoke in wonder, and asked her why she wept. Ah! said she, whose son art thou?—So help me God I know not, for by great hap I was found in the sea! The Queen fell at his feet, hearing him, and he cried, My God! what is all this? My son, quoth she, you see your parents!

Galaor, the second son of Perion and Elisena, was born in wedlock, but in his infancy was stolen from the castle by a giant and hidden from his parents. The next extract tells of the knighting of Don Galaor, this son, now grown to early manhood:

Meantime had Galaor grown large-limbed and strong of body, and he read books which the old man gave him, discoursing of the old deeds which Knights in arms had wrought, so that by this, as well as by nature, he became desirous to be knighted, nevertheless he knew not whether by right such honor appertained to him. Very earnestly he questioned thereon with the Hermit; but he who knew that so soon as the Child received the order he should combat against the Giant Albadan, would say to him in tears, my son, better were it for you to chuse some other way safer for your soul. Father, replied Galaor, badly should I follow that which I took against my will; and in this which I have chosen, by God's good pleasure I will advance his service; but without it I care not to live. The good man, who saw his grounded resolution, replied, Certes, if you fail not for yourself, you will not for your lineage, for you are son of a King and Queen; and let not the Giant know that I told ye this. And fearing lest Galaor should privately depart, he sent to tell the Giant that his scholar was now of fit age and eager to be knighted. Forthwith the Giant rode to the

Hermitage, and finding Galaor very comely and strong above his years, he said to him, I understand, Son, that you are desirous to be knighted; come with me, and I will see that it shall be done greatly to your honor. But before he departed, Galaor knelt before the Hermit, and begged that he would remember him. The good man wept, and kissed him many times, and gave him his blessing. So he rode to the Giant's castle, who gave him arms to his measure, and made him ride and throw the cane, and appointed him two masters to practice him with the sword and shield, and to teach him all things convenient for a Knight, so that in a year's space he was grown marvelously perfect.

When the year was compleat, Galaor said to the Giant, now, Father, let me be made a Knight! and he who saw that it was time, inquired of him by whom he chose to be knighted. By King Lisuarte, said he, of whom the fame runs. The Giant was well pleased, and on the third day, having prepared all things, they departed. In two days they came near a strong castle, which was by a salt water. The castle was called Bradoyd, and it was the goodliest in all that land. It stood upon a rock; on one side was the water, and on the other a marsh, and from the side of the water it was not possible to enter without a bark; but, across the marsh there was a causey, being so broad that two cars might pass each other, and at the entrance of the causey was a draw-bridge, and the water under it was very deep. Facing the bridge there grew two goodly elms, whereunder the Giant and Galaor saw two Damsels and a Squire, and a Knight mounted on a white courser, and bearing lions in his shield, who, because he could pass no further, called with a loud voice to those of the castle. Then Galaor said to the Giant, let us see what the Knight will do.

Anon there came from the castle two armed Knights and ten fellows on foot, who came and demanded of the Knight what he would? I would enter in, quoth he. That, said the other, cannot be, unless you first combat with us.—Then lower the bridge, and come on! This

presently they did, and he who was first, ran fiercely against the Knight, who sent him man and horse to the ground. He met the second on the bridge; their lances failed in the attaint, and they encountered so rudely with their bodies, that the Knight of the castle fell into the water and was drowned. Then the conquerors past on towards the castle, and the villains drew up the bridge after him. At this the Damsels cried aloud to him, and he turned; but there came against him three Knights, well armed, who said to him, in an evil hour camest thou here, for thou shalt die in this water, as he has done who was better than thee. All three then ran at him, and smote him so firmly that his horse knelt and was like to fall, and their lances broke, and by two of them he was wounded; nevertheless, one of them he met in such order that the lance entered at one side, and came out at the other beyond the iron. This done, he drew his sword, and addressed himself to the other twain, and seeing it was for death manfully he bestirred himself, and smote off the right arm of one, who galloped away, and cried out help, help, they are killing our Lord! When he of the Lions heard that he with whom he must yet deal was the Lord of the castle, he delivered him such a vigorous blow on the helmet that he lost his stirrups, and staggered and fell upon the horse's neck. The Knight then seized his helmet and plucked it off, and got between him and the castle lest he should escape like the other, and cried, yield thyself or thou art dead. Mercy, quoth he, good Knight, and I am your prisoner! But he of the Lions, who now saw knights and villains coming from the castle to succor their Lord, held him by the shield, and placing the sword to his face, bade him command his men to return, and make the bridge be lowered: which when he had done he crossed the bridge, taking his prisoner with him. When the Knight of the castle saw the Damsels, he knew that one of them was Urganda the Unknown; and cried out, ah! Sir Knight, if you save me not from that Damsel I am but dead! As God shall help me, he replied, that shall I not do, but do with you what

she commands. Then calling to Urganda, he said, here is the Lord of the castle, what would ye that I do unto him? Smite off his head, quoth she, if he will not release my friend whom he keepeth in prison, and put the Damsel in my power for whom he is detained. He besure made no delay to send for them, and when they came, he of the Lions said to the Knight, there is your Lady, and great cause you have to love her for the pains she hath taken to deliver you from thraldom, and I do love her, quoth he, more than ever! and then Urganda embraced him. Afterward the conqueror asked what should be done with the Damsel? She shall die, said Urganda, I have long borne with her; and then she made a spell, so that the Damsel ran all trembling to throw herself into the water. Lady, cried the Knight of the Lions, let her not die for the love of God, since by me she was taken. For your sake then I forgive her, but let her take heed how she again offend me. Hearing that the Lord of the castle took heart, and said, Sir Knight, I have performed with what hath been commanded, I beseech you deliver me from Urganda. I release you, replied Urganda herself, for his sake. The Knight of the Lions then asked the Damsel why she was going to throw herself into the water. Sir, quoth she, it seemed that there were lighted torches burning me on all sides, and I ran to save myself in the water. Thereat he smiled. Certes Damsel, your folly is overgreat to provoke her who can so well avenge herself.

Galaor seeing all this said to the Giant, I will be knighted by him, for if King Lisuarte is so renowned, it is for his greatness, but this Knight deserves to be so for his great hardihood. Go then and ask him, said the Giant, and, if he will not do it, it will be to his own harm. Then Galaor took with him four Squires and two Damsels, and went towards the Knight of the Lions, who was sitting under the elms, and saluted him and said, Sir Knight, grant me a boon. He who thought him the goodliest person he ever had seen, took him by the hand and said, let it be lawful, and I grant it.—Then I beg

you of your courtesy make me a knight, and you will spare me the journey to King Lisuarte. Great wrong should you do yourself, replied he of the Lions, to leave receiving that honor from the best King in the world, and take it from a poor Knight like me. Sir, quoth Galaor, the greatness of King Lisuarte can put no courage in me like that which I have seen you do; therefore, so please you, fulfill your promise.—Gentle Squire, I shall be better content to grant any thing than this which befits not me, and is to you little honor. At this time Urganda came up as one who had heard nothing of their talk, and asked him what he thought of the Child. —Truly a fairer have I never seen; but he asks a thing of me neither for himself nor me convenient; and then he related what had past. Certes, said Urganda, I advise him to insist upon the promise, and you to fulfill it; and I tell you that knighthood will be better employed in him than in any other in all the Isles of the Sea, except only one. Since it is so, said the Knight, in God's name let us go to some Church to perform the vigil. It is not necessary, answered Galaor, for I have this day heard mass, and seen the real Body of God. It sufficeth then, said he of the Lions, and having fastened on his spur, he kissed him, and said, now are you a Knight, and may receive the sword from whom it pleaseth you. That, said Galaor, must be only from you; and he called a Squire to bring the sword which was ready. Not that, then cried Urganda, but this which hangs in a tree. They all looked up, and saw nothing. She laughed thereat;—ten years hath it hung there, and no passenger ever saw it, and now it shall be seen by all! They looked again, and there hung the sword from a bough, a fair sword and fresh, as if it were just hung there, and the scabbard was richly wrought with silk and gold. He of the Lions took it down, and girding it on Galaor said, so fair a sword beseemeth so fair a Knight, and whoso has kept it there for you so long, bears you besure no ill will. Then was Galaor well contented; Sir, quoth he, I must needs go to a place whence I cannot be excused; but I desire your company

above that of any other in the world, and if it please you tell me where I may find you?—At the house of King Lisuarte, where I hope to win honor, and where it is right that you should go for the same cause. At this was Galaor right joyful, and turning to Urganda he said, Damsel, my Lady, I thank you for this sword which you have given, and I pray you account me for your Knight. Then taking leave he returned to the Giant, who had remained concealed under the river-bank.

After a long series of adventures, the two knights, Amadis and Galaor, met and fought without knowing each other:

Amadis rode on without any adventure till he entered the forest of Angaduza, where he met a Knight and a Damsel; and the Knight coming near drew his sword, and ran at the Dwarf to cut off his head. The Dwarf fell from his horse with fear, and cried lustily for help. Amadis with all speed went to protect him. Why would you slay my Dwarf? quoth he; trust me it is but poor manhood to lay hands on so poor a wretch: he is mine, and I shall defend him. For that, replied the other, I am sorry; but at any rate I must have his head. Do battle first, quoth Amadis. They took their shields, and ran at each other; both shields were pierced and both breast-plates. Their horses shocked together and their bodies, and both were driven to the ground; but the sword-battle that ensued none could have seen without affright, for never had either warrior found himself so matched, nor in such peril; their shields were shivered, their helmets hacked and bruised, their mail sliced away, and every where free openings for the sword. Both at length drew back to breathe. Knight, said the stranger, do not suffer this any longer for the sake of a Dwarf: let me cut off his head, and I will make amends to you for the wrong hereafter. Talk not to me of that, said Amadis: the Dwarf shall not be harmed. I must either perish, said the Knight, or give his head to that Damsel.

Said Amadis, one of us shall perish first! and, resuming his shield and sword, he renewed the combat more fiercely, provoked at the Knight's unreasonable will. But if he was strong, the other was not weak, and the battle continued till each expected nothing but death, though neither of them a whit abated of his courage. When they were in this plight a Knight came up, who crossed himself to see so desperate a combat, and asked the Damsel how it began. I set them on, said she, and end as it will it must be to my joy: I shall be glad if either of them be killed, much more if both. That, quoth the Knight, is an evil disposition: wherefore do you so hate them? I will tell you: he who hath most of his shield left, is the man whose death my uncle Arcalaus most desires, and is named Amadis; the other is called Galaor, and he slew the man whom I loved best. I obtained a boon from him, and have asked him one which will cost him his life; for, because that other Knight is the best in the world, I have demanded the head of his Dwarf; both are brought near death hereby to my great pleasure. A curse upon thee, woman! cried the Knight; and he drew his sword and smote her head from her shoulders: take this for the sake of thy uncle Arcalaus and his prison, from whence that Knight released me! and with that he galloped to the combatants.—Hold, Sir Amadis, for it is your brother Galaor!

It is impossible to give a full account of the long adventures and achievements of Amadis and his brother Galaor, for it is only in the quaint original that interest attaches to such extraordinary undertakings. The wars which Amadis carried on against the giants, the manner in which he assisted Lisuarte against the usurper Barsinian and the enchanter Arcalaus, are only two long incidents in an exciting career. When Amadis received a cruel letter

from his mistress Oriana, who doubted his faithfulness, the hero, under the name of Beltenebros, retired to a hermitage for a long time and emerged only to fight against Cildedan, King of Ireland, to defeat a hundred knights who were attacking Lisuarte, and finally to enter upon the great series of exploits in Germany and Turkey, whither Lisuarte had exiled him because of suspicions which evil counselors had raised in the King's mind.

Under the names *Knight of the Green Sword, Greek Knight* and other assumed titles, he undertook multitudinous adventures and achieved success in such a way that his identity was always established at the critical moment. At the proper time he returned to rescue his beloved Princess Oriana from the hands of the ambassadors, by whom she was being conducted to Rome, where she was to espouse the Emperor's brother. After defeating the fleet, Oriana was conveyed to the Firm Island. What this enchanted island was like is told at the beginning of the second book:

There was a King in Greece married to the sister of the Emperor of Constantinople, by whom he had two fair sons, especially the elder, named Apolidon, who in his days had no equal for strength of body and courage of heart. He having a subtle genius, which is so seldom found with valor, gave himself to the study of the sciences and of all arts, so that he shone among those of his own time like the Moon among the stars; especially he excelled in necromancy, whereby things that appear impossible are done. The King his father was very rich in treasure, but poor in life, by reason of his great age;

and seeing himself at the point of death, he commanded that the kingdom should be given to Apolidon, as his eldest son, and his books and treasures to the other. The younger was not contented with them, and told his father so with tears, and complained that he was disinherited; but the old man, not knowing what to do, wrung his hands for pure sorrow. Then that famous Apolidon, seeing his father's grief and the littleness of his brother, bade him take comfort, for he would accept the books and treasure, and relinquish the kingdom to his brother. Whereat the father gave him his blessing with many tears.

So Apolidon took his inheritance, and fitted out certain ships, manning them with chosen Knights and set forth into the sea, trusting himself to Fortune, who seeing his great obedience to his father, and how he had thrown himself upon her mercy, resolved to requite him glory and greatness. A fair wind carried him to the empire of Rome, where Siudan was then Emperor, at whose court he abode some time, doing great feats in arms, till there grew a true affection between him and the Emperor's sister, Grimanesa, who then flourished among all other women for beauty. So it was that as he was loving, even so was he loved, and as their loves might no other ways be indulged, they left Rome together, and set sail in Apolidon's fleet, and sailed till they came to the Firm Island. There Apolidon landed, not knowing what country it was, and pitched a tent upon the shore, and placed a couch there for his Lady, who was weary of the sea. Presently there came down a fierce Giant, who was Lord of the island, with whom, according to the custom of the place, Apolidon was to do battle for the preservation of his Lady and himself, and his company. It ended in such sort that the Giant lay dead on the field, and Apolidon remained master of the island. When he had seen its strength, he neither feared the Emperor of Rome, whom he had offended, nor all the world besides; and there he and Grimanesa, being greatly beloved by the islanders, whom he had delivered from their oppressor,

dwelt in all happiness for sixteen years. During that time many rich edifices were made, as well with his great treasures, as with his surpassing wisdom, such as it would have been difficult for any Emperor or King, how rich soever, to have completed. At the end of that time the Emperor of Greece died without an heir, and the Greeks, knowing the great worth of Apolidon, and that by his mother's side he was of the blood and lineage of the Emperors, elected him with one common consent to rule over them. He, albeit he was enjoying all possible delights in his own island, yet, with Grimanesa's consent, accepted the Empire; but she, before they left the island where she had enjoyed such rare happiness, requested her husband that he would work such a means by his great knowledge, that that island might never be possessed, except by a Knight as excellent in arms and loyal in love as himself, and by a Dame resembling her in beauty and truth.

Then Apolidon made an arch at the entrance of a garden, wherein there were all kind of trees, and also four rich chambers, but it was so surrounded that none could enter, except by passing under the arch, over which he placed the Image of a man made of copper, holding a trumpet in his mouth as if he would wind it. And in one of the chambers within he placed two figures, in the likeness of himself and his Lady, the countenances and the stature like unto them, so true that they seemed alive, and near them he placed a bright stone of jasper; and, about the distance of half a cross-bow shot, he made a perron of iron. Henceforward, said he, no man or woman who hath been false to their first love shall pass here, for yonder Image shall blow from that trumpet so dreadful a blast with smoke and flames of fire, that they shall be stunned and cast out as dead. But if Knight, or Dame, or Damsel come, worthy by virtue of true loyalty to finish this adventure, they shall enter without let, and the Image shall make a sound so sweet that it shall be delightful to hear, and they shall see our images, and behold their own name written in the jasper. Grimanesa

afterwards ordered some of her Knights and Ladies to make trial, and then the Image blew the dreadful blast with smoke and flames of fire; whereat Grimanesa laughed, knowing them to be in more dread than danger. But yet, my Lord, quoth she, what shall be done with that rich chamber wherein we have enjoyed such great contentment? He answered, you shall see. Then he made two other perrons, one of stone, the other of copper: the stone one was placed five paces from the chamber, the copper one five paces farther off. Know now, said he, that henceforth in no manner, nor at any time, shall man or woman enter this chamber, till a Knight come who surpasses me in prowess, or a woman exceeding you in beauty; they shall enter. He then placed these words in the copper perron: Knights shall advance here, each according to his valor; and in the stone perron, he wrote: here none shall pass except the Knight who exceeds Apolidon in prowess. And over the door of the chamber he wrote: He who surpasses me in prowess shall enter here, and be Lord of the island. And he laid such a spell, that none could approach within twelve paces of the chamber round about, nor was there any entrance but by the perrons.

Then he appointed a Governor to rule the island, and collect the revenues, which were to be reserved for the Knight who should enter the chamber; and he commanded that all who failed in attempting to pass the Arch of Lovers, should, without ceremony, be cast out of the Island; but such as passed through were to be entertained and served with all honor. And farther, he appointed that all Knights who attempted the adventure of the Forbidden Chamber, and did not pass the copper perron, should leave their arms there, but from those who advanced any way beyond it, only their swords should be taken. They who reached to the marble perron should leave only their shields, and if they penetrated beyond that, but failed to enter the chamber, they should lose only their spurs. From the Dames and Damsels who failed, nothing was to be taken, only their names should

be placed upon the castle-gate, and an account how far they had advanced. Apolidon then said, when this island shall have another Lord; the enchantment shall be dissolved, and all Knights may freely pass the perrons and enter the chamber; but it shall not be free for women, till the fairest shall have come, and lodged in the rich chamber with the Lord of the island. These enchantments being thus made, Apolidon and his wife entered their ships, and passed over into Greece, where they reigned during their lives, and left children to succeed them.

The manner in which Amadis achieved the various adventures of Firm Island is told as follows:

Some days had they traveled when they came to a little church, and entering there to say their prayers, they saw a fair Damsel, accompanied by two others, and by four Squires, who guarded her, coming from the door. She asked them whither they went. Amadis answered, Damsel, we go to the court of King Lisuarte, where, if it please you to go, we will accompany you. Thank you, quoth the Damsel, but I am faring elsewhere. I waited, because I saw you were armed like Errant Knights, to know if any of you would go and see the wonders of the Firm Island, for I am the Governor's daughter, and am returning there. Holy Mary! cried Amadis, I have often heard of the wonders of that island, and should account myself happy if I might prove them, yet till now have I never prepared to go! Good Sir, quoth she, do not repent of your delay; many have gone there with the same wish, and returned not so joyfully as they went. So I have heard, said Amadis: tell me, would it be far out of our road if we went there?—Two days' journey.—Is the Firm Island then in this part of the sea, where is the enchanted Arch of True Lovers, under which neither man nor woman can pass that hath been false to their first love? The Damsel answered, it is a certain truth,

and many other wonders are there. Then Agrayes said to his companions, I know not what you will do, but I will go with this Damsel, and see these wonderful things. If you are so true a lover, said she, as to pass the enchanted Arch, you will see the likenesses of Apolidon and Grimanesa, and behold your own name written upon a stone, where you will find only two names written besides, though the spell hath been made an hundred years. In God's name let us go, quoth Agrayes, and I will try whether I can be third. With that, Amadis, who in his heart had no less desire and faith to prove the adventure, said to his brethren, we are not enamored, but we should keep our cousin company who is, and whose heart is so bold. Thereto they all consented, and set forth with the Damsel. What is this island? said Florestan to Amadis, tell me, Sir, for you seem to know. A young Knight whom I greatly esteem, replied Amadis, told me all I know; King Arban of North Wales: he was there four days, but could accomplish none of the adventures, and so departed with shame. The Damsel then related the history of the enchantments, which greatly incited Galaor and Florestan to the proof.

So they rode on till sunset, and then entering a valley, they saw many tents pitched in a meadow, and people sporting about them, and one Knight, richly apparelled, who seemed to be the chief. Sirs, quoth the Damsel, that is my father: I will go advertise him of your coming, that he may do you honor. When he heard of their desire to try the enchantment, he went on foot with all his company to welcome them, and they were honorably feasted and lodged that night. At morning they accompanied the Governor to his castle, which commanded the whole island, for at the entrance there was a neck of land, only a bow-shot over, connected with the main land, all the rest was surrounded by the sea; seven leagues in length it was, and five broad, and because it was all surrounded by the sea, except where that neck of land connected it with the continent, it was called Firm Island. Having entered, they saw a great palace, the gates

whereof were open, and many shields hung upon the wall; about an hundred were in one row, and above them were ten, and above the ten were two, but one of them was in a higher nich than the other. Then Amadis asked why they were thus ranked. The Governor answered, according to the prowess of those who would have entered the Forbidden Chamber; the shields of those who could not enter the perron of copper, are near the ground; the ten above them are of those who reached it; the lowest of the two passed that perron, and the one above all reached to the marble perron, but could pass no farther. Then Amadis approached the shields to see if he knew them, for each had its owner's name inscribed; the one which was the highest of the ten bore a sable lion, with argent teeth and nails, and a bloody mouth, in a field sable: this he knew to be the shield of Arcalaus. Then he beheld the two uppermost; the lower bore, in a field azure, a Knight cutting off the head of a Giant; this was the shield of King Abies of Ireland, who had been there two years before his combat with Amadis: the highest had three golden flowers in a field azure: this he knew not, but he read the inscription, This is the shield of Don Quadragante, brother of King Abies of Ireland. He had proved the adventure twelve days ago, and had reached the marble perron, which was more than any Knight before him had done, and he was now gone to Great Britain to combat Amadis, in revenge for his brother's death. When Amadis saw all these shields, he doubted the adventure much, seeing that such Knights had failed.

They went out from the palace towards the Arch of True Lovers. When they came near, Agrayes alighted and commended himself to God, and cried, Love, if I have been true to thee, remember me! and he past the spell; and, when he came under the arch, the Image blew forth sweet sounds, and he came to the palace, and saw the likeness of Apolidon and Grimanesa, and saw also the jasper-stone, wherein two names were written, and now his own the third. The first said, Madanil, son of the Duke of Burgundy, atchieved this adventure: and

the second was, this is the name of Don Bruneo of Bona mar, son of Vallados, Marquis of Troque: and his own said, this is Agrayes, son to King Lanquines of Scotland. This Madanil loved Guinda, Lady of Flanders. Don Bruneo had proved the enchantment but eight days ago, and she whom he loved was Melicia, daughter to King Perion, the sister of Amadis.

When Agrayes had thus entered, Amadis said to his brethren, will ye prove the adventure? No, said they, we are not so enthralled that we can deserve to accomplish it. Since you are two, then, quoth he, keep one another company, as I, if I can, will do with my cousin Agrayes. Then gave he his horse and arms to Gandalin, and went on without fear, as one who felt that never in deed or in thought had he been faithless to his Lady. When he came under the arch, the Image began a sound far different and more melodious than he had ever before done, and showered down flowers of great fragrance from the mouth of the trumpet, the like of which had never been done before to any Knight who entered. He past on to the Images, and here Agrayes, who apprehended something of his passion, met him and embraced him, and said, Sir, my Cousin, there is no reason that we should henceforth conceal from each other our loves. But Amadis made no reply, but taking his hand, they went to survey the beauties of the garden.

Don Galaor and Florestan, who waited for them without, seeing that they tarried, besought Ysanjo, the Governor, to show them the Forbidden Chamber, and he led them towards the perrons. Sir brother, said Florestan, what will you do?. Nothing, replied Galaor: I have no mind to meddle with enchantments. Then amuse yourself here, quoth Florestan, I will try my fortune. He then commended himself to God, threw his shield before him, and proceeded sword in hand. When he entered the spell, he felt himself attacked on all sides with lances and swords, such blows and so many that it might be thought never man could endure them; yet, for he was strong and of good heart, he ceased not to make his way,

striking manfully on all sides, and it felt in his hand as though he were striking armed men, and the sword did not cut. Thus struggling, he passed the copper perron, and advancing as far as the marble one, but there his strength failed him, and he fell like one dead, and was cast out beyond the line of the spell. When Galaor saw this he was displeased, and said, however little I like these things, I must take my share in the danger! and bidding the Squires and the Dwarf to stay by Florestan, and throw cold water in his face, he took his arms and commended himself to God, and advanced towards the Forbidden Chamber. Immediately the unseen blows fell upon him, but he went on, and forced his way up to the marble perron, and there he stood; but, when he advanced another step beyond, the blows came on him so heavy a load, that he fell senseless, and was cast out like Florestan.

Amadis and Agrayes were reading the new inscription in the jasper, This is Amadis of Gaul, the true lover, son to King Perion,—when Ardian the Dwarf came up to the line, and cried out, Help! help, Sir Amadis, your brothers are slain! They hastened out to him, and asked how it was.—Sir, they attempted the Forbidden Chamber, and did not atchieve it, and there they lie for dead! Immediately they rode towards them, and found them so handled as you have heard, albeit some little recovering. Then Agrayes, who was stout of heart, alighted and went on as fast as he could to the Forbidden Chamber, striking aright and aleft with his sword, but his strength did not suffice to bear the blows, he fell senseless between the perrons, and was cast out as his cousins had been. Then Amadis began to curse their journey thither, and said to Galaor, who was now revived, Brother, I must not excuse my body from the danger which yours have undergone. Galaor would have withheld him, but he took his arms, and went on, praying God to help him. When he came to the line of the spell, there he paused for a moment, and said, O Oriana, my Lady, from you proceeds all my strength and courage! remember me now

at this time, when your dear remembrance is so needful to me! Then he went on. The blows fell thick upon him and hard till he reached the marble perron, but then they came so fast as if all the Knights in the world were besetting him, and such an uproar of voices arose as if the whole world were perishing, and he heard it said, if this Knight should fail, there is not one of the world who can enter. But he ceased not to proceed, winning his way hardly, sometimes beaten down upon his hands, sometimes falling upon his knees; his sword fell from his hand, and, though it hung by a thong from the wrist, he could not recover it, yet holding on still he reached the door of the chamber, and a hand came forth and took him by the hand to draw him in, and he heard a voice which said, Welcome is the Knight who shall be Lord here, because he passeth in prowess him who made the enchantment, and who had no peer in his time. The hand that led him was large, and hard, like the hand of an old man, and the arm was sleeved with green sattin. As soon as he was within the chamber it let go his hold, and was seen no more, and Amadis remained fresh, and with all his strength recovered; he took the shield from his neck and the helmet from his head, and sheathed his sword, and gave thanks to his Lady Oriana for this honor, which for her sake he had won. At this time they of the castle who had heard the voices resign the lordship, and saw Amadis enter, began to cry out, God be praised, we see accomplished what we have so long desired. When his brethren saw that he had atchieved that wherein they had failed, they were exceedingly joyful, because of the great love they bore him, and desired that they might be carried to the chamber; and there the Governor with all his train went to Amadis, and kissed his hand as their Lord. Then saw they the wonders which were in the chamber, the works of art and the treasures, such that they were amazed to see them. Yet all this was nothing to the chamber of Apolidon and Grimanesa, for that was such, that not only could no one make the like, but no one could even imagine how it could be made; it was so

devised, that they who were within could clearly see what was doing without, but from without nothing could be seen within. There they remained some time with great pleasure; the Knights, because one of their lineage was found to exceed in worth all living men, and all who for a hundred years had lived: the islanders, because they trusted to be well ruled and made happy under such a Lord, and even to master other lands. Sir, quoth Ysanjo, it is time to take food and rest for to-day: to-morrow, the good men of the land will come and do homage to you. So that day they feasted in the palace, and the following day all the people assembled and did homage to Amadis as their Lord, with great solemnities and feasting and rejoicing.

These adventures were followed by a long war between Lisuarte and Amadis, in which the latter was successful, and when the King was unexpectedly attacked by an old enemy, Aravigo, urged on by the enchanter Arcalaus, Amadis turned his arms to the assistance of his late enemy, killed Aravigo, and took Arcalaus prisoner. This generosity on the part of Amadis, combined with a discovery made by the King that Amadis was already the father of a son by Oriana, pacified the King's anger, and he gave his daughter in marriage to Amadis. After the wedding, which was celebrated on Firm Island, Oriana terminated the wonderful enchantments of that spot by entering the magic room which could be approached only by the fairest and most faithful woman on earth.

The son of Amadis began his life in a way similar to that of his father. Oriana had hidden herself from her family with only Mabilia

and the Damsel of Denmark, and when the child was born she had it wrapped in rich garments and brought to her bed, where she took him in her arms and kissed him many times:

Do you see, said the Damsel to Mabilia, what the child has upon its breast? No, quoth she, I was too busy to look. Certainly, cried the Damsel, he has something upon his breast which other infants have not. They then lit a candle, and uncovered him, and saw that under the right nipple there were letters as white as snow, and, under the left, seven letters as red as live coals; but neither one nor the other could read them, for the white letters were Latin and very difficult, and the red ones were Greek. Presently, as they had agreed, the Damsel privately went out and came round under the chamber-window with Durin on horseback. Mabilia had laid the child in a basket, and lowered it to them by a string, and they rode toward Miraflores, where the child was to be brought up as the Damsel's own. But soon leaving the right road, they struck into a bye-path through the forest, to go more secretly. They came at last to a fountain, near which was a deep valley, so thick with underwood that none could enter it, where lions and other wild beasts bred. Above this valley there was an old hermitage, where dwelt the Hermit Nasciano, who was a holy man: it was the opinion of the neighboring peasantry, that he was sometimes regaled with heavenly food; and when he went out to beg provision, neither lion nor any wild beast would harm him, but, when they met him on his ass, seemed to fawn to him. Near this hermitage there was a cave in the rock, where a lioness had whelped, and the good man often went in and fed her cubs, and would play with them after he had said his prayers. Now when the Damsel came to this fountain she was athirst, and she said to her brother, let us alight, and take the child, for I must drink. Durin alighted, took the child and laid him at the foot of a tree; but, as his sister was about to alight, they heard the roaring of a lion in

the thicket, which frightened both palfreys, and they started off full speed. The Damsel had no command over hers, and expecting to be dashed to pieces among the trees cried out to God to help her. Durin ran after her, and overtaking her at last caught the reins; but she was in such plight that she could scarcely speak. He took her off, and said, stay here, and I will go on your horse in pursuit of my own. Go for the child first, said she, and bring him to me, lest anything happen. Hold the reins, then, said he, for if I take the horse I cannot bring him. So he set off afoot, but meantime a marvelous adventure had happened, for the lioness whom you have heard of, and who had roared so loud, went every day to that fountain to get scent of the beasts who drank there; and now, as she was looking about her, she heard the child cry, and went to the foot of a tree, and took him up in her keen teeth by the cloaths, without touching the flesh, for so it pleased God, and carried him to her cubs for food: this was about day-break. But the Lord of the World, who is merciful toward those who implore his mercy, and with the innocent, who have neither age nor understanding to implore it, helped him in this guise. That holy Nasciano having sung mass, and going to the fountain to refresh himself, for the night had been hot, beheld the lioness with the child in her mouth, and heard him crying with the voice of a new-born babe. Whereat he crossed himself, and said to her, go, evil beast, and leave this creature of God's work, who hath not made him for thee! The lioness came crouching to him, and laid the babe at his feet, and then departed. Nasciano made upon him the sign of the true cross, then took him in his arms, and went towards the hermitage. As he past the cave, he saw the lioness was giving suck to her cubs, and he called to her, saying, I command thee on the part of God, in whose power are all things, to come feed this child like thy own cubs, and to guard him like them. She came and lay down at his feet: the good man placed the infant at her teats, and the child sucked, and thenceforth the lioness came fondly to feed him when-

ever he cried. The Hermit then sent his nephew, a lad who assisted him at mass, to call his father and mother: they dwelt at the skirts of the forest, but the father was gone from home, and could not come till after ten days, during which time the child was fed by the lioness, and by a she-goat and a ewe, who gave him suck while the lioness was prowling about.

When Durin came to the foot of the tree, and saw that the child was gone, he was greatly dismayed, and he looked on all sides, and beholding only the track of the lioness, thought that surely she had devoured him. When he told his sister this, she beat her face, and cried out aloud, cursing her fortune and the hour wherein she was born, and in this passionate grief she continued more than two hours. Sister, said Durin, this is of no avail, and great evil may rise from it to your Lady and her friend. At last she saw that he had reason, and she said, what shall we do? We must go to Miraflores, said he, since my palfrey is lost, and stay there three or four days as if some business brought us there, and when we return we must tell Oriana that the child is safe; after she is recovered, you must take counsel with Mabilia what to do. So thus they agreed, and the Damsel put on a good countenance on her return, and told Oriana that the child was taken care of.

In ten days the Hermit's sister and her husband arrived, and he told them by what great chance he had found the infant, whom God certainly loved because he had so saved him, and he besought them to take charge of him till he could speak, and then bring him to him for instruction; but first, said the good man, I will baptize him. When that dame stript him by the font, she saw the white and red letters on his breast, and shewed them to Nasciano, who greatly marveled thereat, and reading them he saw that the white ones said, in Latin, Esplandian, and thought that this was to be the child's name; and so he baptized him by that name, Esplandian, whereby he was afterwards so known in the world. But the red letters, though he tried earnestly, he could neither

read nor understand. So his nurse took the child home with a good will, deeming that she and her family should one day be well repaid; and she nursed him diligently, as one in whom she had placed her hopes; and when he began to speak, she took him again to her brother, and he was then so comely and well grown a child that all who saw him were delighted.

The childhood of the little Esplandian is thus described:

When Esplandian was four years old Nasciano the hermit sent for him, and when he saw how well grown he was for his age and how fair he marveled greatly, and blessed him, and the child embraced him as if he had known him. Then the hermit sent his sister home, keeping with him her son and Esplandian, who had been fed with the same milk. These children remained playing together before the hermitage till Esplandian grew tired, and lay down under a tree and fell asleep. Now the Lioness coming as was her wont to the hermit for food, saw the child and went up to him, and after smelling him all round lay down by his side. The other boy ran crying to the good man and told him that a great dog was going to eat Esplandian. The good man went out to see the Lioness, who came and fawned upon him, and the child waking and seeing the Lioness said, father, is this fine dog ours? No, said the good man, he is God's to whom all things belong.—I wish, father, he were ours! —Do you wish to feed him, son? yes, replied the child; the old man then fetched him the leg of a stag, which some hunters had given him, and the child gave it to the Lioness, and played with her ears, and put his hands in her mouth. And you must know that from this time the Lioness came every day, and guarded him whenever he walked out from the hermitage. And when he was grown bigger Nasciano gave him a bow fit for him, and another to his nephew, and they learned to shoot: the Lioness always went out with them, and if they wounded a stag

she would fetch him for them. Now the hermit had certain friends who were hunters, and they would sometimes go out with Esplandian, for the sake of the Lioness that she might bring in their game, and thus Esplandian learned to hunt, and in this manner he passed his time, being taught by that holy man.

King Lisuarte discovered his grandson in the following manner:

King Lisuarte, to solace himself and his Knights, resolved to go hunt in the forest and take with him the Queen and her daughters and all her Damsels, and he bade the tents be pitched by the fountain of the Seven Beech Trees, which was a pleasant place. Now you are to know that this was the forest where the hermit Nasciano dwelt, and where he was breeding up Esplandian. There leaving the Queen in her fair tent, the King and his huntsmen went into the thickest part of the mountain, where, because that ground was kept, they had plenty of sport. It so fell out that the King started a stag and followed him down into the valley, and there a strange thing chanced, for he saw a child coming down the opposite hill, a boy of five years old, the prettiest that ever he had seen, leading a lioness in a leash, and when he saw the stag he loosed her and hallooed her to the game. Presently the Lioness overtook him and slew him and began to suck his blood, and the child came running up and with him another somewhat older than himself, and they took out their knives and gave the Lioness her share. The King stood in the thicket wondering at what he saw, and his horse was frightened at the Lioness and would not go towards her. Presently the boy took a horn which hung from his neck and blew it, and two spaniels came up, the one tawny and the other black, and they had their fees of the game; this done they leashed the Lioness again, and went up the hill. By this the King had fastened his horse to a tree, and called out to the boy to stop, and when he came up and saw how beautiful

he was he marveled more than before, and he said to him, God bless thee, my fine boy, and keep thee for his service; tell me where you are brought up and whose son you are? Sir, replied the child, the holy man Nasciano the hermit breeds me up and he is my father. The King mused a while how a man so holy and so old should have so young and so fair a child, and did not believe that it could be so; he then asked him where the hermit's house was. The child showed him a path but little trodden,—you may go up there, but I must follow that boy who is taking the Lioness to the fountain where we have our game. So he went his way and the King went to horse, and followed the path till he came to the hermitage, which was among beech trees and brambles, and he saw no one there; then he alighted and went in, and he found an old man kneeling and reading prayers in a book; he was in his habit, and his hair was quite gray. When he had finished his prayers he looked round and saw the King, and the King knelt before him and besought his blessing, which the good man gave and asked him then what he would have. Good friend, replied Lisuarte, I have met a fair boy in the mountain hunting with a Lioness, who told me that you bred him up, and because he is so beautiful and this thing so strange, I come to ask you who he is, promising you on the word of a King that no harm shall come from the discovery either to him or you. When the good man heard this he recollected the King's person and knelt down and kissed his hand, but the King raised him up and embraced him saying, friend Nasciano, I am very desirous to know this, do not fear to tell me. The good man led him out of the chapel and they sat down on a bench in the porch, by where his horse was fastened, and he said, Sir, I believe you, that you will protect the child as it has pleased God to protect him! he then told him how he had found the child, and of the letters on his breast. You tell me such wonders, replied Lisuarte, as I never heard till now: it must needs be that the Lioness found him near this place. I cannot say, said Nasciano, nor let us seek to

know more of this than pleases God. Then said the King, I beseech you come and eat with me to-morrow at the Fountain of the Seven Beech Trees, where you will find the Queen and our company, and bring with you Esplandian and the Lioness, and your nephew, to whom I ought to show favor for the sake of Sargil his father, who was a good Knight, and served the King my brother well.

The King then returned to his pavilion. He reached it two hours after noon, and there he found Don Galaor and Norandel, and Guilan the Pensive, who had just arrived with two deer, with whom he talked and made merry, but of his own adventure he said nothing; then bade he the cloths be spread, but Don Grumedan came up and said, Sir, the Queen hath not yet eaten, and she requests to speak with you first, for so it behoveth. Immediately he rose and went to her, and she showed him a letter sealed with an emerald, through which threads of gold were passed, and there were letters round about it saying, this is the seal of Urganda the Unknown. Sir, quoth she, as I came along the road a Damsel met us, richly attired upon a palfrey, and a Dwarf with her upon a good horse. She rode by all my company, and close by my daughter, without vouchsafing a word to them, but when I came up she said, Queen, take this letter, and read it with the King before you dine, and then she and the Dwarf spurred away so fast that there was no time to ask her any thing. The King then opened the letter and read thus:

To the most high and honored King Lisuarte.

I Urganda the Unknown, who love you, advise you to your benefit, that at the time when the fair boy who has been nursed by three nurses shall appear you love him and cherish him well, for great joy shall he bring to you, and shall deliver you from the greatest danger wherein ever you were placed. He is of high lineage, and know O King that from the milk of his first nurse he shall be so strong and fierce of heart that his great feats in arms shall obscure all the worthies of his own time, and from

his second nurse he shall be gentle and courteous, and humble, and of all good qualities, and from his third nurse prudent and of good understanding, and right catholic, and of fair speech; therefore will he be beloved by all, and no Knight shall equal him. And his great deeds in arms shall all be employed in the service of the Most High God, despising that which other Knights of these days follow more for the honor and vain glory of this world than for the sake of conscience, so that he shall have God on his right hand and his Lady on his left. And I tell thee moreover good King that this child shall make peace between thee and Amadis and his lineage, which shall last all thy days, and which none other could do.

When he had read this, the King blessed himself and said, the wisdom of this woman can neither be imagined nor expressed! I have this day found the child of whom she speaks! and with that he told the Queen what had happened, and how Nasciano and the boy would be with them on the morrow. Right joyful was Brisena to think she should see the child, and talk with that holy man about her conscience. The King then bade her say nothing of all this, and he returned to his tent to take food, there he told his Knights not to go hunt the next day for he had a letter to read to them from Urganda the Unknown, and he ordered the huntsmen to drive all the beasts into a sheltered valley and keep them there all the day: this did he that they might not be frightened by the Lioness. So thus as you hear they passed the day regaling themselves in that meadow which was full of flowers and of fresh green grass.

On the morrow they all assembled in the King's tent and there heard mass. Lisuarte then took them to the Queen's Pavilion, which was pitched beside a fountain in a fresh meadow, for it was the month of May. The curtains of the pavilion were open, so that the Princesses and Dames and Damsels of high parentage were all seen seated on the estrados, and there the high-born Knights went and conversed with them. The King then had the

letter of Urganda read, whereat they were all greatly amazed, marveling what fortunate child it might be, but most of all Oriana mused thereon and sighed for her son, thinking that perhaps this might be he whom she had lost. What think ye of this letter? said the King. Certes, Sir, replied Don Galaor, I doubt not that what she saith will come to pass, as it ever hath done, and how much soever others may rejoice when the child shall appear, with reason shall I above all others be glad, seeing that through him shall be accomplished the thing I most desire, which is to see my brother Amadis and his kinsmen in your love and service once more, as they were heretofore wont to be. Lisuarte answered, all this is in the hand of God, he will do his service, and we must be contented. While they were thus communing they beheld the hermit coming and his boys with him. Esplandian came first, leading the Lioness in a slender leash and the two Spaniels coupled, and behind him was the holy man Nasciano; then came Esplandian's foster brother Sargil, and two bowmen who had taught Esplandian in the mountain, and they brought upon one beast the stags whom Lisuarte had seen the Lioness slay, and on another two roe-bucks, and hares, and rabbits whom the boys and they had killed with their arrows. When they in the tents beheld such a company, and that great and terrible Lioness, they rose hastily and went to place themselves before the King, but he held out a wand and bade them remain in their places, saying that he who led this Lioness would defend them. It may be so, replied Don Galaor, but methinks we should have a weak defender in the huntsman who leads her if she should grow angry; this is a marvelous thing to see!

The boys and the archers now stopt to let the good man go forward. Friends, said Lisuarte, this is the holy man Nasciano who dwells in the mountain, let us go to him that he may give us his blessing. They then went and knelt before him, and the King said, servant of God and happy man, give us your blessing! he raised his hand and replied, receive it in his name as from a sinner! The

King then led him to Brisena; but when the women beheld that fierce Lioness looking at them and rolling her eyes round, her red tongue lolling out, and her teeth showing so sharp and strong they were greatly affrighted. The Queen and her daughter and all well welcomed Nasciano, and they were all amazed at the great beauty of the child, who went to the Queen saying, Lady, we have brought you this game. My good boy, said the King, divide it as you like, and this he said to see what he would do. The boy answered, the game is yours, do you dispose of it. Nay, quoth the King, you shall divide it; the boy was abashed, and there came a color like a rose into his cheek, Sir, said he, take you the stag for yourselves and your companions. He then went to the Queen, who was talking with Nasciano, and kneeling down kissed her hands and gave her the roe-bucks; then looking on his right he thought that none whom he saw appeared more worthy to be honored than Oriana his own mother whom he did not know, and he gave her the partridges and rabbits, saying, Lady, we have slain no other game than this with our arrows. Fair child, replied Oriana, God speed you in your sport and in all else. The King then called him, and Galaor and Norandel took him in their arms and embraced him as if the force of kin were working in them. Lisuarte commanded silence and said to the good man, father and friend of God, say now before all these what you related to me concerning this child. The good man then related how he had met the Lioness with this child in her mouth, carrying him home to her whelps, and how by God's mercy she laid the babe at his feet. And how richly he was clothed, and how the Lioness had suckled him first, and then a ewe-sheep, till he had given him to a nurse, all as the history hath related it. But when Oriana and Mabilia and the Damsel of Denmark heard this they looked at each other, and their flesh trembled for exceeding joy, for they knew of a truth that this child was the son of Amadis, whom the Damsel had lost. But when the hermit told of the letters on his breast, and uncovered his breast that all

might see, then were they certain that this was he, and the delight of their hearts was so great that it cannot be expressed, and above all that of Oriana to behold the child whom she had lost.

Then Lisuarte asked the boys of Nasciano that he might have them brought up, to the which the good man assented, seeing that God had made them more for such a life than for one he could give them, yet was it with great grief of heart that he consented, and knowing the loneliness he should feel in losing them, for he loved Esplandian dearly. When the King had them thus at his disposal he gave Esplandian to the Queen to serve her, and she soon gave him to her daughter Oriana, greatly rejoiced thereat as she who had brought him forth. Thus was that child placed under his mother's care, he who had been in the Lioness's mouth. These are the wonders of the Most High God, the preserver of us all! other sons of princes are lapt in silks, and nursed with all blandishments and delicacies, and so carefully that they who tend them must neither sleep nor rest, and yet with little hurt and slight ailing they are taken out of the world; for so God wills, and fathers and mothers must receive his allotments as what is just, and thank him for doing his own will, which cannot err like ours.

The Queen then confessed to that holy man: Oriana did the same, and told him the secret of her love, and how that child was hers, and by what adventure she had lost him, a thing which till then she had never communicated, and she besought him to remember it in his prayers; much did the good man marvel to hear of such love in one of so high degree, who was above all others bound to give a good example, and he reproved her sharply, bidding her give over so great an error, else he would not absolve her, and her soul would be in great peril. But she weeping told him how when Amadis released her from Arcalaus she had received his pledged word as husband, as it ought to be; then was the hermit full glad, and he was the means whereby many were delivered from cruel death that awaited them, as shall be

seen hereafter. Then he absolved her, and appointed such penance as was convenient. He then took Esplandian to the King, and embraced the boy and wept, saying, child of God, whom he gave me to bring up, may he guard and protect thee, and make thee a good man for his holy service! then he kissed him and gave him his blessing, and delivered him to the King, and taking his leave he returned with the archers and the Lioness to his hermitage.

The chronology of *Amadis of Gaul* is a bewildering thing. At the beginning we are told that these things took place "not many years after the passing of our Redeemer," but many of the incidents could not possibly have happened at so early a date. The geography is no less troublesome. In fact, it is quite impossible to reconcile the story with facts, and speculations are numerous as to what the author really meant. Most critics think that *Gaul (Gaula)* means *Wales,* and that Amadis was a British knight; but others claim that *Gaula* is *Gallia,* and that Amadis was French. In any event, the Spaniards do not claim him.

The *Amadis* of Spain shows a more skillful delineation of character than any other of the old romances, and we can see by the extracts given that in the account of the infancy and boyhood of the Child of the Sea and his early love for Oriana there is much sweetness and charm. Characters are on the whole well delineated and Amadis and his brother are both interesting and their adventures so differentiated that their traits of character are well preserved in all. The princess is rather weak,

irritable, and subject to unfounded jealousy, and Galaor was engaged in a series of love affairs which his more faithful brother shunned. The morals of the story are the morals of the time. Lovers were supposed to remain faithful through life, and marriage appears rather as an incident in a love affair than as a moral obligation.

The popularity of *Amadis of Gaul* was not confined to Spain, for it was translated into French, Italian, German and English and became the precursor of a long series of sequels which dealt with the descendants of Amadis or members of his family. None of them is the equal of the original romance, and we might dismiss them without mention but for the fact that they are so frequently alluded to in literature.

III. Sequels to "Amadis of Gaul." 1. *"Exploits of Esplandian."* The son of Amadis, concerning whose birth we read in the preceding section, is the hero of the *Exploits of Esplandian,* which is principally the work of Montalvo, the Spanish translator of *Amadis,* who, to take advantage of the popularity of the older work, called his tale the fifth book of *Amadis of Gaul.*

In our extract, King Lisuarte had recognized his grandson and taken Esplandian to his court, where he was carefully brought up and in due time knighted. The romance we are now considering begins immediately after this ceremony, when a sleep fell upon the

young man, and Urganda the Unknown, who figured conspicuously in the *Amadis,* carried him with his squire to that curious machine, the Ship of the Great Serpent, which conveyed him to a castle whose enchantments he was destined to terminate. Thence under the name of the Black Knight he sailed to the Forbidden Mountain, which lay upon the confines of Turkey and Greece, where the chief exploits of the hero take place. Having slain the gigantic owners of the Forbidden Mountain, Esplandian presented it to the Greek Emperor, where the latter was soon besieged by the Turks.

In the meantime, Leonorina, the Emperor's daughter, and Esplandian had fallen in love, though they had not met, and the son of Amadis again gave his services to the Emperor, defeated and captured the Turkish Soldan and carried the war into the heart of Turkey. Having heard that his mistress was displeased with him because he did not visit her before his departure, Esplandian had himself conveyed to her apartment in a cedar chest which he had presented to her. Returning from Constantinople, he took up the war with renewed vigor, and aided by Urganda, who always was ready in emergencies to help Amadis and the whole tribe of his descendants, fought successfully. Nevertheless, the Turks had their protectress in Melia, the enchantress, sister of the Soldan, who effected his escape on the back of a huge dragon and gave him an opportunity to collect a great army and besiege Constantinople.

Among his allies was an Amazonian queen, who brought with her fifty griffins that flew over the city and did great damage. Finally it was decided to terminate the war by a double combat, in which Amadis of Gaul and his son fought the Amazonian Queen and the brave Soldan. The Christians were successful, but the treacherous Paynims, forgetting their agreement, attacked the Greeks and their allies, but were defeated and expelled from the country. The Emperor resigned, Esplandian succeeded him and married Leonorina. Urganda, discovering by her magic that Amadis, Galaor and Esplandian were nearing death, carried them to Firm Island and placed them under enchantment, from which spell they could be conveniently delivered in time to be of aid in succeeding romances.

2. *"Lisuarte of Greece."* Juan Diaz is said to be the author of the seventh and eighth books of *Amadis,* which cover the adventures of Lisuarte of Greece, the son of Esplandian and Leonorina, and Perion, the legitimate son of Amadis of Gaul and Oriana. The story begins with an account of the voyage Perion made to Ireland in order to be knighted by the king of that country. On the way a lady, crossing in a boat manned by four apes, separates him from his followers to fulfill a great adventure. Perion's attendants take the tale of his loss to Constantinople, and Lisuarte sets out in quest of his kinsman. In the meantime Perion reached Trebizond, fell in love with the

daughter of the Emperor, but was not allowed to remain there, because the woman of the apes hurried him away to accomplish his adventure. Lisuarte also came to Trebizond and fell in love with Onoloria, the second daughter of the Emperor, but while engaged in his love affair, a gigantic woman came to court and craved a boon of Lisuarte, who in the customary reckless manner granted it without knowing what it was. When he learned that the gift she asked was that he should be constantly in her service for a year, he was sadly disappointed and learned that the object of the stratagem was to remove him from the service of the Greek Emperor while the Turks made war against him. The Emperor of Trebizond learned of the scheme through a letter closed with sixty-seven seals which also intimated that Constantinople was to be besieged by a league of sixty-seven Turkish princes.

Meanwhile Lisuarte was placed in confinement under the king of the Giants' Isle, but the king's daughter Gradafille fell in love with him, released him and enabled him to proceed to Constantinople, where he performed prodigies of valor against the pagans and where he was joined by Perion, who had arrived in Greece in the course of his enterprise. By obtaining the fatal sword, Lisuarte released Amadis, Esplandian and other Greek princes from their enchantment, and with their powerful aid the Turks were again driven away. Then Lisuarte started for Trebizond.

but having been detained by remarkable adventures Perion reached there before him, only to be called away at the request of the Duchess of Austria. At length Perion and Lisuarte met in the palace of their mistresses, who were as yielding as their progenitors. The Emperor of Trebizond and Perion were carried off by the pagans, and Lisuarte in looking for them was captured and thrown into confinement with them. Thus the marriage of the heroes was prevented, and while they were in captivity Lisuarte's mistress gave birth to a son who was named Amadis.

3. *"Amadis of Greece."* Amadis, the son of Lisuarte of Greece, is the hero of the third sequel, sometimes called the ninth book of *Amadis*. The necessity for concealing the birth of Amadis had compelled Onoloria to baptize the child at a retired fountain, whence he was stolen by corsairs and sold to a Moorish king. This infant, like most of his family, had a birth mark, in this case the figure of a sword on his breast, so that when at the age of fourteen the Moorish king dubbed him, he took the title, "Knight of the Flaming Sword." Amadis was accused by a jealous courtier of criminal intimacy with the Queen and obliged to flee from the rage of his master, so he commences his wandering exploits at a very early age.

As this romance, as well as all its successors, was subjected to the severest criticism by Cervantes, who recommended that all should be

thrown into the yard and burned, it seems scarcely worth while to attempt the summary of the plot. However, Amadis begins his career at the Forbidden Mountain. After infinite adventures, he succeeds in disenchanting the Emperor of Trebizond, Lisuarte, Perion and Gradafille, who had been cast into years of sleep by the sorceries of a pagan and who now resumed their importance in the story. Amadis of Gaul restored to the King his confidence in the innocence of his wife and of the Knight of the Flaming Sword, who set off on a long quest of a knight whom he supposed to be in love with the princess of Sicily because he heard him singing love songs, but in their first interview, filled with bitter animosity, he learned that he was mistaken.

In the meantime, Lisuarte had requested the hand of Onoloria in marriage, but the Sultan of Babylon demanded her and besieged Trebizond when his pretensions were slighted. Gradafille, disguised as a knight, raised the siege; but the Sultan abducted Onoloria, only to be pursued, defeated, and slain. Abra, the sister of the Sultan of Babylon, had fallen in love with Lisuarte, and when he failed to return her affection, raised a great company of knights to destroy him and avenge the death of her brother. While engaged in this transaction, one of her damsels met Amadis of Greece and made him promise to give her mistress the head of Lisuarte as a gift. When father and son met, there was a terrible combat

in which one or the other would have been killed had not Urganda appeared at the psychological moment and revealed their relationship.

The real concern of Amadis, however, was in Niquea, the daughter of an Eastern soldan, so beautiful that all who beheld her died or lost their reason. In consequence, her father confined her in an almost inaccessible tower, to which her family alone was admitted. She had heard of Amadis, fallen in love with him, and had sent messages and the gift of a favorite dwarf, all of which had excited the passion of Amadis and killed the feeling he had previously held toward the princess of Sicily. Amadis sought an interview with his new mistress, and obtained it finally in the disguise of a female slave who was bought by the father and presented to Niquea. Amadis had no difficulty in winning his way with the maiden under a promise of marriage and she later eloped with Amadis, was married to him at Trebizond, and soon gave birth to a son, whom she named Florisel de Niquea. At the end of this romance, the characters are put to sleep comfortably in the usual manner.

4. *"Florisel de Niquea."* Silvia, the result of one of the stolen interviews between Lisuarte and Onoloria, had been educated in the vicinity of Alexandria, and after she grew up was beloved by Darinel, an amorous shepherd character for the first time introduced into these romances. She was so harsh with her

pastoral buffoon that he resolved to expose himself on the top of the highest mountain in the empire of Babylon. Here he met Florisel and gave him such an animated description of Silvia that the young prince disguised himself as a shepherd and Darinel conducted him to the abode of the heroine, who proved as unrelenting to the pretended shepherd as she had been to the real one. Having heard of the enchantment of Anastarax, the prince enclosed in the flaming castle, she became enamored of him and begged Florisel and Darinel to accompany her in an effort to effect the deliverance of Niquea's brother. The party learned that the prince could be liberated only by Alastraxare, an Amazon who was descended from Amadis of Greece and an Amazonian queen. In their search for Alastarax, whose adventures occupy a considerable part of the story, our pretended shepherds met with many adventures, of which the chief is that of Florisel with Arlanda, a princess of Thrace, whom he met disguised in the clothes of Silvia. At length Silvia was lost during a tempest and returned to the flaming prison, where she met Alastraxare, and the two accomplished the disenchantment. Soon after, Silvia was discovered to be the daughter of Lisuarte, and was soon after married to her lover Anastarax. Meanwhile, Florisel and Darinel had reached the coast of Apolonia, where the former fell in love with Helena, the princess, but was forced to leave her, and at about that time

effected the relief from enchantment of his relatives, a task that nobody else could accomplish. While returning to Apolonia, he met Alastraxare, who fell in love with and finally married Falanges, a Greek knight, the constant friend and companion of Florisel. When Florisel reached home, he found his mistress Helena about to be married to the prince of Gaul under the command of her father, but Florisel promptly carried off this second Helen and brought about another great war, which embroiled all the potentates of the West of Europe, who laid siege to Constantinople and defeated the Greek army, chiefly by the aid of the Russians, whose savage monarch plotted for the destruction of both warring races. When the Greeks attempted to retrieve their fallen fortunes, the Russians unexpectedly aided them and Florisel regained possession of Helena.

It would seem that this was enough for one romance, but it is only about a third of the story, whose remainder consists of the adventures of many heroes, each of whom is introduced with a long account of his ancestors and his passions. Without any attempt to indicate the extraordinary adventures that follow, it is sufficient to say that in the end Florisel, complacently substituting himself in the place of his friend Falanges and assuming the name of Moraizel, espoused Sidonia, the Queen of the isle of Guinday, who had fallen in love with the Greek knight. Although Florisel soon

abandoned his bride, she became the mother of the most beautiful of all the princesses of romance, Diana, and the heroine of the next novel.

5. *"Agesilan of Colchos."* Very often in this series of romances, as well as in those which followed, can be seen the influence of the *Orlando Furioso,* and more especially of the incidents of the Greek classics. So frequently do these resemblances occur that they detract from the originality of the writings and convince the reader that the author followed his models too closely. Agesilan was the son of Falanges and Alastraxare, and when at Athens he saw a statue representing the beautiful Diana, the child of Queen Sidonia and Florisel, he was seized with an irresistible passion, and in disguise of a female minstrel went to the court of Queen Sidonia, where for a long time he amused Diana and fought as an Amazon against the knights who came in quest of the young beauty. Finally, having distinguished himself sufficiently, he revealed his identity to Sidonia and agreed to bring her the head of Florisel, against whom she professed an inextinguishable hatred because of his deception, as told in the preceding tale.

Agesilan succeeded in bringing Florisel into Sidonia's kingdom, but then it was thought best to utilize his services against the Russians, who had recently invaded the territory, and after a victorious campaign Agesilan was espoused to Diana. The ceremony was made

more joyous by the opportune arrival of the elder and younger Amadis, who with Agesilan and Diana started for Constantinople, where the nuptials were to be celebrated. On the journey, however, the lovers were separated from their friends and cast together on a desert rock, where they would have starved had not a knight mounted on a griffin picked them up and conveyed them to his home on the Green Isle. Here the knight became enchanted with Diana and carried her off to a remote part of the island, where, however, he was interrupted in his love-making by corsairs, who carried her away on their ship. Agesilan, missing his captor and his affianced, mounted the griffin and started in pursuit. During this excursion, he performed many wonders not unlike the labors of Herculus, the exploits of the Argonauts and other classical adventures. The corsairs took Diana to the Desolate Isle, where it was the custom to offer daily a maiden to the sea monster who was in love with their queen. Diana, as the latest victim, was chained to a rock and awaiting her death when Agesilan arrived on his griffin. After a dreadful combat, he slew the monster, released the maiden and discovered her to be his lost Diana. With her on the big griffin he started for Constantinople, overtook the ship of Amadis and dexterously lighted upon the deck. On their arrival at Constantinople, the wedding was solemnized with proper ceremony. Agesilan is the faithful lover in this romance, while Rogel of

Greece, whose adventures are narrated at length, is the man whose love affairs are numerous and violent. He finally is married to Leonida, a Greek princess, but never loses his readiness to engage in a new affair of the heart.

6. *"Silvio de la Selva."* Platonic female friends are numerous in the romances, and each hero seems to have one or more. Finistea occupied this position with respect to Amadis of Greece and attended him throughout his exciting adventures, but, being cast away on a desert island, they forgot their platonism, and their son Silvio de la Selva became the hero of the last of the romances belonging to the cycle of *Amadis de Gaula*. When the Russians besieged Constantinople, their King sent by twelve dwarfs a message that one hundred sixty Eastern monarchs had united in a confederacy for the purpose of burning Constantinople and establishing there a new city on an improved plan. Silvio distinguished himself in the siege which followed, but no sooner had the Russians been driven away than by a kind of enchantment a large number of Greek princesses were carried off at once, and Silvio's most remarkable adventures took place while he was with the knights who set out in pursuit of the enchanted princesses. The latter were rescued and brought back, accompanied in a number of instances by children belonging to them and their rescuers. Among these are Spheramond, son of Rogel of Greece, and Amadis of Astre, son of Agesilan. When these

two young men grew up, they were sent into Parthia to win their spurs, and while there they fell in love with Rosaliana and Richarda, whom they marry after adventurous courtships. In the customary siege of Constantinople by the pagans, these young men gained fame and renown, but because they had slain the king of the Island of Terror, his widow carried away Saphiraman and Hercules, the sons of Spheramond and Amadis. The rescue of these two princes from an impregnable tower in which they had been confined occupies the remainder of the story. They are finally liberated by Fulgarine, the son of Rogel of Greece.

The effect of these romances on the literature of other countries was considerable, and in almost every literature there are evidences of their presence, but the English seem to have paid less attention to them than any other nation. However, Shakespeare, Sidney and Spenser used some of the incidents freely.

IV. Other Cycles of Romances. The family of Amadis of Gaul was not the only imaginary group about whom clustered tales of chivalry. The Spaniards proved themselves particularly apt in utilizing the suggestions which the elder romance had offered, and the adventures of numerous imaginary families were treated in much the same way as that of Amadis. The earliest of these, at least the one which treats of events oldest in point of time, is *Palmerin de Oliva,* which appeared in Span-

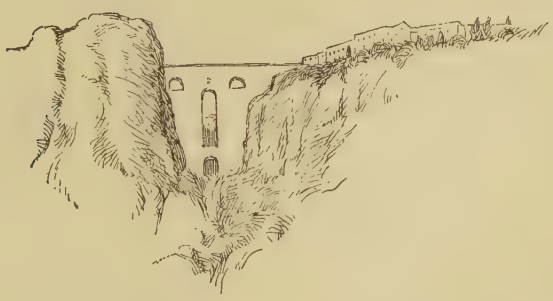
ish in 1511. It is not our purpose to give an outline of this story, which, however, is not altogether like the Amadis cycle, but there is sufficient uniformity to make a recital tiresome.

A second romance is *Primaleon,* named for the son of Palmerin de Oliva, and written originally in Castilian; a third is *Platir,* which deals with the adventures of Primaleon and Gridonia. This tale is weaker in interest and inferior to its predecessors, but still the family history is continued in the romance *Palmerin of England,* which is superior to the one that preceded it. The oldest edition is in the French language, but it is said to have been translated from the Castilian of Francesco de Moraes. The heroes of this, the best of the Palmerin stories, are Palmerin and Florian, twin sons of the king of England and Flerida, daughter of Palmerin de Oliva. Robert Southey, comparing *Amadis of Gaul* with this romance, says:

> In the description of battles, the author of *Amadis* exceeds all poets and all romancers, as he fairly fixes attention on the champions. But Moraes sets everything else before the eyes; he is principally occupied with the lists and spectators, and enters into the feelings both of those who are engaged and of those who look on. "The magic of Moraes," he continues, "is not good; the cup of tears is a puerile fiction compared with the garland which blossoms out on the head of Oriana." The hero of Moraes is courageous, virtuous, and generous, to the height of chivalry; but it is abstract courage, virtue, and generosity, with nothing to stamp and individualize the

possessor. The Florian of Moraes, however, is admirably supported, and he is a more prominent character than Galaor. But libertinism is only a subordinate feature of Galaor; that which stands foremost is his high sense of chivalrous honor. Florian has his wit, his good-humor, and his courage, to palliate his faults; but these are not sufficient, and he is never respected by the reader as Galaor is. What is excused in one as a weakness, is condemned in the other as a vice. This is unfortunately managed; for, as he is the cause of the final war, his character should have been clearer. Had Targiana been sister instead of wife to Albayzar, it would have been felt the Turks were in the right; and as it is, they are not so manifestly in the wrong, as the author should have made them.

Other romances there were, but we have said enough to characterize the epoch and to show the status of fiction in Spain at the time Cervantes took up the pen; and, everything considered, the chief interest in all of them except *Amadis de Gaula* rests in the fact that they were swept at once from popularity to oblivion by the doughty Don Quixote when he appeared.



A BRIDGE NEAR RONDA

CHAPTER V

PICARESQUE AND PASTORAL ROMANCES

MENDOZA. The third, and by many considered the greatest of the classical poets of Spain, was Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza (1503–1575), also one of the celebrated politicians and generals who made the reign of Charles V famous. Educated at Salamanca for the Church and a student at other universities in Spain and Italy, he persisted in embarking upon a military career and was engaged in the Italian campaigns of Charles V, who sent him as ambassador to Venice and later made him captain-general and governor-general of Sienna. Here he labored with Cosmo de' Medici in enslaving the last republic of the Middle Ages and crushed with an iron hand the Tuscan spirit of liberty. Detested by Church and people alike, he was

often in danger of assassination, but managed to escape, and held his power until in the reign of Julius III he was appointed gonfaloniere of the Church. In 1554 Charles V was persuaded by his Italian subjects to recall his hated minister, and the remainder of his life was spent principally in Spain. He was a man of intense activity and possessed the passionate nature of the Spaniard, which found vent not only in the cruelties we have mentioned, but also in intrigues that added to the popular detestation. It was related that in a dispute at the court of Philip II one of his rivals drew a knife upon him, and Mendoza immediately seized the man and threw him out of the balcony into the street. For this, the aged minister was imprisoned, where he spent his time composing love verses and complaints.

The scholarship of Mendoza was quite the equal of his two compeers, and he had a fondness for the collection of classic manuscripts which brought to light many that were previously unknown. Moreover, he contributed largely to the growth of learning in this sixteenth century revival. At his death he bequeathed his library to the king, and it still forms one of the most valuable collections of the Escurial.

Mendoza began his writing at an early age; in fact, he was still a student at Salamanca, if we are correctly informed, when he produced his famous story, the *Lazarillo de Tormes,* of which we shall have occasion to speak at

greater length. In most of his poems he was extremely didactic, though there are some minor love complaints which are pleasing. In an epistle to his friend Boscan he describes domestic life charmingly, and in a letter to Don Luys de Zuñiga he expresses similar sentiments, as follows:

Another world I seek, a resting place,
Sweet times and seasons, and a happy home,
Where I in peace may close my mortal race;
There shall no evil passions dare presume
To enter, turbulence, nor discontent;
Love to my honor'd king shall there find room;
And if to me his clemency be sent,
Giving me kindly wherewithal to live,
I will rejoice; if not, will rest content.
My days shall pass all idly fugitive,
Careless my meals, and at no solemn hour;
My sleep and dreams such as content can give.
Then will I tell how, in my days of power,
Into the East, Spain's conquering flag I led,
All undismay'd amid the fiery shower;
While young and old around me throng in dread,
Fair dames, and idle monks, a coward race,
And tremble while they hear of foes that fled.
And haply some ambassador may grace
My humble roof, resting upon his way;
His route and many dangers he will trace
Upon my frugal board, and much will say
Of many valiant deeds, but he'll conceal
His secret purpose from the light of day;
To mortal none that object he'll reveal;
His secret mission you shall never find,
Though you should search his heart with pointed steel.

His clear-phrased and fine sonnets are ranked below those of Boscan in grace and

harmony, but have been deservedly popular. The following is a specimen:

Now by the Muses won, I seize my lyre;
Now roused by valor's stern and manly call,
I grasp my flaming sword, in storm and fire,
To plant our banner on some hostile wall:
Now sink my wearied limbs to silent rest,
And now I wake and watch the lonely night;
But thy fair form is on my heart impress'd,
Through every change, a vision of delight!
Where'er the glorious planet sheds his beams,
Whatever lands his golden orb illumes,
Thy memory ever haunts my blissful dreams,
And a delightful Eden round me blooms:
Fresh radiance clothes the earth, the sea, and skies,
To mark the day that gave thee to mine eyes.

Mendoza's second prose work was a *History of the War of Granada,* which dealt with an insurrection of the Moors that broke out in 1568 in consequence of the cruelty and fanaticism of Philip II, but the very frankness and fair-mindness of the history prevented its publication for some years. The following extract shows his mental attitude toward the rebellion and gives an example of the style of the work:

The Inquisition now began to torment them more than had been usual. The King ordered them to abandon the Moorish tongue, and with it all commerce and communication amongst themselves. He deprived them of their negro slaves, whom they treated with the same tenderness as their own children. He compelled them to throw aside their Arabian habits, in the purchase of which they had spent considerable sums, constraining them to adopt the Castilian dress at a great expense. He forced the

women to walk abroad with their faces unveiled, and compelled them to open all their houses which they had been accustomed to keep closed, both which commands appeared an intolerable violence to this jealous nation. It was announced to them also, that the King was desirous of taking from them their children, in order that they might be educated in Castile. They were interdicted from the use of their baths, which were at once necessary and delightful to them; and at the same time their music, their songs, their festivals, all their usual amusements, all their cheerful assemblies, were forbidden. All these new orders were promulgated without any addition to the guards, without despatching any fresh troops, and without any reinforcement of the old, or establishment of new garrisons.

Whether or not Mendoza was really the author of the novel we have previously alluded to, and there is really reason to doubt it, it is nevertheless the work upon which his fame chiefly rests.

II. "Lazarillo de Tormes." The *Lazarillo* is the autobiography of Lazaro, the son of a miller and a woman of loose character. He is a man perpetually tormented with hunger, who never has enough to eat, and is often embroiled in difficulties by devising schemes through which he can break off the corners of the loaves and convince his master that the rats have been the thieves. In turn he is the leader of a blind man, a servant to a miserly priest, to a beggar monk, to a sign-board painter, to a public official, and finally, to seven ladies at once. The tale is a curious picture of the time and a vivid characterization of the feelings of the lower classes. The pride of the Spaniard

is his most intense emotion, and it is always leading him to keep up appearances and to make a display which his means may not justify. The wives of the baker, the shoemaker, the tailor, the mason, and so on, are all afflicted with this same disease, and while they cannot individually afford a servant with a sword at his side to follow them at a respectful distance, they can, by acting together, pay Lazaro. The amusing results of this multiple service are detailed with true Spanish humor.

From a version by David Roland we take this description of Lazaro's experiences with the hungry nobleman:

It pleased God to accomplish my desire and his together, for when as I had begun my meat, as he walked, he came near to me, saying: "Lazaro, I promise thee thou hast the best grace in eating that ever I did see any man have; for there is no man that seest thee eat, but seeing thee feed, shall have appetite, although they be not a-hungered." Then would I say to myself, "The hunger which thou sustainest causeth thee to think mine so beautiful." Then I trusted I might help him, seeing that he had so helped himself, and had opened me the way thereto. Wherefore I said unto him, "Sir, the good tools make the workmen good: this bread hath good taste, and this neat's-foot is so well sod, and so cleanly dressed, that it is able, with the flavor of it only, to entice any man to eat of it." "What? is it a neat's-foot?" "Yes, sir." "Now, I promise thee it is the best morsel in the world: there is no pheasant that I would like so well." "I pray thee, sir, prove of it better and see how you like it." . . . Whereupon he sitteth down by me, and then began to eat like one that hath great need, gnawing every one of those little bones better than any greyhound could have done for life, saying,

"This is a singular good meal: by God, I have eaten it with a good stomach, as if I had eaten nothing all this day before." Then I, with a low voice, said, "God send me to live long as sure as that is true." And, having ended his victuals, he commanded me to reach him the pot of water, which I gave him even as full as I had brought it from the river. . . . We drank both, and went to bed, as the night before, at that time well satisfied. And now, to avoid long talk, we continued after this sort eight or nine days. The poor gentleman went every day to brave it out in the street, to content himself with his accustomed stately pace, and always I, poor Lazaro, was fain to be his purveyor.

Because the Spanish grandee, or nobleman, could never be the subject of ridicule without a resort to the sword, and Spanish writers rarely attempted to make him the subject of their wit, the heroes of their humorous productions are all of the lower classes. The popularity of the *Lazarillo* was so great that it became the subject of numberless imitations, not only in Spain but in other countries, and established the type of story which is known to the Spanish as *El Gusto Picaresco,* or the picaresque novel, as we know it. The *Lazarillo* was witty, cynical, and full of genius and so much surpasses all its imitations in conciseness and satirical humor that it may be read now with pleasure and profit. To discuss the influence of this work would carry us farther than we can go at the present time, but we shall frequently refer to it and the novels it inspired in our study of literature in different countries, at a time even later than its great English brother, *Pickwick.*

III. "GUZMAN DE ALFARACHE." Among the most celebrated of the imitations of *Lazarillo* is the *Guzman de Alfarache,* which was produced by Matteo Aleman, a native of Seville, of whose life little is known. The novel was first printed in 1599 at Madrid, and met with such astonishing public approval that within the first six years after its publication twenty-six editions, amounting to some fifty thousand copies, were printed; not even *Don Quixote* had so great a vogue. In 1623, in the same year as Shakespeare's folio, it was translated into English by James Mabbe. Ben Jonson wrote a copy of verses praising—

> this Spanish Proteus; who, though writ
> But in one tongue, was form'd with the world's wit;
> And hath the noblest mark of a good book,
> That an ill man dares not securely look
> Upon it, but will loathe, or let it pass,
> As a deformed face doth a true glass.

Guzman de Alfarache was the son of a Genoese merchant who had settled in Spain. After the death of the father, young Guzman, finding the family affairs in disorder, ran away from his mother and began the series of amusing adventures which are the subject of the romance. At a short distance from Seville, he falls in with a muleteer and lodges at different inns, where his adventures give a very unpleasant impression of the hostels of Andalusia. On his arrival at Madrid, he dresses himself as a beggar and stands at the corner of a street, giving the author an opportunity to

comment on the manners of the officers, judges, ecclesiastics and courtesans who pass by. Uniting the profession of thief and sharper with that of beggar, Guzman gets into difficulties and is forced to flee to Toledo, where he appears as a man of fashion and engages in various intrigues. When his money is exhausted, the friendship of sharpers and love of courtesans is seen at its true worth, and he goes to Barcelona and thence to Genoa, where he is received very harshly by his father's relatives.

From Genoa he begs his way to Rome, and there acquires great skill in his art at a school for beggars, into which he is admitted. Among other devices, he cultivates an ulcer so successfully that a Roman cardinal takes him home, has him cured and makes him a page, from which position he rises into favor; but, having yielded to his love for thievery, he is caught and driven from the house in disgrace. Taking refuge with a French ambassador, he wins his way into the confidence of the official and is employed to forward an intrigue with a Roman lady, with whom the French official is in love. But Guzman manages the affair so unfortunately that the intrigue becomes public and Guzman starts back to Spain. On the way he falls in with a man named Saavedra, who first dupes him, but afterward joins forces with him and the two pass through the towns of Northern Italy. Having returned to Spain, he marries a woman, from whom he expects to

obtain a large fortune, but, being disappointed in this and falling again into poverty, he, after the death of his wife, enters the university at Alcala in order to obtain a benefice.

While at the university, Guzman becomes acquainted with three musical sisters, whose virtue, however, is doubtful. He marries the eldest, leaves the ecclesiastical profession and goes to Madrid, where for some time, because of his wife's beauty and accommodating disposition, he lives prosperously, but when she quarrels with an admirer of political importance, she and her husband are banished from Madrid and retire to Seville, where the wife soon runs away with the captain of a Neapolitan vessel. A Dominican confessor becomes interested in Guzman and introduces him as chamberlain into the house of an old lady, but here he acts so villainously that he is arrested and sent to the galleys. With his fellow slaves he enters into a conspiracy to deliver the vessel to the corsairs, but, turning state's evidence, is given his freedom and employs himself afterward in writing his history.

A number of episodes introduced into the story are extremely interesting, and one at least has been used as the basis of a plot by Beaumont and Fletcher. There is much resemblance between *Guzmæn de Alfarache* and *Gil Blas*, with which we shall become better acquainted in our study of French literature.

IV. Montemayor. Like the chivalresque romance, the pastoral novel found its way into

Spain through Portugal. Jorge de Montemor, as his name is sometimes spelled, who died about 1561, was of Portuguese birth, but wrote in the Castilian tongue. We know little of his life except that he was a musician at the Spanish court, that he had received no education, and had served as a common soldier in the Portuguese army. Yet, his position with Philip II during his journeys through Italy, Germany and the Low Countries gave him wide opportunities for observation and attached him firmly to Spain, a feeling that was doubtless increased by his passion for a beautiful Castilian, whom he celebrates in his poems under the name of Marfida. On a return from one of his journeys he found that she had married, and so undertook to lessen his chagrin by writing a romance in pastoral form, wherein he bewailed his woes under the name of the shepherd Sireno.

V. "Diana Enamorada." Although wearisome as most pastoral romances are, this earliest one of that description acquired great vogue and was the subject of many sequels and imitations, as was the chivalresque *Amadis of Gaul*. His style was in general harmonious and much simpler than that of most of his contemporaries, except when he indulged in pedantic essays on the nature of love. One of the early songs of Sireno has been freely translated by Sidney:

> Of this high grace with bliss conjoin'd
> No further debt on me is laid,

Since that is self-same metal coin'd,
Sweet lady, you remain well paid.
For, if my place give me great pleasure,
Having before me Nature's treasure,
In face and eyes unmatched being,
You have the same in my hands, seeing
What in your face mine eyes do measure.

Nor think the match unev'nly made,
That of those beams in you do tarry;
The glass to you but gives a shade,
To me mine eyes the true shape carry:
For such a thought most highly prized,
Which ever hath Love's yoke despised,
Better than one captiv'd perceiveth,
Though he the lively form receiveth,
The other sees it but disguised.

The scene of the *Diana* is laid at the foot of the Mountains of Leon, but so great is the confusion of classic mythology, modern manners and educated shepherdesses that it is difficult to determine in what epoch the author intended to place his story. Diana, the heroine, lived in the flower-bedecked meadows that lay around the River Ezla and returned the passion with which Sireno, who dwelt in the same vicinity, favored her. For some reason which is not given in the story, Sireno is obliged to leave his native country and departs after a tender farewell. The return of Sireno is no less melancholy than his long absence, for when he comes back he discovers that his mistress had married the coarse Delio, because her father had driven her to it. With infinite sadness Sireno visits the fountain where they had plighted

their troth and sees upon the trees his name cut into the bark with that of Diana. While these pathetic reminders occupy his mind, he hears Sylvanus, a former rival and lover of Diana, singing a pathetic lament. From the similarity of their misfortunes, the two become friends and spend a long time in turn lamenting their loss in both prose and rhyme. Before they have finished, a desolate shepherdess comes out of a thicket, and when she has been informed of the cause of their grief relates her own melancholy story. Sylvania, the new arrival, says that at the festival of Ceres she had met and formed a sudden friendship for a beautiful shepherdess who finally confessed that she was in fact the shepherd Alanio in disguise. Sylvania became deeply in love with the young shepherd, but it was later discovered that the supposed Alanio was in reality his cousin Ysmenia, who has assumed the dress and manner of Alanio in sport. The real Alanio, having been told of the deception, realized that the attachment of Sylvania might be used to his advantage and accordingly forsook Ysmenia, who seemed easily consoled for the loss of her lover by a shepherd named Montano. Alanio's jealousy of his first love was then roused and he determined to regain the affections of his former mistress, while Montano, who frequently visited at the cottage of Sylvania's father, forgot Ysmenia and became deeply enamored with Sylvania. Then through fields and forests Montano pursued

Sylvania, was himself pursued by Ysmenia, who was then followed by Alanio. Just before the time when Sylvania met Sireno, she had learned that Montano had married Ysmenia, and her sister had been united to Alanio.

This complicated series of love affairs is difficult to follow, but in the *Diana* Sylvania and her two shepherds meet every morning in a solitary valley, where without restraint they sigh over the misfortunes of love and spend their energies in the discussion of questions of gallantry. Three nymphs appear and relate their adventures, and are interrupted by three satyrs, who indulge their love with great freedom. A portly shepherdess called Felismena appears at the critical moment with her arrows, and having transfixed the ardent satyrs, joins the colloquy and tells her story as follows:

One day, shortly previous to my birth, a conversation took place between my parents, concerning the judgment of Paris, in the course of which my mother complained that the apple had been refused to Minerva, and contended that it was due to her who united the perfections of mind to the beauties of person. In the course of the ensuing night Venus appeared to her in a dream, reproached her with ingratitude for the favors with which she had been loaded, and announced that the child, of which she was about to be delivered, would cost her the loss of life, and that her offspring would be agitated by the most violent passions which the resentment of Venus could inflict.

My mother was much troubled at this cruel sentence, till, on the departure of Venus, Minerva appeared, and comforted her by an assurance that her child would be distinguished by firmness of mind and feats of arms.

The first part of the threats of Venus was speedily accomplished, and my father, having early followed my mother to the tomb, I was left an orphan. Henceforth I resided at the house of a distant relative; and, having attained my seventeenth year, became the victim of the offended goddess by falling in love with Don Felix, a young nobleman of the province in which I lived. The object of my affections felt a reciprocal passion, but his father, having learned the attachment which subsisted betwixt us, sent his son to court, with a view to prevent our union.

Soon after his departure, I followed him in the disguise of a page, and discovered on the night of my arrival at the capital, by a serenade I heard him give, that Don Felix had already disposed of his affections. Without being recognized by him, I was admitted into his service, and was engaged by my former lover to conduct his correspondence with the mistress, who, since our separation, had supplanted me in his heart. From the disguise in which I appeared, she conceived for me the warmest attachment, and, perceiving that her best hope of enjoying frequent interviews with me was to indulge the expectations of her lover, she transmitted answers to Don Felix, which, though not decisive, were more lenient and encouraging than formerly. Exasperated, at length, by the cold return which I was obliged to make to her advances, she gradually replied in less favorable terms to Don Felix. The distress, with which he was in consequence affected, moved my compassion, and one day, while pressing his suit with the lady more vehemently than usual, she made an explicit and violent declaration of her sentiments in my behalf; and, having retired to her cabinet, expired immediately in consequence of the agitation into which she had been thrown. Don Felix disappeared soon after the news of her death had reached him, and during the last twelvemonth I have roamed in the habit of a shepherdess from province to province in quest of the ungrateful fugitive.

Having finished her story, Felismena hears that the three nymphs are virgins consecrated to the service of Diana, who offer to take their companions to the temple of the goddess. While going thither they reach a beautiful island in a lake, where, entering a cottage, they find a charming shepherdess asleep, and when she is awakened are assured that it is her sighs that shake the trees in the forest and her tears that furnish the water for the lake. In the story which follows she says that it was her misfortune to be beloved by a father and son, and that one night, when she had given a rendezvous to the younger, the jealous father shot his son without knowing who he was and that as soon as he discovered his hideous crime he killed himself with his dagger. The lady had promptly fled at the spectacle and had not stopped until she reached the cottage where our friends discovered her. Belisa, for so she was named, joins the party, and after a long journey they reach the temple of Diana, from whose glorious portals came a band of beautiful nymphs with a dignified priestess, who entertained the visitors more hospitably. In a magnificent hall, adorned with figures of ancient heroes, with statues of Spanish knights and cavaliers, mingled with those of antiquity, they listened to songs describing Spanish bravery, sung by Orpheus, who was conveniently present by enchantment. After the elegant entertainment which followed, Felismena told a Moorish story, which is quite dif-

ferent in character from the languorous love-lorn tales which preceded it. A version of her story we have already given in an extract from Conde's history under the title of *Singular Anecdote.*

On the day after Felismena told her story, the priestess of Diana, acquainted by inspiration with the woes of her visitors, formed a plan for making all of them happy. She invited them to the interior of the temple, and filling three cups from an enchanted stream, gave them to Sireno, Sylvanus and Sylvania, who after drinking them fell at once into a profound slumber which lasted for some time. After they had awakened, Sireno was perfectly indifferent to Diana, Sylvanus and Sylvania had forgotten their former loves and were enamored of each other. Meanwhile, Felismena, under the direction of the goddess Diana, starts out with her arrows on a pilgrimage in which she finds a shepherd who proved to be the love of Balisa. It seems that a magician, who was in love with Balisa, raised a phantom who played the bloody part for the son, and although Balisa had granted the young shepherd a rendezvous, she had in reality kept away from it, and the lover did not reach the place until all had disappeared. In spite of the father's unnecessary stabbing of himself, the astonished Balisa readily gives herself to the lover who has been so strangely restored.

In the meantime Felismena has continued her journey, and has discovered a knight griev-

ously attacked by three enemies. Disposing of them as she had done of the satyrs, she is delighted to find in the knight her own much-loved Don Felix, who returns with her to the temple of Diana, where the two are married. Sireno, still under the power of the enchanted drink, is wholly indifferent to his Diana, and here the story closes, although the author promised a sequel which he never wrote.

VI. The Progeny of the "Diana." A continuation of the story of Sireno, written by Alonzo Perez, begins at a point where Sireno has received another draught from the priestess which puts him again in love with Diana, who is now a widow and has two lovers, the result of whose rivalry with Sireno remains to be told. In the continuation by Gaspar Gil Polo we are told that Sireno recovered from his insensibility gradually and that Delio, the husband of Diana, falls in love with a damsel who has recently arrived among the shepherdesses on the banks of the Ezla. One day he meets her alone in the wood and pursues her so vigorously that he becomes overheated and dies in the chase. As soon as the period of Diana's widowhood is passed, nothing prevents her union with her faithful lover Sireno. Concerning these romances, Cervantes passes his opinion when the barber and the curate are destroying the library of Don Quixote:

"And since we began with the Diana of Montemayor, I am of opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that part of it which treats of the magician Felicia

and the enchanted water, as also all the longer poems, and let the work escape with its prose, and the honor of being the first of the kind." "Here is another Diana," quoth the barber, "the second of that name, by Salmantino (of Salamanca); nay, and a third too, by Gil Polo." "Pray," said the curate, "let Salmantino increase the number of criminals in the yard, but as for that by Gil Polo, preserve it as charily as if Apollo himself had written it."

The *Galatea* of Cervantes belongs to this genre; it was the earliest work of its author, written in a style greatly inferior to that of its predecessors. The work consists of six parts, but, as Dunlop says, "It is enough to bestow on Cervantes the reputation of having written one of the most tiresome books as well as the most amusing book of the world." The numerous other imitations in Spanish it is unnecessary to mention, but the more important of those appearing in other countries will be described in their proper places.

STREET SCENE IN SEVILLE

CHAPTER VI

CERVANTES

BIOGRAPHY. Spain can claim one name that ranks among the greatest in the world, and its literature one novel of such universal interest and merit that it is known as a world's masterpiece. Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547–1616) is known the world over, and his novel, *Don Quixote,* or at least some extracts from it, are found in every cultured household; while Don Quixote himself with his squire Sancho Panza are as real and as well-known as though they had actually lived in every civilized country.

Rodrigo de Cervantes, the father of Miguel, was probably a lawyer by profession, the descendant from an ancient family and a resident for the greater part of his life at Alcala de Henares, probably the birthplace of his famous son. The mother of the great novelist was

Dona Leonora de Cortañas, a lady of gentle birth, to whom, however, the author of *Don Quixote* never alludes in any of his voluminous writings.

Information concerning Cervantes prior to his twenty-second year is extremely scant, but in the summer of 1569 he traveled with the Cardinal Acquaviva from Madrid to Rome, in which place he acted for twelve months as Gentleman of the Chamber to the cardinal. There appear to be no records at the universities showing that Cervantes attended any of them, nor was his education such as to indicate a scholarly youth. However, he was of pure Castilian descent, a master of the Castilian tongue, and possessed an intimate acquaintance with the chivalresque romances of his time. While at Rome or at other times he acquired an intimate knowledge of Italian and in many of his writings lapses into idioms of that language so frequently as to show his admiration for it.

Cervantes may have had some semi-military position with the cardinal, but it is probable that the dignity and ceremoniousness of the ecclesiastical home was not much to the liking of the ardent young man, and early in 1570 he entered the regular army in the regiment of Don Diego de Urbina. While in the employ of this general he was present at the "Trafalgar of the Sixteenth Century," as the great battle of Lepanto has been called. It is said that at the time of the engagement Cervantes

Photo: Ewing Galloway

CERVANTES
1547–1616

was suffering from a fever, but that he rose from the sick bed, entered the battle and fought with distinguished courage. He was twice wounded in the body, and his left hand was so badly mangled that it had to be amputated at the wrist. Contemporary writers have claimed that Cervantes took more pride in the popular title, "the maimed hero of Lepanto," than in his subsequent reputation as a writer, a fact which we may believe, since in his preface to the second part of *Don Quixote* he alludes to the loss of his hand as "a trivial price to pay for the honor of partaking in the first great action in which the naval supremacy of the Ottoman was successfully disputed by Christian arms."

From the unskillfulness of the surgeons who attended him, or the serious nature of the wound, his left arm was ever after quite stiff and useless, but this did not prevent him from again entering the wars, where for two years he fought in Italy and her provinces under Don Juan, without, however, rising above the rank of a private soldier. In 1575 he started on a visit to Spain, but the galley on which he took passage was surrounded by Moorish corsairs, and after a desperate fight, captured, and all the Christians on board, including Cervantes and his brother, were taken prisoners to Algiers. When the lots were cast, Cervantes found himself the property of Deli Mami (The Lamed), a mean and cruel Albanian renegade, who treated his captives with great severity.

Some, from whom he expected a ransom, he kept by himself on shore, confining them within his baths, and among these Cervantes was for some reason considered of considerable importance, so that Deli Mami held him for five years in servitude.

Hassan Aga, by birth a Venetian, but then a renegade who had risen into high favor with the Sultan, was an intimate friend of Cervantes' master, who frequently sent the captive with messages to Hassan. On one of these occasions, he met one of Hassan's Christian slaves, whom he persuaded to aid in an escape. A recess or cellar was dug in the garden and into this Cervantes with as many as fifteen of his brother Christians crept and were supported there by friendly slaves for many months, until, in fact, they were betrayed by another Christian slave who had renounced his faith and become a convert to Moslemism. The blame for the attempted escape was saddled upon Cervantes, and he narrowly escaped execution, being saved only by the belief that he was worth a heavy ransom.

Finally, at the age of thirty-three, the relatives and friends of Cervantes succeeded in bringing him back to Spain, where, however, he found himself in poverty and with his crippled arm little able to support himself. He entered the army again, but, though he took part in victorious campaigns, never seemed to have earned recognition. It was probably during this time that he formed an attachment

for a "Portuguese lady of high quality," who, however, we now know, was merely a poor married woman, and the result of this intrigue was Cervantes' only child, his much-loved daughter Isabel.

About this time Cervantes abandoned his military career, in which his biographers unite in saying that he never received the recognition that his great services demanded. Thenceforward his life was devoted to more or less vigorous pursuit of literature, to travel throughout Spain and to those amusements which were prevalent in the early part of the seventeenth century. What information we have indicates that Cervantes was neither better nor worse than his contemporaries. In December of 1584 he married the young lady Dona Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano, who brought him an ample dowry, which was squandered in a comparatively short time. In 1605 he was arrested for engaging in a nocturnal brawl which terminated in the assassination of Don Gaspar Garibay, near to the house where Cervantes lived. It appears, however, that he actually had no part in the squabble, and the criticisms and allegations against him and his household were wholly unwarranted.

After he became famous as a writer he was the subject of vilification, slander and bitter attacks from all sides, and never was able to earn a comfortable livelihood. On the whole, Cervantes was a pathetic figure in life, and

though he lived to see his name known far and wide in Europe, he never escaped from poverty, and in 1616, while writing his final romance, he died. In the dedication to this last novel is a passage which shows vividly the humorous nature of the man and the calmness with which he viewed his approaching death:

> I could have wished not to have been called upon to make so close an application of those ancient verses, which commence with the words: *With foot already in the stirrup:* for with very little alteration I may truly say, that with my foot in the stirrup, and even now experiencing the pains of dissolution, I address to you, Senor, this letter. Yesterday I received extreme unction. To-day I have again taken up my pen; the time is short; my pains increase; my hopes diminish; yet do I greatly wish that my life might be extended, so that I might again behold you in Spain.

Cervantes was a man of medium height, with a complexion unusually light for a Spaniard, auburn hair and bright blue eyes. In youth he is said to have been handsome, with a well-knit figure which gave every evidence of being able to endure any kind of fatigue. In manner he was gay and cheerful and undoubtedly possessed that amiability, loyalty, bravery and religious fervor which were supposed to exist in the breast of every Castilian gentleman.

II. The Writings of Cervantes. The writings of Cervantes were numerous and in several departments of literature, for he produced sonnets and other poems, wrote a num-

ber of plays, several short novels and the long romance *Don Quixote.* Although his skill as a poet was considerable and some of his plays worthy of perusal, yet his fame rests upon his prose fiction. His earliest attempts were in poetry, and between 1583 and 1587 he wrote a number of plays, very few of which remain in existence. In 1584 he published *Galatea,* a pastoral romance, whose dullness has given it few readers. The first part of *Don Quixote* was published in 1605, but the second part did not appear until nine years later. In 1613 he published the *Exemplary Novels,* a book containing eleven short stories of great merit. His last work, *Persiles y Sigismunda,* did not appear until after his death.

III. The Dramas of Cervantes. While the dramas of Cervantes might very properly be considered in the next chapter, yet, for the sake of keeping his work together, we will discuss them at this time. Of the twenty or thirty which Cervantes wrote soon after his release from captivity, only two remain, the tragedy *Numantia* and the comedy *Life in Algiers.* By the author his dramatic works were seriously intended, and he prepared them with as much skill as was possible, though they failed to satisfy the actors and were finally presented to the world in print. A paragraph from the introduction which he wrote to these plays when they were published in book form in 1615 shows the influence of the criticisms which had been made upon them:

Some years since I returned to the ancient occupation of my leisure hours; and imagining that the age had not passed away in which I used to hear the sound of praise, I again began to write comedies. The birds, however, had flown from their nest. I could find no manager to ask for my plays, though they knew that I had written them. I threw them, therefore, into the corner of a trunk, and condemned them to eternal obscurity. A bookseller then told me, that he would have bought them from me had he not been told by a celebrated author that much dependence might be placed upon my prose, but none upon my poetry. To say the truth, this information mortified me much. I said to myself: "Certainly, I am either changed, or the world, contrary to its custom, has become much wiser, for in past time I used to meet with praise." I read my comedies anew, together with some interludes which I had placed with them. I found that they were not so bad but that they might pass from what this author called darkness into what others may perhaps term noon-day. I was angry, and sold them to the bookseller who has now printed them. They have paid me tolerably, and I have pocketed my money with pleasure, and without troubling myself about the opinions of the actors. I was willing to make them as excellent as I could; and if, dear reader, thou findest anything good in them, I pray thee, when thou meetest any other calumniator, to tell him to amend his manners, and not to judge so severely, since, after all, the plays contain not any incongruities or striking faults.

The object of the tragedy was to excite the sentiment of patriotism; the object of the comedy to inspire a zeal for the redemption of captives who were held by the Moors. It should be remembered that to Cervantes the words tragedy and comedy did not have the same meaning that they possess for us, but that the rank of the characters and the dignity of the

action determined what name should be given to the play, and the characteristic humor or style of the author ran through both, without regard to the subject. For the analysis of the *Numantia* and *Life in Algiers* we are indebted to Sismondi.

1. *"Numantia."* The greater part of the tragedy is written in the heroic Italian verse, though in some of the more lively scenes rhymed quatrains appear. The play opens with a dialogue between Scipio and Jugurtha, in which the former declares the repugnance with which he looks to a continuation of the war that has cost the Romans so much blood and in which he has to contend not only against the valor of his foes, but also the lack of discipline in his own camp. Then he gives orders for the troops to be assembled that he may recall them to a sense of duty. When they have entered, Scipio ascends a little rock and addresses them in a speech of which the beginning is as follows:

Well, by your pride of feature, noble friends,
And splendor of your martial decorations,
I recognize in you the sons of Rome,
Yea, brave and valiant sons! But, by your hands,
Fair and effeminate, by the glossy show
Of your smooth faces, rather should I deem you
Of Britain born, or Belgium. You yourselves,
By your neglect, your reckless disregard
Of all your duties, you yourselves have raised
Your foe, already vanquish'd, from the ground,
And wrong'd at once your valor and your fame.
Behold these walls, that yet unshaken stand

Firm as the rocks on which they rest! These walls
Bear shameful witness to your weak attempts,
That boast of nothing Roman but the name.
What! when the whole world trembles and bows down
Before the name of Rome, will you alone
Betray her claims to empire, and eclipse
Her universal glory here in Spain?

In the remainder of the speech he orders the women to be removed, that there may be no temptation to luxury and effeminacy and thinks that with discipline reëstablished it will be easy to conquer the handful of Spaniards who have shut themselves up in the walls of Numantia. Through their spokesman, Caius Marius, the soldiers promise to show themselves true Romans.

Two Numantian envoys appear and assert that it was owing to the cruelty and injustice of the generals who had commanded in Spain that the Numantians had revolted, and that, recognizing the virtue of Scipio and feeling confident of his justice, they now ardently wish for peace. Scipio, however, dismissed the ambassadors, bade them look to their defense, as he was not satisfied with the amends they had made for their insults to the majesty of the Romans. He then orders Numantia to be surrounded in order to subdue it by famine rather than to risk a renewed shedding of Roman blood. In the second scene, Spain, in the figure of a woman crowned with towers and bearing in her hand a castle, invokes the mercy and favor of heaven and complains bitterly of her

Elmendorf Photo: © *Ewing Galloway*

CERVANTES' HOUSE
TOLEDO

perpetual slavery to the Romans, because her own sons were fighting with one another instead of combating the common enemy:

> Numantia only, careless of her blood,
> Has dared to draw her shining sword, and strike
> For that old liberty she long has cherish'd.
> But now, oh grief! her time of doom is near
> Her fatal hour approaches, and her life
> Is waning to its close; but her bright fame
> Shall still survive, and, like the Phoenix, burst
> More glorious from her ashes.

The investment having been accomplished, the Numantians suffer from famine, while they address the River Duoro, which watches one side of the city, and request it to prevent the Romans from erecting towers and siege machines on its banks. Then the Duoro, followed by three tributary streams, advances upon the stage and declares that he has already tried to keep the Romans from Numantia, but has failed, and that the fatal hour has come; still, they obtain some confidence from a prediction that in time the Spaniards will regain their glorious position, while the Romans will be humiliated. After other predictions of historic events long since fulfilled, the Duoro closes the scene.

Act II opens with the Numantians assembled in council. Theogenes asks by what means they can escape from the famine. Corabino proposes that an offer shall be made to the Romans to settle the question by single combat, and if that is denied that they should

try by a sortie to open a passage through the enemy's army. The others agree with this plan, sacrifices are offered to the gods, and the auguries consulted. In the second scene of this act two Numantian soldiers, Morandro and Leoncio, the former whose nuptials with the damsel Lira have been deferred on account of the war, converse. Leoncio accuses his friend of forgetting the danger of his country in his passion for his mistress. Morandro replies:

> Never did love teach lover cowardice:
> Have I e'er been a truant from my post
> To visit her I love? Have I e'er closed
> My eyes in slumber when my captain watch'd?
> Have I e'er fail'd when duty call'd on me,
> Because my heart was fill'd with her sweet image?
> If, then, these things be not objected to me,
> Why will you blame me for my passionate love?

The entrance of priests and the people with the victim and the incense for a sacrifice interrupt the dialogue, but in the midst of the ceremonies the torches will not light, the smoke curls toward the west, the invocations are answered with thunder—all the most terrible presages of events to come. Eagles pounce upon vultures and tear them in their talons, and at last the victim is carried away by an infernal spirit just as he is about to be slain. Then Marquino, a magician, endeavors to discover the will of heaven by enchantment. He approaches the tomb of a young Numantian who had recently died of hunger and in a singularly poetical address calls his spirit from the in-

fernal regions. The tomb opens, the dead rises, but moves not. Marquino continues his enchantment and forces the corpse to announce that Numantia neither will be the conquered nor the conqueror, but that her citizens will destroy one another. The corpse sinks into the tomb, and Marquino, stabbing himself in despair, falls into the same grave.

The third act opens in the Roman camp, with Scipio congratulating himself on having reduced Numantia to the last extremity without sacrificing the lives of his soldiers. A solitary trumpet is heard from the walls, on which Corabino appears with a white flag, proposing a single combat on condition that if the Numantian is defeated, the gates should be opened, but if the Roman is overcome, the siege should be raised. He flatters the Romans by assuring them that with their well-known valor they should not fear the result, but Scipio scoffs at the proposal of granting equal terms to those who are already approaching defeat. Corabino from the walls scathingly denounces the Romans and then departs. The next scene shows a council of war in Numantia, with Theogenes giving an account of the failure of the sacrifices, the enchantments and the challenge, and recommending that they make the sally. The men fear the opposition of their wives whom they will be compelled to abandon, perhaps never to see again, and when the women are told of the proposed sortie, each replies as follows:

What is it that you wish, brave warriors?
Have, then, your sorrowful fancies work'd on you
To fly us and forsake us? Do ye think
To leave the virgins of Numantia
A spoil to arrogant Romans, and your sons,
Your free-born sons, in bondage to the foe?
Were it not better that your own right hand
At once should take the life which ye have given?
Would you, then, feed the Roman avarice?
Would you, then, suffer them in unjust pride
To triumph o'er us, while with foreign hands
They pillage all our mansions?

. . . . . .

If you are well resolved to attempt the sortie,
Then take us with you. It will be life to us
To perish by your sides. Nor will ye thus
Shorten our way to death, for famine ever
Threatens to cut the thread of life in twain.

One woman presents her children to the senators and speaks:

Oh, children of most desolate mothers, why,
Why speak ye not, and why with moving tears
Do ye not supplicate your cruel sires
Not to desert you? Doth it not suffice
That terrible famine should oppress your lives,
But must you also prove the bitterness
Of Roman rigor? Tell them that ye were
Begotten free, free born, and that your mothers,
Your wretched mothers, nurs'd you still in freedom:
And tell them, if our fate so adverse is,
They who have given you life should take it back.
O walls! if ye can speak, exclaim aloud,
A thousand times repeat, "Numantians!
Numantians! Liberty!"

Theogenes with great tenderness swears that they shall not be abandoned, but that living or

dying they shall be protected. He endeavors to persuade the Numantians to cling desperately to their walls while a single relic of their persons or property remains to adorn the triumphs of their enemy. He proposes that in the great square of the city a monster pile should be raised, on which the citizens should cast all their riches, and that to soften for a few hours at least the pangs of hunger, they should kill the Roman prisoners and consume them. The people adopt this horrible resolution and separate to put it into execution. Morandro and Lira remain alone on the stage, and when the former urges his love Lira replies to his passionate exclamations by asserting repeatedly that her brother had died of hunger on the preceding day, that on that very day her mother had perished, and that she herself is on the verge of death. Morandro determines to enter the Roman camp to procure food to prolong the life of his mistress. Leoncio, his friend, in spite of all remonstrance, resolves to accompany him, and they wait for night to hide their attempt.

Two citizens enter and announce that the pile is lighted, and the people are heaping upon it all the remains of their property. Men burdened with their riches are seen passing across the stage to the pile. One of the Numantians announces that as soon as their wealth is destroyed the soldiers will massacre the women, the children and the old men to save them from the conquerors. A Numantian

mother, holding an infant at her breast, comes in leading by the hand her little son, and the following dialogue ensues:

Mother. Oh life, most cruel and most hard to bear!
Oh agony, most deep and terrible!
Boy. Mother! will no one give me a little morsel
Of bread, for all these riches?
Mother. No, my son!
No bread, nor aught to nourish thee, my child.
Boy. Must I then die of hunger? mother, mother,
I ask one morsel only, nothing more.
Mother. My child, what pain thou giv'st me!
Boy. Do *you* not
Wish for it, then?
Mother. I wish for it, but know not
Where I may seek it.
Boy. Why not buy it, mother?
If not, I'll buy it for myself, and give
To the first man I meet, even all these riches—
Ay, for one single morsel of dry bread,
My hunger pains me so.
Mother. (*to her infant*). And thou, poor creature,
Why cling'st thou to my breast? dost thou not know
That in my aching breast despair has changed
The milky stream to blood? Tear off my flesh,
And so content thine hunger, for my arms
Are weak, and can no longer clasp thee to me.
Son of my soul, with what can I sustain thee?
Even of my wasted flesh, there scarce remains
Enough to satisfy thy craving hunger.
Oh hunger, hunger! terrible and fierce,
With what most cruel pangs thou tak'st my life;
Oh war, what death dost thou prepare for me!
Boy. My mother! let us hasten to the place
We seek, for walking seems to make me worse.
Mother. My child, the house is near us, where at length
Upon the burning pile thou may'st lay down
The burthen that thou bearest.

The horror of this scene cannot be depicted easily.

In the beginning of the fourth act, an alarm is sounded in the Roman camp, and Scipio, demanding the cause, learns that two Numantians have broken through the barriers, killed several soldiers and carried off some biscuit from a tent; that one of them passed the wall and gained the city, but that the other had been slain. In the following scene Morandro, wounded and bleeding, enters Numantia weeping over his friend's fate, and moistening the bread, which he is carrying to Lira, with his tears. Laying before her this last tribute of his love, he expires at her feet. Lira refuses to touch the bread, while her little brother, who takes refuge in her arms, dies in convulsions. A woman enters the stage pursued by a soldier who is endeavoring to kill her in conformity to the edict issued by the senate that women should be put to the sword. Refusing to slay Lira, he bears away to the funeral pile the two bodies that lay before her.

War, Famine and Sickness now appear in the ruins of Numantia, but they add nothing to the horrors of the preceding scenes. Theogenes conducts his wife, his two sons and his daughter across the stage to the pile where they are to die, informing them that they shall perish by his own hand. Two youths, flying before the soldiers, cross; the first, endeavoring to reach a refuge in the tower, is overcome by famine and can go no farther. Theogenes, who

has despatched his wife and children, returns and begs a citizen to put him to death. The two, however, determine to fight near the pile, upon which the survivor is to cast himself. Perceiving the stillness which reigns in Numantia, Caius Marius mounts the wall by a ladder and is shocked to see the streets filled with dead. Scipio fears this universal massacre will deprive him of his triumph, but if a single Numantian captive could be chained to his car, the honor would be his. Caius Marius and Jugurtha, who have been through all the streets, have found nothing but blood and corpses. At last, however, they discover the second young man who took refuge at the top of a tower. Refusing all offers of honor and wealth if he will but submit to captivity, the young Numantian joins his friends and relatives in death by throwing himself from the tower, while Renown, with a trumpet in her hand, terminates the tragedy by proclaiming the eternal glory of the Numantians.

The barbarity and gloom which reign in the play were characteristic of the period, and did not lose their position in Spanish drama until a succeeding age. Some of the stage directions are quaint and exceedingly curious: in one place Cervantes wrote: "Here enter as many soldiers as the stage will hold, and Caius Marius with them: they must be armed in the ancient fashion, without musquets. Scipio, ascending a little rock upon the stage, gazes on the soldiery before he addresses them."

In another place, while the priests are performing their invocations, he directs: "Here a noise must be made by rolling a barrel full of stones, and fire-works must be let off."

2. *"Life in Algiers."* *Life in Algiers* contains even less of a legitimate plot than the *Numantia,* and is in reality little more than a succession of incidents intended to excite public sympathy for the captives and having no more continuity or connection one with another than is covered by their community of purpose. The principal characters are Aurelio and Silvia, an affectionate pair who are exposed to the solicitations of their master and mistress, until finally the fidelity of Aurelio is shaken by the enchantments which his mistress Zara produces, but still the demons perceive that they have no power over the Christians. Occasion and Necessity, personified by the dramatist, then offer various suggestions, but he is deaf to their seductive influence, and at the conclusion of the piece both are sent home on the promise of a large ransom.

Another captive named Sebastian indignantly tells of a spectacle of which he had been the witness, the reprisals which the Moors exercised against the Christians. A Moor, who had been forced to submit to the ceremony of baptism at Valencia, had taken up arms against the Christians. Being made prisoner in an engagement, he was recognized and delivered over to the Inquisition, who condemned him to be burnt as a backslider. His relatives

and friends brought a Valencian captive and inflicted a similar death. The incident seems to leave upon us the idea that the Moors were not more to blame than their opponents.

One of the most affecting scenes in the drama is the slave market, when the public crier offers for sale a father, mother and their two children in separate lots. The father does not forget to confide in the goodness of God even in this dreadful calamity; the mother weeps; the children are convinced that no power on earth can dispose of them contrary to the will of their parents, and convey to the reader a frightfully impressive picture. A merchant who is about to buy one of the children makes him open his mouth in order that he may see if he is in good health. The unhappy child imagines that the merchant is going to extract a decayed tooth and assures the purchaser that the tooth does not ache and begs him not to pull it out. The child's ignorance of the terrible destiny which awaits him and the cold calculating interest of the merchant would affect any audience more than the most labored eloquence. After paying 130 piasters for the youngest of the children, the merchant thus addresses him:

Merchant. Come hither, child, 'tis time to go to rest.
Juan. Signor, I will not leave my mother here,
To go with any one.
Mother. Alas! my child, thou art no longer mine,
But his who bought thee.
Juan. What! then, have you, mother,
Forsaken me?
Mother. O Heavens! how cruel are ye!

From Painting by Clairin, Metropolitan Museum, New York

MOORISH SENTINEL

Merchant. Come, hasten, boy.
Juan. Will you go with me, brother?
Francisco. I cannot, Juan, 'tis not in my power,—
May Heaven protect you, Juan!
Mother. Oh, my child,
My joy and my delight, God won't forget thee!
Juan. O father! mother! whither will they bear me
Away from you?
Mother. Permit me, worthy Signor,
To speak a moment in my infant's ear.
Grant me this small contentment; very soon
I shall know nought but grief.
Merchant. What you would say,
Say now; to-night is the last time.
Mother. To-night
Is the first time my heart e'er felt such grief.
Juan. Pray keep me with you, mother, for I know not
Whither he'd carry me.
Mother. Alas, poor child!
Fortune forsook thee even at thy birth;
The heavens are overcast, the elements
Are turbid, and the very sea and winds
Are all combin'd against me. Thou, my child,
Know'st not the dark misfortunes into which
Thou art so early plung'd, but happily
Lackest the power to comprehend thy fate.
What I would crave of thee, my life, since I
Must never more be bless'd with seeing thee,
Is that thou never, never wilt forget
To say, as thou wert wont, thy *Ave Mary;*
For that bright queen of goodness, grace and virtue,
Can loosen all thy bonds and give thee freedom.
Aydar. Behold the wicked Christian, how she counsels
Her innocent child. You wish, then, that your child
Should, like yourself, continue still in error.
Juan. O mother, mother, may I not remain?
And must these Moors then carry me away?
Mother. With thee, my child, they rob me of my treasures.

Juan. Oh I am much afraid!
Mother. 'Tis I, my child,
Who ought to fear at seeing thee depart.
Thou wilt forget thy God, me, and thyself,
What else can I expect from thee, abandon'd
At such a tender age, amongst a people
Full of deceit and all iniquity?
Crier. Silence, you villainous woman, if you would not
Have your head pay for what your tongue has done.

In the fifth act Juan is introduced as a renegade who has been seduced by the dainties and rich clothing given him by his master. He is proud of his turban, disdains the other captives, and considers it a sin for a Mussulman to remain in conversation with Christians. Juan's mother is in despair at his apostasy, but is not again introduced in the play.

Pedro Alvarez, one of the captives, unable longer to bear the horrors of slavery, endeavors to cross the desert and reach Oran by following the line of the coast. He secures ten pounds of biscuits and three pairs of shoes to enter upon a journey of sixty leagues through an unknown country and over a burning desert infested with wild beasts. This is an incident independent of the main plot. In one scene he is introduced as consulting with Saavedra, under which name Cervantes probably intends to represent himself; in another Pedro is in the midst of the desert, lost and wandering, provisions exhausted, clothes in tatters, shoes worn out, and so weak and tormented with hunger that he can with difficulty walk. In this state of distress he invokes the

Virgin of Montserrat, and presently a lion appears and crouches at his feet, the captive's strength is restored, and the lion guides him to safety.

Toward the conclusion of the fifth act, a monk appears, bringing with him money for the ransom of the captives, who fall on their knees in prayer as the curtain descends.

IV. THE "EXEMPLARY NOVELS." Concerning the *Exemplary Novels* Ticknor says, in substance, that their value is different, for they are written with different views and in a variety of style greater than Cervantes has shown elsewhere, but that most of them contain touches of his peculiar talent and are full of that rich eloquence and those pleasing descriptions of natural scenery that always flow so easily from his pen. They are not the graceful type of story-telling of which Boccaccio gave so conspicuous an example, but they are original in their composition and general tone and are strongly marked with the original genius of their author, as well as with the peculiar traits of national character. As works of invention they rank next after *Don Quixote,* and in correctness and grace of style they stand before it. "They are all fresh from the racy soil of national character, as it is found in Andalusia, and are written with an idiomatic richness, a spirit and a grace, which, though they are the oldest tales of their class in Spain, have left them ever since without successful rivals."

In the author's preface to the volume, he gives the following description of himself and remarks that he would rather cut off his hand than write any story that would excite a bad thought or desire in those who read it:

This person whom you see here, with an oval visage, chestnut hair, smooth open forehead, lively eyes, a hooked but well-proportioned nose, a silvery beard that twenty years ago was golden, large moustaches, a small mouth, teeth not much to speak of, for he has but six, in bad condition and worse placed, no two of them corresponding to each other, a figure midway between the two extremes, neither tall nor short, a vivid complexion, rather fair than dark, somewhat stooped in the shoulders, and not very lightfooted: this, I say, is the author of *Galatea, Don Quixote de la Mancha, The Journey to Parnassus,* which he wrote in imitation of Cesare Caporali Perusino, and other works which are current among the public, and perhaps without the author's name. He is commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. He was for many years a soldier, and for five years and a half in captivity, where he learned to have patience in adversity. He lost his left hand by a musket-shot in the battle of Lepanto: and ugly as this wound may appear, he regards it as beautiful, having received it on the most memorable and sublime occasion which past times have ever seen, or future times can hope to equal, fighting under the victorious banners of the son of that thunderbolt of war, Charles V, of blessed memory.

Eleven tales are printed in his book, although he mentions twelve. It is supposed that the tale of the *Impertinent Curious,* printed in *Don Quixote,* is the twelfth. These novels are so true to Spanish life at that time and show such a wealth of incident that it is

worth while to give an analysis of a few and some extracts from them.

1. One of the best tales is called *La Gitanilla (The Little Gypsy Girl),* and contains an extremely interesting picture of the gypsies, who, in their stronghold in Spain, were then occupying as important a position in history as they ever did. It appears that they were noticed first in Europe about the fourteenth century, and of their origin little is known, though from the time they were first recognized they continued to live by themselves in almost all the countries of Europe until rigorous police regulations scattered them or drove them out. Their petty thieving and the skillful manner in which they preyed upon the superstitions of the ignorant made them a serious nuisance. Even yet there are many to be found in England and some in the United States.

The heroine of the story, Preciosa, accompanied by three girls of about her own age, frequents the streets of Madrid under the guidance of an old gypsy woman, playing, singing and dancing in public places and obtaining as much money as possible from generous spectators. Preciosa, gay and vivacious, with a lively power of repartee, modest withal and much respected, having a beauty so great that she attracts the attention of everybody, is invited to the houses of nobles to sing, and even takes part in religious festivals. The beauty and gracefulness of Preciosa make an impres-

sion upon the heart of Andrew, a brilliant young cavalier, who finally falls desperately in love with her and offers himself in marriage, giving at the same time a true account of his family and his position in the world. To this proposal Preciosa replies:

Señor cavalier, though I am but a poor gitana and humbly born, yet I have a certain fantastic little spirit within me, which moves me to great things. Promises do not tempt me, nor presents sap my resolution, nor obsequiousness allure, nor amorous wiles ensnare me; and although by my grandmother's reckoning I shall be but fifteen next Michaelmas, I am already old in thought, and have more understanding than my years would seem to promise. This may, perhaps, be more from nature than from experience; but be that as it may, I know that the passion of love is an impetuous impulse, which violently distorts the current of the will, makes it dash furiously against all impediments, and recklessly pursue the desired object. But not unfrequently when the lover believes himself on the point of gaining the heaven of his wishes, he falls into the hell of disappointment. Or say that the object is obtained, the lover soon becomes wearied of his so much desired treasure, and opening the eyes of his understanding he finds that what before was so devoutly adored is now become abhorrent to him. The fear of such a result inspires me with so great a distrust, that I put no faith in words, and doubt many deeds. One sole jewel I have, which I prize more than life, and that is my virgin purity, which I will not sell for promises or gifts, for sold it would be in that case, and if it could be bought, small indeed would be its value. Nor is it to be filched from me by wiles or artifices; rather will I carry it with me to my grave, and perhaps to heaven, than expose it to danger by listening to specious tales and chimeras. It is a flower which nothing should be allowed to sully, even in imagination if it be possible. Nip the

rose from the spray, and how soon it fades! One touches it, another smells it, a third plucks its leaves, and at last the flower perishes in vulgar hands. If you are come then, señor, for this booty, you shall never bear it away except bound in the ties of wedlock. If you desire to be my spouse, I will be yours; but first there are many conditions to be fulfilled, and many points to be ascertained.

In the first place I must know if you are the person you declare yourself to be. Next, should I find this to be true, you must straightway quit your father's mansion, and exchange it for our tents, where, assuming the garb of a gypsy, you must pass two years in our schools, during which I shall be able to satisfy myself as to your disposition, and you will become acquainted with mine. At the end of that period, if you are pleased with me and I with you, I will give myself up to you as your wife; but till then I will be your sister and your humble servant, and nothing more. Consider, señor, that during the time of this novitiate you may recover your sight, which now seems lost, or at least disordered, and that you may then see fit to shun what now you pursue with so much ardor. You will then be glad to regain your lost liberty, and having done so, you may by sincere repentance obtain pardon of your family for your faults. If on these conditions you are willing to enlist in our ranks, the matter rests in your own hands; but if you fail in any one of them, you shall not touch a finger of mine.

However much surprised at the conditions which she imposes, Andrew accepts them all and declares that in eight days he will present himself at the gypsy camp and enroll himself among their number. The account given of his introduction to the tribe is an interesting exhibition of the gypsies' view of the marriage relation:

At last the appointed day of meeting came, and Andrew arrived in the morning at the old trysting place, mounted on a hired mule, and without any attendant. He found Preciosa and her grandmother waiting for him, and was cordially welcomed by them. He begged they would take him at once to the rancho, before it was broad day, that he might not be recognized should he be sought for. The two gitanas, who had taken the precaution to come alone, immediately wheeled round, and soon arrived with him at their huts. Andrew entered one of them, which was the largest in the rancho, where he was forthwith assisted by ten or twelve gitanos, all handsome strapping young fellows, whom the old woman had previously informed respecting the new comrade who was about to join them. She had not thought it necessary to enjoin them to secrecy; for, as we have already said, they habitually observed it with unexampled sagacity and strictness. Their eyes were at once on the mule, and said one of them, "We can sell this on Thursday in Toledo."

"By no means," said Andrew; "for there is not a hired mule in Madrid, or any other town, but is known to all the muleteers that tramp the roads of Spain."

"Por dios, Señor Andrew," said one of the gang, "if there were more signs and tokens upon the mule than are to precede the day of judgment, we will transform it in such a manner that it could not be known by the mother that bore it, or the master that owned it."

"That may be," said Andrew; "but for this time you must do as I recommend. This mule must be killed, and buried where its bones shall never be seen."

"Put the innocent creature to death!" cried another gypsy. "What a sin! Don't say the word, good Andrew; only do one thing. Examine the beast well, till you have got all its marks well by heart; then let me take it away, and if in two hours from this time you are able to know it again, let me be basted like a runaway negro."

"I must insist upon the mule's being put to death," said Andrew, "though I were ever so sure of its trans-

formation. I am in fear of being discovered unless it is put under ground. If you object for sake of the profit to be made by selling it, I am not come so destitute to this fraternity but that I can pay my footing with more than the price of four mules."

"Well, since the Señor Andrew Caballero will have it so," said the other gitano, "let the sinless creature die, though God knows how much it goes against me, both because of its youth, for it has not yet lost mark of mouth, a rare thing among hired mules, and because it must be a good goer, for it has neither scars on its flank nor marks of the spur."

The slaughter of the mule was postponed till night, and the rest of the day was spent in the ceremonies of Andrew's initiation. They cleared out one of the best huts in the encampment, dressed it with boughs and rushes, and seating Andrew in it on the stump of a cork tree, they put a hammer and tongs in his hands, and made him cut two capers to the sound of two guitars. They then bared one of his arms, tied round it a new silk ribbon through which they passed a short stick, and gave it two turns gently, after the manner of the garotte with which criminals are strangled. Preciosa was present at all this, as were many other gitanas, old and young, some of whom gazed at Andrew with admiration, others with love, and such was his good humor that even the gitanos took most kindly to him.

These ceremonies being ended, an old gypsy took Preciosa by the hand, and setting her opposite Andrew, spoke thus: "This girl, who is the flower and cream of all beauty among the gitanas of Spain, we give to you either for your wife or your mistress, for in that respect you may do whatever shall be most to your liking, since our free and easy life is not subject to squeamish scruples or to much ceremony. Look at her well, and see if she suits you, or if there is anything in her you dislike; if there is, choose from among the maidens here present the one you like best, and we will give her to you. But bear in mind that once your choice is made, you must not

quit it for another, nor make or meddle either with the married women or the maids. We are strict observers of the law of good fellowship; none among us covets the good that belongs to another. We live free and secure from the bitter plague of jealousy; and though incest is frequent amongst us there is no adultery. If a wife or a mistress is unfaithful, we do not go ask the courts of justice to punish; but we ourselves are the judges and executioners of our wives and mistresses, and make no more ado about killing and burying them in the mountains and desert places than if they were vermin. There are no relations to avenge them, no parents to call us to account for their deaths. By reason of this fear and dread, our women learn to live chaste; and we, as I have said, feel no uneasiness about their virtue.

"We have few things which are not common to us all, except wives and mistresses, each of whom we require to be his alone to whom fortune has allotted her. Among us divorce takes place, because of old age as well as by death. Any man may if he likes leave a woman who is too old for him, and choose one more suitable to his years. By means of these and other laws and statutes we contrive to lead a merry life. We are lords of the plains, the corn fields, the woods, mountains, springs and rivers. The mountains yield us wood for nothing, the orchards fruit, the vineyards grapes, the gardens vegetables, the fountains water, the rivers fish, the parks feathered game; the rocks yield us shade, the glades and valleys fresh air, and the caves shelter. For us the inclemencies of the weather are zephyrs, the snow refreshment, the rain baths, the thunder music, and the lightning torches. For us the hard ground is a bed of down; the tanned skin of our bodies is an impenetrable harness to defend us; our nimble limbs submit to no obstacle from iron bars, or trenches, or walls; our courage is not to be twisted out of us by cords, or choked by gauze, or quelled by the rack.

"Between yes and no we make no difference when it suits our convenience to confound them; we always pride

ourselves more on being martyrs than confessors. For us the beasts of burden are reared in the fields, and pockets are filled in the cities. No eagle or other bird of prey pounces more swiftly on its quarry than we upon opportunities that offer us booty. And finally, we possess many qualities which promise us a happy end; for we sing in prison, are silent on the rack, work by day, and by night we thieve, or rather we take means to teach all men that they should exempt themselves from the trouble of seeing where they put their property. We are not distressed by the fear of losing our honor, or kept awake by ambition to increase it. We attach ourselves to no parties; we do not rise by day-light to attend levees and present memorials, or to swell the trains of magnates, or to solicit favors. Our gilded roofs and sumptuous palaces are these portable huts; our Flemish pictures and landscapes are those which nature presents to our eyes at every step in the rugged cliffs and snowy peaks, the spreading meads and leafy groves. We are rustic astronomers, for as we sleep almost always under the open sky, we can tell every hour by day or night. We see how Aurora extinguishes and sweeps away the stars from heaven, and how she comes forth with her companion the dawn, enlivening the air, refreshing the water, and moistening the earth; and after her appears the sun gilding the heights, as the poet sings, and making the mountains smile. We are not afraid of being left chilly by his absence, when his rays fall aslant upon us, or of being roasted when they blaze down upon us perpendicularly. We turn the same countenance to sun and frost, to dearth and plenty. In conclusion, we are people who live by our industry and our wits, without troubling ourselves with the old adage, 'The church, the sea, or the king's household.' We have all we want, for we are content with what we have.

"All these things have I told you, generous youth, that you may not be ignorant of the life to which you are come, and the manners and customs you will have to profess, which I have here sketched for you in the rough. Many

other particulars, no less worthy of consideration, you will discover for yourself in process of time."

Here the eloquent old gitano closed his discourse, and the novice replied, that he congratulated himself much on having been made acquainted with such laudable statutes; that he desired to make profession of an order so based on reason and politic principles; that his only regret was that he had not sooner come to the knowledge of so pleasant a life; and that from that moment he renounced his knighthood, and the vain glory of his illustrious lineage, and placed them beneath the yoke, or beneath the laws under which they lived, forasmuch as they so magnificently recompensed the desire he had to serve them, in bestowing upon him the divine Preciosa, for whom he would surrender many crowns and wide empires, or desire them only for her sake.

Preciosa spoke next: "Whereas these señores, our lawgivers," she said, "have determined, according to their laws, that I should be yours, and as such have given me up to you, I have decreed, in accordance with the law of my own will, which is the strongest of all, that I will not be so except upon the conditions heretofore concerted between us two. You must live two years in our company before you enjoy mine, so that you may neither repent through fickleness, nor I be deceived through precipitation. Conditions supersede laws; those which I have prescribed you know; if you choose to keep them, I may be yours, and you mine; if not, the mule is not dead, your clothes are whole, and not a doit of your money is spent. Your absence from home has not yet extended to the length of a day; what remains you may employ in considering what best suits you. These señores may give up my body to you, but not my soul, which is free, was born free, and shall remain free. If you remain, I shall esteem you much; if you depart, I shall do so no less; for I hold that amorous impulses run with a loose rein, until they are brought to a halt by reason or disenchantment. I would not have you be towards me like the sportsman, who when he has bagged a hare thinks

no more of it, but runs after another. The eyes are sometimes deceived; at first sight tinsel looks like gold; but they soon recognize the difference between the genuine and the false metal. This beauty of mine, which you say I possess, and which you exalt above the sun, and declare more precious than gold, how do I know but that at a nearer view it will appear to you a shadow, and when tested will seem but base metal? I give you two years to weigh and ponder well what will be right to choose or reject. Before you buy a jewel, which you can only get rid of by death, you ought to take much time to examine it, and ascertain its faults or its merits. I do not assent to the barbarous license which these kinsmen of mine have assumed, to forsake their wives or chastise them when the humor takes them; and as I do not intend to do anything which calls for punishment, I will not take for my mate one who will abandon me at his own caprice."

"You are right, Preciosa," said Andrew; "and so if you would have me quiet your fears and abate your doubts, by swearing not to depart a jot from the conditions you prescribe, choose what form of oath I shall take, or what other assurance I shall give you, and I will do exactly as you desire."

"The oaths and promises which the captive makes to obtain his liberty are seldom fulfilled when he is free," returned Preciosa; "and it is just the same, I fancy, with the lover, who to obtain his desire will promise the wings of Mercury, and the thunderbolts of Jove; and indeed a certain poet promised myself no less, and swore it by the Stygian lake. I want no oaths or promises, Señor Andrew, but to leave everything to the result of this novitiate. It will be my business to take care of myself, if at any time you should think of offending me."

"Be it so," said Andrew. "One request I have to make of these señores and comrades mine, and that is that they will not force me to steal anything for a month or so; for it strikes me that it will take a great many lessons to make me a thief."

"Never fear, my son," said the old gypsy; "for we will instruct you in such a manner that you will turn out an eagle in our craft; and when you have learned it, you will like it so much, that you will be ready to eat your hand, it will so itch after it. Yes, it is fine fun to go out empty-handed in the morning, and to return loaded at night to the rancho."

"I have seen some return with a whipping," said Andrew.

"One cannot catch trouts dry shod," the old man replied: "all things in this life have their perils: the acts of the thief are liable to the galleys, whipping, and the scragging-post; but it is not because one ship encounters a storm, or springs a leak, that others should cease to sail the seas. It would be a fine thing if there were to be no soldiers, because war consumes men and horses. Besides, a whipping by the hand of justice is for us a badge of honor, which becomes us better worn on the shoulders than on the breast. The main point is to avoid having to dance upon nothing in our young days, and for our first offenses; but as for having our shoulders dusted, or thrashing the water in a galley, we don't mind that a nutshell. For the present, Andrew, my son, keep snug in the nest under the shelter of our wings; in due time, we will take you out to fly, and that where you will not return without a prey; and the short and the long of it is, that by and by you will lick your fingers after every theft."

"Meanwhile," said Andrew, "as a compensation for what I might bring in by thieving during the vacation allowed me, I will divide two hundred gold crowns among all the members of the rancho."

The words were no sooner out of his mouth, than several gitanos caught him up in their arms, hoisted him upon their shoulders, and bore him along, shouting, "Long life to the great Andrew, and long life to Preciosa his beloved!" The gitanas did the same with Preciosa, not without exciting the envy of Christina, and the other gitanillas present; for envy dwells alike in the tents of

barbarians, the huts of shepherds, and the palaces of princes; and to see another thrive who seems no better than oneself is a great weariness to the spirit.

This done, they ate a hearty dinner, made an equitable division of the gift money, repeated their praises of Andrew, and exalted Preciosa's beauty to the skies. When night fell, they broke the mule's neck, and buried it, so as to relieve Andrew of all fear of its leading to his discovery; they likewise buried with it the trappings, saddle, bridle, girths and all, after the manner of the Indians, whose chief ornaments are laid in the grave with them.

After a series of adventures, in which the cavalier bears his part nobly, and, while pretending to do his share of thieving, maintains his integrity, the discovery of his love is made by his parents, and the story terminates happily in the manner in which most of the romances of that age ended, namely, Preciosa is found to be the daughter of a wealthy family, who, while a babe, had been stolen by the old gypsy woman, and thus all impediments to the marriage between her and her lover are removed.

2. *The Generous Lover* contains the adventures of Christians who have been reduced to slavery by the Turks, and Cervantes, wise in his own experiences of imprisonment and slavery, pictures the condition of his characters in vivid colors. The generous lover and his mistress Leonisa were made captive while at a garden fête in Sicily, and after long periods of wild adventure, suspicion, jealousy and interference of all sorts are finally brought

together and happily married at the place whence they were first taken.

3. *Rinconete and Cortadillo* is a novel of an entirely different sort, a typical picaresque story of the best kind, describing life among robbers and those who live by their wits, in a humorous and taking manner. The most laughable portions of the story concern the strange combination of religious devotion and licentiousness which characterize people of that stamp, although much of it has lost its applicability at the present time. We quote the first part of the story:

At the Venta or hostelry of the Mulinillo, which is situate on the confines of the renowned plain of Alcudia, and on the road from Castile to Andalusia, two striplings met by chance on one of the hottest days of summer. One of them was about fourteen or fifteen years of age; the other could not have passed his seventeenth year. Both were well formed, and of comely features, but in very ragged and tattered plight. Cloaks they had none; their breeches were of linen, and their stockings were merely those bestowed on them by Nature. It is true they boasted shoes; one of them wore alpargates, or rather dragged them along at his heels; the other had what might as well have been shackles for all the good they did the wearer, being rent in the uppers, and without soles. Their respective head-dresses were a montera and a miserable sombrero, low in the crown and wide in the brim. On his shoulder, and crossing his breast like a scarf, one of them carried a shirt, the color of chamois leather; the body of this garment was rolled up and thrust into one of its sleeves: the other, though traveling without incumbrance, bore on his chest what seemed a large pack, but which proved, on closer inspection, to be the remains of a starched ruff, now stiffened with grease

instead of starch, and so worn and frayed that it looked like a bundle of hemp.

Within this collar, wrapped up and carefully treasured, was a pack of cards, excessively dirty, and reduced to an oval form by repeated paring of their dilapidated corners. The lads were both much burned by the sun, their hands were anything but clean, and their long nails were edged with black; one had a dudgeon-dagger by his side; the other a knife with a yellow handle.

These gentlemen had selected for their siesta the porch or penthouse commonly found before a Venta; and, finding themselves opposite each other, he who appeared to be the elder said to the younger, "Of what country is your worship, noble Sir, and by what road do you propose to travel?" "What is my country, Señor Cavalier," returned the other, "I know not; nor yet which way my road lies."

"Your worship, however, does not appear to have come from heaven," rejoined the elder, "and as this is not a place wherein a man can take up his abode for good, you must, of necessity, be going further." "That is true," replied the younger; "I have, nevertheless, told you only the veritable fact; for as to my country, it is mine no more, since all that belongs to me there is a father who does not consider me his child, and a step-mother who treats me like a son-in-law. With regard to my road, it is that which chance places before me, and it will end wherever I may find some one who will give me the wherewithal to sustain this miserable life of mine."

"Is your worship acquainted with any craft?" inquired the first speaker. "With none," returned the other, "except that I can run like a hare, leap like a goat, and handle a pair of scissors with great dexterity."

"These things are all very good, useful, and profitable," rejoined the elder. "You will readily find the Sacristan of some church who will give your worship the offering-bread of All Saints' Day, for cutting him his paper flowers to decorate the Monument on Holy Thursday."

"But that is not my manner of cutting," replied the younger. "My father, who, by God's mercy, is a tailor and hose maker, taught me to cut out that kind of spatterdashes properly called Polainas, which, as your worship knows, cover the fore part of the leg and come down over the instep. These I can cut out in such style, that I could pass an examination for the rank of master in the craft; but my ill luck keeps my talents in obscurity."

"The common lot, Señor, of able men," replied the first speaker, "for I have always heard that it is the way of the world to let the finest talents go to waste; but your worship is still at an age when this evil fortune may be remedied, and the rather since, if I mistake not, and my eyes do not deceive me, you have other advantageous qualities which it is your pleasure to keep secret." "It is true that I have such," returned the younger gentleman, "but they are not of a character to be publicly proclaimed, as your worship has very judiciously observed."

"But I," rejoined the elder, "may with confidence assure you, that I am one of the most discreet and prudent persons to be found within many a league. In order to induce your worship to open your heart and repose your faith on my honor, I will enlist your sympathies by first laying bare my own bosom; for I imagine that fate has not brought us together without some hidden purpose. Nay, I believe that we are to be true friends from this day to the end of our lives.

"I, then, Señor Hidalgo, am a native of Fuenfrida, a place very well known, indeed renowned for the illustrious travelers who are constantly passing through it. My name is Pedro del Rincon, my father is a person of quality, and a Minister of the Holy Crusade, since he holds the important charge of a Bulero or Buldero, as the vulgar call it. I was for some time his assistant in that office, and acquitted myself so well, that in all things concerning the sale of bulls I could hold my own with any man, though he had the right to consider himself the most accomplished in the profession. But one day, having placed my affections on the money produced by the

bulls, rather than on the bulls themselves, I took a bag of crowns to my arms, and we two departed together for Madrid.

"In that city, such are the facilities that offer themselves, I soon gutted my bag, and left it with as many wrinkles as a bridegroom's pocket-handkerchief. The person who was charged with the collection of the money, hastened to track my steps; I was taken, and met with but scant indulgence; only, in consideration of my youth, their worships the judges contented themselves with introducing me to the acquaintance of the whipping-post, to have the flies whisked from my shoulders for a certain time, and commanding me to abstain from revisiting the Court and Capital during a period of four years. I took the matter coolly, bent my shoulders to the operation performed at their command, and made so much haste to begin my prescribed term of exile, that I had no time to procure sumpter mules, but contented myself with selecting from my valuables such as seemed most important and useful.

"I did not fail to include this pack of cards among them,"—here the speaker exhibited that oviform specimen already mentioned—"and with these I have gained my bread among the inns and taverns between Madrid and this place, by playing at Vingt-et-un. It is true they are somewhat soiled and worn, as your worship sees; but for him who knows how to handle them, they possess a marvelous virtue, which is, that you never cut them but you find an ace at the bottom; if your worship then is acquainted with the game, you will see what an advantage it is to know for certain that you have an ace to begin with, since you may count it either for one or eleven; and so you may be pretty sure that when the stakes are laid at twenty-one, your money will be much disposed to stay at home.

"In addition to this, I have acquired the knowledge of certain mysteries regarding Lansquenet and Reversis, from the cook of an ambassador who shall be nameless,—insomuch that, even as your worship might pass as

master in the cutting of spatterdashes, so could I, too, take my degrees in the art of flat-catching.

"With all these acquirements, I am tolerably sure of not dying from hunger, since, even in the most retired farm-house I come to, there is always some one to be found who will not refuse himself the recreation of a few moments at cards. We have but to make a trial where we are; let us spread the net, and it will go hard with us if some bird out of all the Muleteers standing about do not fall into it. I mean to say, that if we two begin now to play at Vingt-et-un as though we were in earnest, some one will probably desire to make a third, and, in that case, he shall be the man to leave his money behind him."

"With all my heart," replied the younger lad; "and I consider that your excellency has done me a great favor by communicating to me the history of your life. You have thereby made it impossible for me to conceal mine, and I will hasten to relate it as briefly as possible. Here it is, then:—

"I was born at Pedroso, a village situate between Salamanca and Medina del Campo. My father is a tailor, as I have said, and taught me his trade; but from cutting with the scissors I proceeded—my natural abilities coming in aid—to the cutting of purses. The dull, mean life of the village, and the unloving conduct of my mother-in-law, were besides but little to my taste. I quitted my birthplace, therefore, repaired to Toledo to exercise my art, and succeeded in it to admiration; for there is not a reliquary suspended to the dress, not a pocket, however carefully concealed, but my fingers shall probe its contents, or my scissors snip it off, though the owner were guarded by the eyes of Argus.

"During four months I spent in Toledo, I was never trapped between two doors, nor caught in the fact, nor pursued by the runners of justice, nor blown upon by an informer. It is true that, eight days ago, a double spy did set forth my distinguished abilities to the Corregidor, and the latter, taking a fancy to me from his description, desired to make my acquaintance; but I am a modest

youth, and do not wish to frequent the society of personages so important. Wherefore I took pains to excuse myself from visiting him, and departed in so much haste, that I, like yourself, had not time to procure sumpter mules or small change,—nay, I could not even find a return-chaise, nor so much as a cart."

"Console yourself for these omissions," replied Pedro del Rincon; "and since we now know each other, let us drop these grand and stately airs, and confess frankly that we have not a blessed farthing between us, nor even shoes to our feet."

"Be it so," returned Diego Cortado, for so the younger boy called himself. "Be it so; and since our friendship, as your worship Señor Rincon is pleased to say, is to last our whole lives, let us begin it with solemn and laudable ceremonies,"—saying which, Diego rose to his feet, and embraced the Señor Rincon, who returned the compliment with equal tenderness and emotion.

They then began to play at Vingt-et-un with the cards above described, which were certainly "free from dust and straw," as we say, but by no means free from grease and knavery; and after a few deals, Cortado could turn up an ace as well as Rincon his master. When things had attained this point, it chanced that a Muleteer came out at the porch, and, as Rincon had anticipated, he soon proposed to make a third in their game.

To this they willingly agreed, and in less than half an hour they had won from him twelve reals and twenty-two maravedis, which he felt as sorely as twelve stabs with a dagger and twenty-two thousand sorrows. Presuming that the young chaps would not venture to defend themselves, he thought to get back his money by force; but the two friends laying hands promptly, the one on his dudgeon dagger and the other on his yellow-handled knife, gave the Muleteer so much to do, that if his companions had not hastened to assist him, he would have come badly out of the quarrel.

At that moment there chanced to pass by a company of travelers on horseback, who were going to make their

siesta at the hostelry of the Alcalde, about half a league farther on. Seeing the affray between the Muleteer with two boys, they interposed, and offered to take the latter in their company to Seville, if they were going to that city.

"That is exactly where we desire to go," exclaimed Rincon, "and we will serve your worships in all that it shall please you to command." Whereupon, without more ado, they sprang before the mules, and departed with the travelers, leaving the Muleteer despoiled of his money and furious with rage, while the hostess was in great admiration of the finished education and accomplishments of the two rogues, whose dialogue she had heard from beginning to end, while they were not aware of her presence.

When the hostess told the Muleteer that she had heard the boys say the cards they played with were false, the man tore his beard for rage, and would have followed them to the other Venta, in the hope of recovering his property; for he declared it to be a serious affront, and a matter touching his honor, that two boys should have cheated a grown man like him. But his companions dissuaded him from doing what they declared would be nothing better than publishing his own folly and incapacity; and their arguments, although they did not console the Muleteer, were sufficient to make him remain where he was.

Meanwhile Cortado and Rincon displayed so much zeal and readiness in the service of the travelers, that the latter gave them a lift behind them for the greater part of the way. They might many a time have rifled the portmanteaus of their temporary masters, but did not, lest they should thereby lose the happy opportunity of seeing Seville, in which city they greatly desired to exercise their talents. Nevertheless, as they entered Seville—which they did at the hour of evening prayer, and by the gate of the custom-house, on account of the dues to be paid, and the trunks to be examined—Cortado could not refrain from making an examination, on his own

account, of the valise which a Frenchman of the company carried with him on the croup of his mule. With his yellow-handled weapon, therefore, he gave it so deep and broad a wound in the side that its very entrails were exposed to view; and he dexterously drew forth two good shirts, a sun-dial, and a memorandum book, things that did not greatly please him when he had leisure to examine them. Thinking that since the Frenchman carried that valise on his own mule, it must needs contain matters of more importance than those he had captured, Cortado would fain have looked further into it, but he abstained, as it was probable that the deficiency had been already discovered, and the remaining effects secured. Before performing this feat the friends had taken leave of those who had fed them on their journey, and the following day they sold the two shirts in the old clothes' market, which is held at the gate of the Almacen or arsenal, obtaining twenty reals for their booty.

Having despatched this business, they went to see the city, and admired the great magnificence and vast size of its principal church, and the vast concourse of people on the quays, for it happened to be the season for loading the fleet. There were also six galleys on the water, at sight of which the friends could not refrain from sighing, as they thought the day might come when they should be clapped on board one of those vessels for the remainder of their lives. They remarked the large number of basket-boys, porters, etc., who went to and fro about the ships, and inquired of one among them what sort of a trade it was—whether it was very laborious—and what were the gains.

An Asturian, of whom they made the inquiry, gave answer to the effect that the trade was a very pleasant one, since they had no harbor-dues to pay, and often found themselves at the end of the day with six or seven reals in their pocket, with which they might eat, drink and enjoy themselves like kings. Those of his calling, he said, had no need to seek a master to whom security must be given, and you could dine when and where you

please, since, in the city of Seville, there is not an eating-house, however humble, where you will not find all you want at any hour of the day.

The account given by the Asturian was by no means discouraging to the two friends, neither did his calling seem amiss to them; nay, rather, it appeared to be invented for the very purpose of enabling them to exercise their own profession in secrecy and safety, on account of the facilities it offered for entering houses. They consequently determined to buy such things as were required for the instant adoption of the new trade, especially as they could enter upon it without undergoing any previous scrutiny.

In reply to their further inquiries, the Asturian told them that it would be sufficient if each had a small porter's bag of linen, either new or second-hand, so it was but clean, with three palm-baskets, two large and one small, wherein to carry the meat, fish, and fruit purchased by their employers, while the bag was to be used for carrying the bread. He took them to where all these things were sold; they supplied themselves out of the plunder of the Frenchman, and in less than two hours they might have been taken for regular graduates in their new profession, so deftly did they manage their baskets, and so jauntily carry their bags. Their instructor furthermore informed them of the different places at which they were to make their appearance daily: in the morning at the shambles, and at the market of St. Salvador; on fast-days at the fish-market; every afternoon on the quay, and on Thursdays at the fair.

All these lessons the two friends carefully stored in their memory, and the following morning both repaired in good time to the market of St. Salvador. Scarcely had they arrived before they were remarked by numbers of young fellows of the trade, who soon perceived, by the shining brightness of their bags and baskets, that they were new beginners. They were assailed with a thousand questions, to all which they replied with great presence of mind and discretion. Presently up came two customers,

one of whom had the appearance of a Student, the other was a Soldier; both were attracted by the clean and new appearance of their baskets; and he who seemed to be a Student beckoned Cortado, while the Soldier engaged Rincon. "In God's name be it!" exclaimed both the novices in a breath—Rincon adding, "It is a good beginning of the trade, master, since it is your worship that is giving me my hansel." "The hansel shall not be a bad one," replied the Soldier, "seeing that I have been lucky at cards of late, and am in love. I propose this day to regale the friends of my lady with a feast, and am come to buy the materials." "Load away, then, your worship," replied Rincon, "and lay on me as much as you please, for I feel courage enough to carry off the whole market; nay, if you should desire me to aid in cooking what I carry, it shall be done with all my heart."

The Soldier was pleased with the boy's ready goodwill, and told him that if he felt disposed to enter his service he would relieve him from the degrading office he then bore; but Rincon declared, that since this was the first day on which he had tried it, he was not willing to abandon the work so soon, or at least until he had seen what profit there was to be made of it; but if it did not suit him, he gave the gentleman his word that he would prefer the service offered him even to that of a Canon.

The Soldier laughed, loaded him well, and showed him the house of his lady, bidding him observe it well that he might know it another time, so that he might be able to send him there again without being obliged to accompany him. Rincon promised fidelity and good conduct; the Soldier gave him three quartos, and the lad returned like a shot to the market, that he might lose no opportunity by delay. Besides, he had been well advised in respect of diligence by the Asturian, who had likewise told him that when he was employed to carry small fish, such as sprats, sardines, or flounders, he might very well take a few for himself and have the first taste of them, were it only to diminish his expenses of the day, but that he

must do this with infinite caution and prudence, lest the confidence of the employers should be disturbed; for to maintain confidence was above all things important in their trade.

But whatever haste Rincon had made to return, he found Cortado at his post before him. The latter instantly inquired how he had got on. Rincon opened his hand and showed the three quartos; when Cortado, thrusting his arm into his bosom, drew forth a little purse which appeared to have once been of amber-colored silk, and was not badly filled. "It was with this," said he, "that my service to his reverence the Student has been rewarded—with this and two quartos besides. Do you take it, Rincon, for fear of what may follow."

Cortado had scarcely given the purse in secret to his companion, before the Student returned in a great heat, and looking in mortal alarm. He no sooner set eyes on Cortado, than, hastening towards him, he inquired if he had by chance seen a purse with such and such marks and tokens, and which had disappeared, together with fifteen crowns in gold pieces, three double reals, and a certain number of maravedis in quartos and octavos. "Did you take it from me yourself," he added, "while I was buying in the market, with you standing beside me?"

To this Cortado replied with perfect composure, "All I can tell you of your purse is, that it cannot be lost, unless, indeed, your worship has left it in bad hands."

"That is the very thing, sinner that I am," returned the Student. "To a certainty I must have left it in bad hands, since it has been stolen from me." "I say the same," rejoined Cortado, "but there is a remedy for every misfortune excepting death. The best thing your worship can do now is to have patience, for after all it is God who has made us, and after one day there comes another. If one hour gives us wealth, another takes it away; but it may happen that the man who has stolen your purse may in time repent, and may return it to your worship, with all the interest due on the loan."

"The interest I will forgive him," exclaimed the Student; and Cortado resumed:—"There are, besides, those letters of excommunication, the Paulinas; and there is also good diligence in seeking for the thief, which is the mother of success. Of a truth, Sir, I would not willingly be in the place of him who has stolen your purse; for if your worship have received any of the sacred orders, I should feel as if I had been guilty of some great crime—nay of sacrilege—in stealing from your person."

"Most certainly the thief has committed a sacrilege," replied the Student, in pitiable tones; "for although I am not in orders, but am only a Sacristan of certain nuns, yet the money in my purse was the third of the income due from a chapelry, which I had been commissioned to receive by a priest, who is one of my friends, so that the purse does, in fact, contain blessed and sacred money."

"Let him eat his sin with his bread," exclaimed Rincon at that moment; "I should be sorry to become bail for the profit he will obtain from it. There will be a day of judgment at the last, when all things will have to pass, as they say, through the holes of the colander, and it will then be known who was the scoundrel that has had the audacity to plunder and make off with the whole third of the revenue of a chapelry! But tell me, Mr. Sacristan, on your life, what is the amount of the whole yearly income?"

"Income to the devil, and you with it," replied the Sacristan, with more rage than was becoming; "am I in a humor to talk to you about income? Tell me, brother, if you know anything of the purse; if not, God be with you—I must go and have it cried."

"That does not seem to me so bad a remedy," remarked Cortado; "but I warn your worship not to forget the precise description of the purse, nor the exact sum that it contains; for if you commit the error of a single mite, the money will never be suffered to appear again while the world is a world, and that you may take for a prophecy."

"I am not afraid of committing any mistake in describing the purse," returned the Sacristan, "for I remember it better than I do the ringing of my bells, and I shall not commit the error of an atom." Saying this, he drew a laced handkerchief from his pocket to wipe away the perspiration which rained down his face as from an alembic; but no sooner had Cortado set eyes on the handkerchief, than he marked it for his own.

When the Sacristan had got to a certain distance, therefore, Cortado followed, and having overtaken him as he was mounting the steps of a church, he took him apart, and poured forth so interminable a string of rigmarole, all about the theft of the purse, and the prospect of recovering it, that the poor Sacristan could do nothing but listen with open mouth, unable to make head or tail of what he said, although he made him repeat it two or three times.

Cortado meanwhile continued to look fixedly into the eyes of the Sacristan, whose own were riveted on the face of the boy, and seemed to hang, as it were, on his words. This gave Cortado an opportunity to finish his job, and having cleverly whipped the handkerchief out of the pocket, he took leave of the Sacristan, appointing to meet him in the evening at the same place, for he suspected that a certain lad of his own height and the same occupation, who was a bit of a thief, had stolen the purse, and he should be able to ascertain the fact in a few days, more or less.

Somewhat consoled by this promise, the Sacristan took his leave of Cortado, who then returned to the place where Rincon had privily witnessed all that had passed. But a little behind him stood another basket-boy, who had also seen the whole transaction; and at the moment when Cortado passed the handkerchief to Rincon, the stranger accosted the pair.

"Tell me, gallant gentlemen," said he, "are you admitted to the Mala Entrada, or not?"

"We do not understand your meaning, noble Sir," replied Rincon.

"How! not entered, brave Murcians?" replied the other.

"We are neither of Murcia nor of Thebes," replied Cortado. "If you have anything else to say to us, speak; if not, go your ways, and God be with you."

"Oh, your worships do not understand, don't you?" said the porter; "but I will soon make you understand, and even sup up my meaning with a silver spoon. I mean to ask you, gentlemen, are your worships thieves? But why put the question, since I see well that you are thieves; and it is rather for you to tell me how it is that you have not presented yourselves at the custom-house of the Señor Monipodio."

"Do they then pay duty on the right of thieving in this country, gallant Sir?" exclaimed Rincon.

"If they do not pay duty, at least they make them register themselves with the Señor Monipodio, who is the father, master and protector of thieves; and I recommend you to come with me and pay your respects to him forthwith, or, if you refuse to do that, make no attempt to exercise your trade without his mark and pass-word, or it will cost you dearly."

"I thought, for my part," remarked Cortado, "that the profession of thieving was a free one, exempt from all taxes and port dues; or, at least, that if we must pay, it is something to be levied in the lump, for which we give a mortgage upon our shoulders and our necks; but since it is as you say, and every land has its customs, let us pay due respect to this of yours; we are now in the first country of the world, and without doubt the customs of the place must be in the highest degree judicious. Wherefore your worship may be pleased to conduct us to the place where this gentleman of whom you have spoken is to be found. I cannot but suppose, from what you say, that he is much honored, of great power and influence, of very generous nature, and, above all, highly accomplished in the profession."

"Honored, generous, and accomplished! do you say?" replied the boy: "aye, that he is; so much so, that during

the four years that he has held the seat of our chief and father, only four of us have suffered at Finibusterry; some thirty or so, and not more, have lost leather; and but sixty-two have been lagged."

"Truly, Sir," rejoined Rincon, "all this is Hebrew to us; we know no more about it than we do of flying."

"Let us be jogging, then," replied the new-comer, "and on the way I will explain to you these and other things, which it is requisite you should know as pat as bread to mouth;" and, accordingly, he explained to them a whole vocabulary of that thieves' Latin which they call Germanesco, or Gerigonza, and which their guide used in the course of his lecture,—by no means a short one, for the distance they had to traverse was of considerable length.

On the road, Rincon said to his new acquaintance, "Does your worship happen to be a Thief?"

"Yes," replied the lad, "I have that honor, for the service of God and of all good people; but I cannot boast of being among the most distinguished, since I am as yet but in the year of my novitiate."

"It is news to me," remarked Cortado, "that there are thieves for the service of God and of good people."

"Señor," the other replied, "I don't meddle with theology; but this I know, that every one may serve God in his vocation, the more so as daddy Monipodio keeps such good order in that respect among all his children."

"His must needs be a holy and edifying command," rejoined Rincon, "since it enjoins thieves to serve God."

"It is so holy and edifying," exclaimed the stranger, "that I don't believe a better will ever be known in our trade. His orders are that we give something by way of alms out of all we steal, to buy oil for the lamp of a highly venerated image, well known in this city; and we have really seen great things result from that good work. Not many days ago, one of our *cuatreros* had to take three *ansias* for having come the Murcian over a couple of *roznos*, and although he was but a poor weak fellow, and ill of the fever to boot, he bore them all without singing

out, as though they had been mere trifles. This we of the profession attribute to his particular devotion to the Virgin of the Lamp, for he was so weak, that, of his own strength, he could not have endured the first *desconcierto* of the hangman's wrist. But now, as I guess, you will want to know the meaning of certain words just used; I will take physic before I am sick—that is to say, give you the explanation before you ask for it.

"Be pleased to know then, gentlemen, that a *cuatrero* is a stealer of cattle; the *ansia* is the question or torture. *Roznos*—saving your presence—are asses, and the first *desconcierto* is the first turn of the cord which is given by the executioner when we are on the rack. But we do more than burn oil to the Virgin. There is not one of us who does not recite his rosary carefully, dividing it into portions for each day of the week. Many will not steal at all on a Friday, and on Saturdays we never speak to any woman who is called Mary."

"All these things fill me with admiration," replied Cortado; "but may I trouble your worship to tell me, have you no other penance than this to perform? Is there no restitution to make?"

"As to restitution," returned the other, "it is a thing not to be mentioned; besides, it would be wholly impossible, on account of the numerous portions into which things stolen have to be divided before each one of the agents and contractors has received the part due to him. When all these have had their share, the original thief would find it difficult to make restitution. Moreover, there is no one to bid us do anything of that kind, seeing that we do not go to confession. And if letters of excommunication are out against us, they rarely come to our knowledge, because we take care not to go into the churches while the priests are reading them, unless, indeed, it be on the days of Jubilee, for then we do go, on account of the vast profits we make from the crowds of people assembled on that occasion."

"And proceeding in this manner," observed Cortado, "your worships think that your lives are good and holy?"

"Certainly! for what is there bad in them?" replied the other lad. "Is it not worse to be a heretic or a renegade? or to kill your father or mother?"

"Without doubt," admitted Cortado; "but now, since our fate has decided that we are to enter this brotherhood, will your worship be pleased to step out a little, for I am dying to behold this Señor Monipodio, of whose virtues you relate such fine things."

"That wish shall soon be gratified," replied the stranger, "nay, even from this place we can perceive his house: but your worships must remain at the door until I have gone in to see if he be disengaged, since these are the hours at which he gives audience."

"So be it," replied Rincon; and the Thief preceding them for a short distance, they saw him enter a house which, so far from being handsome, had a very mean and wretched appearance. The two friends remained at the door to await their guide, who soon reappeared, and called to them to come in. He then bade them remain for the present in a little paved court, or patio, so clean and carefully rubbed that the red bricks shone as if covered with the finest vermilion. On one side of the court was a three-legged stool, before which stood a large pitcher with the lip broken off, and on the top of the pitcher was placed a small jug equally dilapidated. On the other side lay a rush mat, and in the middle was a fragment of crockery which did service as the recipient of some sweet basil.

The two boys examined these movables attentively while awaiting the descent of the Señor Monipodio, but finding that he delayed his appearance, Rincon ventured to put his head into one of two small rooms which opened on the court. There he saw two fencing foils, and two bucklers of cork hung upon four nails; there was also a great chest, but without a lid or anything to cover it, with three rush mats extended on the floor. On the wall in face of him was pasted a figure of Our Lady—one of the coarsest of prints—and beneath it was a small basket of straw, with a little vessel of white earthenware sunk

into the wall. The basket Rincon took to be a poor box, for receiving alms, and the little basin he supposed to be a receptacle for holy water, as in truth they were.

While the friends thus waited, there came into the court two young men of some twenty years each; they were clothed as students, and were followed soon afterwards by two of the basket boys or porters, and a blind man. Neither spoke a word to the other, but all began to walk up and down in the court. No long time elapsed before there also came in two old men clothed in black serge, and with spectacles on their noses, which gave them the air of much gravity, and made them look highly respectable: each held in his hand a rosary, the beads of which made a ringing sound. Behind these men came an old woman wearing a long and ample gown, who, without uttering a word, proceeded at once to the room wherein was the figure of Our Lady. She then took holy water with the greatest devotion, placed herself on her knees before the Virgin, and after remaining there a considerable time, first kissed the soil thrice, and then rising, lifted her arms and eyes towards heaven, in which attitude she remained a certain time longer. She then dropped her alms into the little wicker case—and that done, she issued forth among the company in the patio.

Finally there were assembled in the court as many as fourteen persons of various costumes and different professions. Among the latest arrivals were two dashing and elegant youths with long moustachios, hats of immense brims, broad collars, stiffly starched, colored stockings, garters with great bows and fringed ends, swords of a length beyond that permitted by law, and each having a pistol in his belt, with a buckler hanging on his arm. No sooner had these men entered, than they began to look askance at Rincon and Cortado, whom they were evidently surprised to see there, as persons unknown to themselves. At length the new-comers accosted the two friends, asking if they were of the brotherhood. "We are so," replied Rincon, "and the very humble servants of your worships besides."

At this moment the Señor Monipodio honored the respectable assembly with his welcome presence. He appeared to be about five or six-and-forty years old, tall, and of dark complexion; his eyebrows met on his forehead, his black beard was very thick, and his eyes were deeply sunk in his head. He had come down in his shirt, through the opening of which was seen a hairy bosom, as rough and thick set as a forest of brushwood. Over his shoulders was thrown a serge cloak, reaching nearly to his feet, which were cased in old shoes, cut down to make slippers; his legs were covered with a kind of linen gaiters, wide and ample, which fell low upon his ankles. His hat was that worn by those of the Hampa, bell-formed in the crown, and very wide in the brim. Across his breast was a leather baldric, supporting a broad, short sword of the *perrillo* fashion. His hands were short and coarse, the fingers thick, and the nails much flattened: his legs were concealed by the gaiters, but his feet were of immoderate size, and the most clumsy form. In short, he was the coarsest and most repulsive barbarian ever beheld. With him came the conductor of the two friends; who, taking Rincon and Cortado each by a hand, presented them to Monipodio, saying, "These are the two good boys of whom I spoke to your worship, Señor Monipodio. May it please your worship to examine them, and you will see how well they are prepared to enter our brotherhood." "That I will do willingly," replied Monipodio.

But I had forgotten to say, that what Monipodio had first appeared, all those who were waiting for him, made a deep and long reverence, the two dashing cavaliers alone excepted, who did but just touch their hats, and then continued their walk up and down the court.

Monipodio also began to pace up and down the patio, and, as he did so, he questioned the new disciples as to their trade, their birthplace, and their parents. To this Rincon replied, "Our trade is sufficiently obvious, since we are here before your worship; as to our country, it does not appear to me essential to the matter in hand

that we should declare it, any more than the names of our parents, since we are not now stating our qualifications for admission into some noble order of knighthood."

"What you say, my son, is true, as well as discreet," replied Monipodio; "and it is, without doubt, highly prudent to conceal those circumstances; for if things should turn out badly, there is no need to have placed upon the books of register, and under the sign manual of the justice-clerk, 'So and so, native of such a place, was hanged, or made to dance at the whipping-post, on such a day,' with other announcements of the like kind, which, to say the least of them, do not sound agreeable in respectable ears. Thus, I repeat, that to conceal the name and abode of your parents, and even to change your own proper appellation, are prudent measures. Between ourselves there must, nevertheless, be no concealment: for the present I will ask your names only, but these you must give me."

Rincon then told his name, and so did Cortado; whereupon Monipodio said, "Henceforward I request and desire that you, Rincon, call yourself Rinconete, and you, Cortado, Cortadillo; these being names which accord, as though made in a mold, with your age and circumstances, as well as with our ordinances, which make it needful that we should also know the names of the parents of our comrades, because it is our custom to have a certain number of masses said every year for the souls of our dead, and of the benefactors of our society; and we provide for the payment of the priests who say them, by setting apart a share of our swag for that purpose.

"These masses, thus said and paid for, are of great service to the souls aforesaid. Among our benefactors we count the Alguazil, who gives us warning; the Advocate, who defends us; the Executioner, who takes pity upon us when we have to be whipped, and the man who, when we are running along the street, and the people in full cry after us bawling 'Stop thief,' throws himself between us and our pursuers, and checks the torrent, saying, 'Let the poor wretch alone, his lot is hard enough; let him go,

and his crime will be his punishment.' We also count among our benefactors the good wenches who aid us by their labors while we are in prison, or at the galleys; our fathers, and the mothers who brought us into the world; and, finally, we take care to include the Clerk of the Court, for if he befriend us, there is no crime which he will not find means to reduce to a slight fault, and no fault which he does not prevent from being punished. For all these our brotherhood causes the *sanctimonies* (ceremonies) I have named to be *solecised* (solemnized) every year, with all possible *grandiloquence.*"

"Certainly," replied Rinconete (now confirmed in that name), "certainly that is a good work, and entirely worthy of the lofty and profound genius with which we have heard that you, Señor Monipodio, are endowed. Our parents still enjoy life; but should they precede us to the tomb, we will instantly give notice of that circumstance to this happy and highly esteemed fraternity, to the end that you may have 'sanctimonies solecised' for their souls, as your worship is pleased to say, with the customary 'grandiloquence.' "

"And so shall it be done," returned Monipodio, "if there be but a piece of me left alive to look to it."

He then called their conductor, saying, "Hallo! there, Ganchuelo! Is the watch set?" "Yes," replied the boy; "three sentinels are on guard, and there is no fear of a surprise." "Let us return to business, then," said Monipodio. "I would fain know from you, my sons, what you are able to do, that I may assign you an employment in conformity with your inclinations and accomplishments."

"I," replied Rinconete, "know a trick or two to gammon a bumpkin; I am not a bad hand at hiding what a pal has prigged; I have a good eye for a gudgeon; I play well at most games of cards, and have all the best turns of the pasteboard at my finger ends; I have cut my eye teeth, and am about as easy to lay hold of as a hedgehog; I can creep through a cat-hole or down a chimney, as I would enter the door of my father's house; and will

muster a million of tricks better than I could marshal a regiment of soldiers; and flabbergast the knowingest cove a deal sooner than pay back a loan of two reals."

"These are certainly the rudiments," admitted Monipodio, "but all such things are no better than old lavender flowers, so completely worn out of all savor that there is not a novice who may not boast of being a master in them. They are good for nothing but to catch simpletons who are stupid enough to run their heads against the church steeple; but time will do much for you, and we must talk further together. On the foundation already laid you shall have half a dozen lessons; and I then trust in God that you will turn out a famous craftsman, and even, mayhap, a master."

"My abilities shall always be at your service, and that of the gentlemen who are our comrades," replied Rinconete; and Monipodio then turned towards Cortadillo.

"And you, Cortadillo, what may you be good for?" he inquired; to which Cortadillo replied, "For my part I know the trick called 'put in two, and take out five,' and I can dive to the bottom of a pocket with great precision and dexterity." "Do you know nothing more?" continued Monipodio. "Alas, no, for my sins, that is all I can do," admitted Cortadillo. "Do not afflict yourself, nevertheless," said the master; "you are arrived at a good port, where you will not be drowned, and you enter a school in which you can hardly fail to learn all that is requisite for your future welfare. And now as to courage: how do you feel yourselves provided in that respect, my children?" "How should we be provided," returned Rinconete, "but well and amply? We have courage enough to attempt whatever may be demanded in our art and profession," "But I would have you to possess a share of that sort which would enable you to suffer as well as to dare," replied Monipodio, "which would carry you, if need were, through a good half dozen of *ansias* without opening your lips, and without once saying 'This mouth is mine.'" "We already know what the *ansias* are, Señor Monipodio," replied Cortadil-

lo, "and are prepared for all; since we are not so ignorant but that we know very well, that what the tongue says, the throat must pay for; and great is the grace heaven bestows on the bold man (not to give him a different name), in making his life or death depend upon the discretion of his tongue, as though there were more letters in a No than an Aye."

"Halt there, my son; you need say no more," exclaimed Monipodio at this point of the discourse. "The words you have just uttered suffice to convince, oblige, persuade, and constrain me at once to admit you both to full brotherhood, and dispense with your passing through the year of novitiate."

"I also am of that opinion," said one of the gayly-dressed Bravos; and this was the unanimous feeling of the whole assembly. They therefore requested that Monipodio would immediately grant the new brethren the enjoyment of all the immunities of their confraternity, seeing that their good mien and judicious discourse proved them to be entirely deserving of that distinction.

Monipodio replied, that, to satisfy the wishes of all, he at once conferred on those new-comers all the privileges desired, but he exhorted the recipients to remember that they were to hold the favor in high esteem, since it was a very great one: consisting in the exemption from payment of the *media anata*, or tax levied on the first theft they should commit, and rendering them free of all the inferior occupations of their office for the entire year. They were not obliged, that is to say, to bear messages to a brother of higher grade, whether in prison or at his own residence. They were permitted to drink their wine without water, and to make a feast when and where they pleased, without first demanding permission of their principal. They were, furthermore, to enter at once on a full share of whatever was brought in by the superior brethren, as one of themselves—with many other privileges, which the new-comers accepted as most signal favors, and on the possession of which they were felicitated by all present, in the most polite terms.

While these pleasing ceremonies were in course of being exchanged, a boy ran in, panting for breath, and cried out, "The Alguazil of the vagabonds is coming direct to the house, but he has none of the Marshalsea men with him."

"Let no one disturb himself," said Monipodio. "This is a friend; never does he come here for our injury. Calm your anxiety, and I will go out to speak with him." At these words all resumed their self-possession, for they had been considerably alarmed; and Monipodio went forth to the door of his house, where he found the Alguazil, with whom he remained some minutes in conversation, and then returned to the company. "Who was on guard to-day," he asked, "in the market of San Salvador?" "I was," replied the conductor of our two friends, the estimable Ganchuelo. "You!" replied Monipodio. "How then does it happen that you have not given notice of an amber-colored purse which has gone astray there this morning, and has carried with it fifteen crowns in gold, two double reals, and I know not how many quartos?"

"It is true," replied Ganchuelo, "that this purse has disappeared, but it was not I took it, nor can I imagine who has done so." "Let there be no tricks with me," exclaimed Monipodio; "the purse must be found, since the Alguazil demands it, and he is a friend who finds means to do us a thousand services in the course of the year." The youth again swore that he knew nothing about it, while Monipodio's choler began to rise, and in a moment flames seemed to dart from his eyes. "Let none of you dare," he shouted, "to venture on infringing the most important rule of our order, for he who does so shall pay for it with his life. Let the purse be found, and if any one has been concealing it to avoid paying the dues, let him now give it up. I will make good to him all that he would have been entitled to, and out of my own pocket too; for, come what may, the Alguazil must not be suffered to depart without satisfaction." But Ganchuelo could do no more than repeat, with all

manner of oaths and imprecations, that he had neither taken the purse, nor ever set eyes on it.

All this did but lay fuel on the flame of Monipodio's anger, and the entire assembly partook of his emotions; the honorable members perceiving that their statutes were violated, and their wise ordinances infringed. Seeing, therefore, that the confusion and alarm had now got to such a height, Rinconete began to think it time to allay it, and to calm the anger of his superior, who was bursting with rage. He took counsel for a moment with Cortadillo, and receiving his assent, drew forth the purse of the Sacristan, saying:

"Let all questions cease, gentlemen: here is the purse, from which nothing is missing that the Alguazil has described, since my comrade Cortadillo prigged it this very day, with a pocket-handkerchief into the bargain, which he borrowed from the same owner." Thereupon Cortadillo produced the handkerchief before the assembled company.

Seeing this, Monipodio exclaimed, "Cortadillo the Good! for by that title and surname shall you henceforward be distinguished. Keep the handkerchief, and I take it upon myself to pay you duly for this service; as to the purse, the Alguazil must carry it away just as it is, for it belongs to a Sacristan who happens to be his relation, and we must make good in his case the proverb, which says, 'To him who gives thee the entire bird, thou canst well afford a drumstick of the same.' This good Alguazil can save us from more mischief in one day than we can do him good in a hundred."

We have given a little more than half of the story. The rest of it is quite as amusing, but less quotable, and at the end we are still left wondering what will be the future of the two young men, for the writer merely promised that some time he would tell us how they made out in their new fraternity.

4. *The Deceitful Marriage* is a tale of love and deceit, containing within it a long, humorous, very well written dialogue between two dogs, which overshadows the main story entirely. The lover in the story, while sick in a hospital, overhears a conversation between these dogs, Scipio and Berganza, and reproduces it at length. Lack of space prevents our quoting very much of it, but the style of the story and the character of the two dogs may be understood from the following:

Berg. It appears to me that the first time I saw the sun was in Seville, in its slaughter-houses, which were outside the Puerta de la Carne; whence I should imagine (were it not for what I shall afterwards tell you) that my progenitors were some of those mastiffs which are bred by those ministers of confusion who are called butchers. The first I knew for a master, was one Nicholas the Pugnosed, a stout, thick-set, passionate fellow, as all butchers are. This Nicholas taught me and other whelps to run at bulls in company with old dogs and catch them by the ears. With great ease I became an eagle among my fellows in this respect.

Scip. I do not wonder, Berganza, that ill-doing is so easily learned, since it comes by a natural obliquity.

Berg. What can I say to you, brother Scipio, of what I saw in those slaughter-houses, and the enormous things that were done in them? In the first place, you must understand that all who work in them, from the lowest to the highest, are people without conscience or humanity, fearing neither the king nor his justice; most of them living in concubinage; carrion birds of prey; maintaining themselves and their doxies by what they steal. On all flesh days, a great number of wenches and young chaps assemble in the slaughtering place before dawn, all of them with bags which come empty

and go away full of pieces of meat. Not a beast is killed out of which these people do not take tithes, and that of the choicest and most savory pickings. The masters trust implicity in these honest folk, not with the hope that they will not rob them (for that is impossible), but that they may use their knives with some moderation. But what struck me as the worst thing of all, was that these butchers make no more of killing a man than a cow. They will quarrel for straws, and stick a knife into a person's body as readily as they would fell an ox. It is a rare thing for a day to pass without brawls and bloodshed, and even murder. They all pique themselves on being men of mettle, and they observe, too, some punctilios of the bravo; there is not one of them but has his guardian angel in the Plaza de San Francesco, whom he propitiates with sirloins, and beef tongues.

Scip. If you mean to dwell at such length, friend Berganza, on the characteristics and faults of all the masters you have had, we had better pray to heaven to grant us the gift of speech for a year; and even then I fear, at the rate you are going, you will not get through half your story. One thing I beg to remark to you, of which you will see proof when I relate my own adventures; and that is, that some stories are pleasing in themselves, and others from the manner in which they are told; I mean that there are some which give satisfaction, though they are told without preambles and verbal adornments; while others require to be decked in that way and set off by expressive play of features, hands, and voice; whereby, instead of flat and insipid, they become pointed and agreeable. Do not forget this hint, but profit by it in what you are about to say.

Berg. I will do so, if I can, and if I am not hindered by the great temptation I feel to speak; though, indeed, it appears to me that I shall have the greatest difficulty in constraining myself to moderation.

Scip. Be wary with your tongue, for from that member flow the greatest ills of human life.

Berg. Well, then, to go on with my story, my master taught me to carry a basket in my mouth, and to defend it against any one who should attempt to take it from me. He also made me acquainted with the house in which his mistress lived, and thereby spared her servant the trouble of coming to the slaughter-house, for I used to carry to her the pieces of meat he had stolen over night. Once as I was going along on this errand in the gray of the morning, I heard some one calling me by name from a window. Looking up I saw an extremely pretty girl; she came down to the street door, and began to call me again. I went up to her to see what she wanted of me; and what was it but to take away the meat I was carrying in the basket and put an old clog in its place? "Be off with you," she said, when she had done so; "and tell Nicholas the Pugnosed, your master, not to put trust in brutes." I might easily have made her give up what she had taken from me; but I would not put a cruel tooth on those delicate white hands.

Scip. You did quite right; for it is the prerogative of beauty always to be held in respect.

Berg. Well, I went back to my master without the meat and with the old clog. It struck him that I had come back very soon, and seeing the clog, he guessed the trick, snatched up a knife, and flung it at me; and if I had not leaped aside, you would not now be listening to my story. I took to my heels, and was off like a shot behind St. Bernard's, away over the fields, without stopping to think whither my luck would lead me. That night I slept under the open sky, and the following day I chanced to fall in with a flock of sheep. The moment I saw it, I felt that I had found the very thing that suited me, since it appeared to me to be the natural and proper duty of dogs to guard the fold, that being an office which involves the great virtue of protecting and defending the lowly and the weak against the proud and mighty. One of the three shepherds who were with the flock immediately called me to him, and I, who desired nothing better, went up at once to him, lowering my head and wagging

my tail. He passed his hand along my back, opened my mouth, examined my fangs, ascertained my age, and told his master that I had all the works and tokens of a dog of good breed. Just then up came the owner of the flock on a gray mare with lance and surge, so that he looked more a coast-guard than a sheep master.

"What dog is that!" said he to the shepherd; "he seems a good one." "You may well say that," replied the man; "for I have examined him closely, and there is not a mark about him but shows that he must be of the right sort. He came here just now; I don't know whose he is, but I know that he does not belong to any of the flocks hereabouts."

"If that be so," said the master, "put on him the collar that belonged to the dog that is dead, and give him the same rations as the rest, treat him kindly that he may take a liking to the fold, and remain with it henceforth." So saying he went away, and the shepherd put on my neck a collar set with steel points, after first giving me a great mess of bread sopped in milk in a trough. At the same time I had a name bestowed on me, which was Barcino. I liked my second master, and my new duty very well; I was careful and diligent in watching the flock, and never quitted it except in the afternoons, when I went to repose under the shade of some tree, or rock, or bank, or by the margin of one of the many streams that watered the country. Nor did I spend those leisure hours idly, but employed them in calling many things to mind, especially the life I had led in the slaughter-house, and also that of my master and all his fellows, who were bound to satisfy the inordinate humors of their mistresses. O how many things I could tell you of that I learned in the school of that she-butcher, my master's lady; but I must pass them over, lest you should think me tedious and censorious.

Scip. I have heard that it was a saying of a great poet among the ancients, that it was a difficult thing to write satires. I consent that you put some point into your remarks, but not to the drawing of blood. You may hit

lightly, but not wound or kill; for sarcasm, though it make many laugh, is not good if it mortally wounds one; and if you can please without it, I shall think you more discreet.

Berg. I will take your advice, and I earnestly long for the time when you will relate your own adventures; for seeing how judiciously you correct the faults into which I fall in my narrative, I may well expect that your own will be delivered in a manner equally instructive and delightful. But to take up the broken thread of my story, I say that in those hours of silence and solitude, it occurred to me among other things, that there could be no truth in what I had heard tell of the life of shepherds —of those, at least, about whom my master's lady used to read, when I went to her house, in certain books, all treating of shepherds and shepherdesses; and telling how they passed their whole life in singing and playing on pipes and rebecks, and other old fashioned instruments. I remember her reading how the shepherd of Anfriso sang the praises of the peerless Belisarda, and that there was not a tree on all the mountains of Arcadia on whose trunk he had not sat and sung from the moment Sol quitted the arms of Aurora, till he threw himself into those of Thetis, and that even after black night had spread its murky wings over the face of the earth, he did not cease his melodious complaints. I did not forget the shepherd Elicio, more enamored than bold, of whom it was said, that without attending to his own loves or his flock, he entered into others' griefs; nor the great shepherd Filida, unique painter of a single portrait, who was more faithful than happy; nor the anguish of Sireno and the remorse of Diana, and how she thanked God and the sage Felicia, who, with her enchanted water, undid that maze of entanglements and difficulties. I bethought me of many other tales of the same sort, but they were not worthy of being remembered.

The habits and occupations of my masters, and the rest of the shepherds in that quarter, were very different from those of the shepherds in the books. If mine sang,

it was no tuneful and finely composed strains, but very rude and vulgar songs, to the accompaniment not of pipes and rebecks, but to that of one crook knocked against another, or of bits of tile jingled between the fingers, and sung with voices not melodious and tender, but so coarse and out of tune, that whether singly or in chorus, they seemed to be howling or grunting. They passed the greater part of the day in hunting up their fleas or mending their brogues; and none of them were named Amarillis, Filida, Galatea, or Diana; nor were there any Lisardos, Lausos, Jacintos, or Riselos; but all were Antones, Domingos, Pablos, or Llorentes. This led me to conclude that all those books about pastoral life are only fictions ingeniously written for the amusement of the idle, and that there is not a word of truth in them; for, were it otherwise, there would have remained among my shepherds some trace of that happy life of yore, with its pleasant meads, spacious groves, sacred mountains, handsome gardens, clear streams and crystal fountains, its ardent but no less decorous love-descants, with here the shepherd, there the shepherdess all woe-begone, and the air made vocal everywhere with flutes and pipes and flageolets.

Scip. Enough, Berganza; get back into your road, and trot on.

Berg. I am much obliged to you, friend Scipio; for, but for your hint, I was getting so warm upon the scent, that I should not have stopped till I had given you one whole specimen of those books that had so deceived me. But a time will come when I shall discuss the whole matter more fully and more opportunely than now.

Scip. Look to your feet, and don't run after your tail, that is to say, recollect that you are an animal devoid of reason; or if you seem at present to have a little of it, we are already agreed that this is a supernatural and altogether unparalleled circumstance.

Berg. That would be all very well if I were still in my pristine state of ignorance; but now that I bethink me of what I should have mentioned to you in the beginning of

our conversation, I not only cease to wonder that I speak, but I am terrified at the thought of leaving off.

Scip. Can you not tell me that something now that you recollect it?

Berg. It was a certain affair that occurred to me with a sorntess, a disciple of la Camacha de Montilla.

Scip. Let me hear it now, before you proceed with the story of your life.

Berg. No, not till the proper time. Have patience and listen to the recital of my adventures in the order they occurred, for they will afford you more pleasure in that way.

Scip. Very well; tell me what you will and how you will, but be brief.

Berg. I say, then, that I was pleased with my duty as a guardian of the flock, for it seemed to me that in that way I ate the bread of industry, and that sloth, the root and mother of all vices, came not nigh me; for if I rested by day, I never slept at night, the wolves continually assailing us and calling us to arms. The instant the shepherds said to me, "The wolf! the wolf! at him, Barcino," I dashed forward before all the other dogs, in the direction pointed out to me by the shepherds. I scoured the valleys, searched the mountains, beat the thickets, leaped the gullies, crossed the roads, and on the morning returned to the fold without having caught the wolf or seen a glimpse of him, panting, weary, all scratched and torn, and my feet cut with splinters; and I found in the fold either a ewe or a wether slaughtered and half eaten by the wolf. It vexed me desperately to see of what little avail were all my care and diligence. Then the owner of the flock would come; the shepherds would go out to meet him with the skin of the slaughtered animal: the owner would scold the shepherds for their negligence, and order the dogs to be punished for cowardice. Down would come upon us a shower of sticks and revilings; and so, finding myself punished without fault, and that my care, alertness, and courage were of no avail to keep off the wolf, I resolved to change my manner of proceed-

ing, and not to go out to seek him, as I had been used to do, but to remain close to the fold; for since the wolf came to it, that would be the surest place to catch him. Every week we had an alarm; and one dark night I contrived to get a sight of the wolves, from which it was so impossible to guard the fold. I crouched behind a bank; the rest of the dogs ran forward; and from my lurking-place I saw and heard how two shepherds picked out one of the fattest wethers, and slaughtered it in such a manner, that it really appeared next morning as if the executioner had been a wolf. I was horror-struck, when I saw that the shepherds themselves were the wolves, and that the flock was plundered by the very men who had the keeping of it. As usual, they made known to their master the mischief done by the wolf, gave him the skin and part of the carcass, and ate the rest, and that the choicest part, themselves. As usual, they had a scolding, and the dogs a beating. Thus there were no wolves, yet the flock dwindled away, and I was dumb, all which filled me with amazement and anguish. "O Lord!" said I to myself, "who can ever remedy this villainy? Who will have the power to make known that the defense is offensive, the sentinels sleep, the trustees rob, and those who guard you kill you?"

Scip. You say very true, Berganza; for there is no worse or more subtle thief than the domestic thief; and accordingly there die many more of those who are trustful than of those who are wary. But the misfortune is, that it is impossible for people to get on in the world in any tolerable way without mutual confidence. However, let us drop this subject: there is no need that we should be evermore preaching. Go on.

Berg. I determined then to quit that service, though it seemed so good a one, and to choose another, in which well-doing, if not rewarded, was at least not punished.

In the remainder of the conversation, Berganza tells of his experiences with other masters, some of high estate and some extremely

low, but always the dog maintains his character.

5. Among the remaining novels may be mentioned *The Licentiate Vidriera,* in which the chief character is a doctor, who considers himself made of glass; *The Illustrious Scullery-Maid,* a love romance; and *The Jealous Estramaduran,* which shows much ability in the construction of the plot, in the realism with which its characters are portrayed and in the skill with which the final catastrophe is brought about. It illustrates, too, the devotion of the Arabs to music, for the only way in which the lover can gain access to the wife, whom Estramaduran has immured in his house, is by promising to teach the old Moorish servant to play upon the guitar and to chant ballads as does the pretended blind man, who is in reality the lover.

All the stories are interesting for modern readers.

A SENORITA OF SPAIN

CHAPTER VII

CERVANTES (CONCLUDED)
"DON QUIXOTE"

"DON QUIXOTE." As we have said, there is probably no world classic more universally recognized than *Don Quixote,* and as such its discussion deserves all the space we can possibly spare. For twenty-one years Cervantes had written nothing considered of very great importance, when in 1605 he gave to the world the first part of *Don Quixote,* a work which met with such incredible popularity that it is said thirty thousand copies, an unheard-of number for those days, were printed during the author's lifetime. Its success in Spain was followed by an equally remarkable popularity elsewhere, and soon all European languages had it in translation, and all classes of readers were loud in its praise. That the production of such a work, written partly while the author

was in prison for debt, should have brought him no reasonable compensation and no assistance such as the wealthy usually gave to indigent authors, is one of the sad things in literary history.

Nine years later there was published at Saragossa a continuation of *Don Quixote* by a writer who assumed the name of Avellaneda, a novel which excited in Cervantes the liveliest indignation and which was reviled and made the subject of frequent diatribes in the second part of the original work, which was published by Cervantes in 1615. Perhaps the most caustic of the allusions made by Cervantes is that included in his prologue to the second part of his book, wherein he says:

> Bless me! reader, gentle or simple, or whatever you be, how impatiently by this time must you expect this Preface, supposing it to be nothing but revengeful invectives against the author of the second *Don Quixote*. But I must beg your pardon; for I shall say no more of him than everybody says, that Tordesillas is the place where he was begotten, and Tarragona the place where he was born; and though it be universally said, that even a worm, when trod upon, will turn again, yet I am resolved for once to cross the proverb. You perhaps now would have me call him coxcomb, fool and madman; but I am of another mind, and so let his folly be its own punishment.
>
> But there is something which I cannot so easily pass over; he is pleased to upbraid me with my age; as if it had been in my power to stop the career of Time. Then he tells me of the loss of one of my hands, as if that maim had been got in a quarrel in some tavern, and not upon the most memorable occasion that either past or

present ages have beheld, and which, perhaps, futurity will never parallel. If my wounds do not redound to my honor in the thoughts of some of those that look upon them, they will at least secure me the esteem of those that know how they were gotten. A soldier makes a nobler figure as he lies dead in battle, than safe in flight; and I am so far from being ashamed of the loss of my hand, that were it possible to recall the same opportunity, I should think my wounds but a small price for sharing in that prodigious action. The scars in a soldier's face and breast are the stars that by a laudable imitation guide others to the port of honor and glory. Besides, it is not the gray hairs, but the understanding of a man, that may be said to write; and years are wont to improve the latter.

I am not wholly insensible of his epithet of *envious*, and of his describing, as if I were ignorant, what envy is: but I take Heaven to witness, I never was acquainted with any sort of envy beyond a sacred, generous, and ingenuous emulation, which could never engage me to abuse a clergyman, especially if made the more reverend by a post in the Inquisition; and if he said it, for whom he appears to have said it, he is mightily mistaken; for I had a veneration for his parts, admire his works, and have a regard for the efficacious virtue of his office.

I must return this gentleman-author my thanks for his criticism upon my novels: he is pleased very judiciously to say, that they have more of satire than of morality; and yet owns, that the novels are good. Now I thought that if a thing was good, it must be so in every respect.

Methinks, reader, I hear you blame me for showing so little resentment, and using him so gently; but pray consider, it is not good to bear too hard upon a man that is so over-modest and so much in affliction: for certainly this must needs be a miserable soul; he has not the face to appear in public, but conceals his name, and counterfeits his country as if he had committed treason, or some other punishable crime. Well then, if ever you should happen to fall into his company, pray in pity tell him from me,

that I have not the least quarrel in the world with him: for I am not ignorant of the temptations of Satan; and one of the most irresistible is to put into a man's head, that by writing and publishing a book he may get him as much fame from the world as he has money from the booksellers, and as little money from the booksellers as he has fame from the world. But if he won't believe what you say, and you be disposed to be merry, pray tell him this story.

There was a madman at Cordova, who made it his business to carry about the streets, upon his head, a huge stone of a pretty considerable weight; and whenever he met with a dog without a master, he would come up to him and fairly drop his load all at once, souse upon him: the poor beast would howl, and growl and limp away without so much as looking behind him, for two or three streets' length. It happened that among the dogs on whom he discharged his load was a cap-maker's dog, who was mightily valued by his master. Slap went the stone upon his head. The animal being almost crushed to death, set up his throat, and yelped most piteously; insomuch that his master runs out, and touched with the injury, whips up a measuring stick, lets drive at the madman, and delabors him to some purpose, crying out at every blow, "You villainous hound, abuse my spaniel! You inhuman rascal, did not you know that my dog was a spaniel?" and repeating the word spaniel over and over again, thwacked the poor lunatic, till he had not a whole bone in his skin. At last he crawled from under his clutches, and it was a whole month before he could come out again. Nevertheless out he came once more with his invention, and heavier than the former; but coming by the dog again, yet recollecting himself, and shrugging up his shoulders; "No," quoth he, "I must have a care, this dog is a spaniel." In short, all dogs he met, whether mastiffs or hounds, were spaniels to him ever after. Now the moral of the fable is this: this author's wit is the madman's stone, and it is likely he will be cautious how he lets it fall for the future.

The work of Avellaneda is in every respect inferior to that of Cervantes, but it is evident that he must have had access to the manuscript, which was probably partially in print, or he must have conversed with some one who was familiar with it, for he stole many of the incidents and turned to ridicule much that appeared in the forthcoming publication. The plagiarism was not a success, and the book would be wholly forgotten were it not for the fact that Cervantes has immortalized it in his indignation.

While Cervantes professed no greater purpose in his writing of *Don Quixote* than to entertain his readers and to ridicule the reading of chivalresque romances, yet in reality he must have been moved by a more serious and dignified impulse. Don Quixote himself is an educated gentleman, who has unsettled his mind by too much reading of chivalresque romances, and in his madness feels impelled to go about the world after the manner of the old knights, succoring distressed maidens, helping the unfortunate, and setting things to rights generally. That his madness confuses his sense of right and that his exploits in knight errantry often bring more trouble than help to the persons involved, is part of the humor of the story, but the Don's character is in every way above reproach and his outlook on life that of a poet, a satirist and a true knight errant. There is something of the real Cervantes in Don Quixote.

The squire who accompanies our knight errant is Sancho Panza, a man as prosaic as his master is poetical, a man who can see only realities, and yet is full of genuine honesty and perfect devotion to his mad master. The perpetual contrast between these two men is one of the strong features in the work. Don Quixote, with the best intentions in the world, succeeds only in making himself the object of laughter and ridicule, but his refined tastes, his perfect manners, his generous enterprises, all tend to win for him a respect that often turns to sadness and leads us to the conclusion that too much enthusiasm in the pursuit of any idea, too much self-sacrifice and too much devotion to others endangers the laws of society and jeopardizes the happiness not only of the enthusiast but of all persons whom he meets. If this was not the conscious purpose of Cervantes, it is certainly the great lesson which his marvelous work teaches.

Don Quixote appeared at a time when the feudal system was passing out of existence, when knight errantry was a thing of the past and lived only in the host of romances of which we have written. The popularity of those romances was beginning to wane, and Cervantes completed its destruction and put a stop forever to the writing of new ones. After reading the ludicrous adventures of Don Quixote, it was impossible that the world should return to a serious appreciation of the real romance.

The general plot of *Don Quixote* and the long series of incidents and involved narratives which the books contain are prodigies of invention and show a fertility of imagination rarely equaled. Wit and humor enliven even the most painful stories; the grotesqueness of some of the incidents can never be forgotten. Not all the tales within the books are original, for Cervantes borrowed liberally from the classics, but everything he touched he made his own. Moreover, he has given us a picture of Spanish life and character that is nowhere equaled, and upon his words depends very largely the idea we possess of life in Spain at that time. In spite of the absurdity of many of the performances there is always a certain reality in the characters, and the scenes from city life and the pictures of the solitudes in the mountains are as true to-day as at the time they were written.

While there is much pedantry shown in the work and while many of the shorter stories are prosaic and tiresome at the beginning, yet before the end the characters develop themselves vividly, incidents increase in interest, and pathos and humor make the pages fascinating to the modern reader. The style of Cervantes is said to be irreproachable and to lose much of its beauty in translation, but we have the work in a number of readable English editions that are sufficiently excellent to convince us of the justice of the estimates Spanish critics maintain.

However, the strongest feature of *Don Quixote* is its wonderful character delineation. Don Quixote, Sancho Panza and others appear to us as persons of real flesh and blood. Cervantes thus describes Don Quixote in the opening paragraph of the novel:

> At a certain village in La Mancha, of which I cannot remember the name, there lived not long ago one of those old-fashioned gentlemen, who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound. His diet consisted more of beef than mutton; and with minced meat on most nights, lentils on Fridays, griefs and groans on Saturdays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he consumed three-quarters of his revenue; the rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same, for holidays; and a suit of the very best home-spun cloth, which he bestowed on himself for working days. His whole family was a housekeeper something turned of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that served him in the house and in the field, and could saddle a horse, and handle the pruning-hook. The master himself was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and strong complexion, lean-bodied and thin-faced, an early riser, and a lover of hunting. Some say his surname was Quixada, or Quesada (for authors differ in this particular); however, we may reasonably conjecture he was called Quixana; though this concerns us but little, provided we keep strictly to the truth in every point of this history.

With the character of the knight we shall become better acquainted in the extracts which follow in the next section.

As for Sancho Panza, he was one of the neighbors of Don Quixote, "a country laborer, and a good honest fellow, if you may call a

poor man honest, for he was poor indeed, poor in purse, poor in brains." We are told later in the book that, to judge him by a picture which an artist had drawn, "he was thick and short, paunch-bellied and long-haunched; so that in all likelihood for this reason he is sometimes called Panza (paunch) and sometimes Zanca (shanks)." But Sancho Panza had a character of sturdy honesty and a prosaic and truthful way of looking at the world that gives his conversation some value, even if he did lack brains. Moreover, his speech was crowded with those proverbs for which Spain is famous, and not infrequently one after another rolls out of his mouth in seemingly endless succession; as witness, the following paragraph, taken from a conversation with his master:

> Why, I neither say, nor think one way nor the t'other, not I: let them that say it, eat the lie, and swallow it with their bread. If they lay together, they have answered for it before now. I never thrust my nose in other men's porridge. It is no bread and butter of mine: every man for himself, and God for us all, say I; for he that buys and lies, finds it in his purse. Let him that owns the cow take her by the tail. Naked came I into the world, and naked must I go out. Many think to find flitches of bacon, and find not so much as the racks to lay them on: but who can hedge in a cuckoo? Little said is soon mended. It is a sin to belie the devil: but misunderstanding brings lies to town, and there is no padlocking of people's mouths: for a close mouth catches no flies.

Knights errant in the romances always had mistresses, to whom their lives were devoted,

and Don Quixote chose for his the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso. The Don knew her but little, had scarcely met her, in fact, but his vivid and wandering imagination pictures her as follows:

All I dare say is, that her name is Dulcinea, her country La Mancha, and Toboso the happy place which she honors with her residence. As for her quality, it cannot be less than princess, seeing she is my mistress and my queen. Her beauty transcends all the united charms of her whole sex; even those chimerical perfections, which the hyperbolical imaginations of poets in love have assigned to their mistresses, cease to be incredible descriptions when applied to her, in whom all those miraculous endowments are most divinely centered. The curling locks of her bright flowing hair are purest gold; her smooth forehead the Elysian Plain; her eyebrows are two celestial bows; her eyes two glorious suns; her cheeks two beds of roses; her lips are coral; her teeth are pearl; her neck is alabaster; her breasts marble; her hands ivory; and snow would lose its whiteness near her bosom.

Who and what Dulcinea really is, we must allow Sancho to tell us, after he has been with his master some time and has heard her praises sung on innumerable occasions by her devoted knight. Don Quixote is about to send her a letter by the hand of Sancho Panza, and in so doing has disclosed her identity. The conversation which follows is given below:

"Heighday," quoth Sancho; "did you ever hear the like? and is my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, at last the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, she that is otherwise called Aldonza Lorenzo?"—"The same," answered Don Quixote; "and it is she that merits to be the sovereign

mistress of the universe.''—''I know her full well,'' quoth Sancho; ''it is a strapping wench, i' faith, and pitches the bar with e'er a lusty fellow in our parish. By the mass, it is a sturdy, strong-build, sizable, manly lass, and one that will keep her chin out of the mire, I warrant her; nay, and hold the best knight-errant to it that wears a head, if ever he venture upon her. Body of me, what a pair of lungs and a voice she has, when she sets up her throat! 'Tis said one day she perched herself up o' top of our steeple to call some ploughmen that were at work in a fallow-field: and though they were half a league off, they heard her as plain as if they had been in the churchyard under her. The best of her is, that she is neither coy nor prudish; she is a tractable lass, and fit for a court-lady, for she will play with any one, and jibes and jokes at every body.''

The knight's horse, the famous Rozinante, is quite an important character in the book, and one as well known in fiction as Bucephalus or Bavieca. Rozinante, whose name means ''formerly an ordinary horse,'' was ''so slim, so stiff, so lean, so jaded, with so sharp a ridge bone, and altogether like one so wasted with an incurable consumption that any one must have owned at first sight that no horse ever better deserved that name.''

II. Extracts from ''Don Quixote.'' 1. The manner in which Don Quixote entered upon his career as a knight errant is told in the first chapter:

You must know then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the year round), he passed his time in reading books of knight-errantry, which he did with that application and delight, that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country sports, and

even the care of his estate; nay, he grew so strangely besotted with these amusements that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of that kind, by which means he collected as many of them as were to be had; but, among them all, none pleased him like the works of the famous Feliciano de Sylva; for the clearness of his prose and those intricate expressions with which it is interlaced, seemed to him so many pearls of eloquence, especially when he came to read the challenges, and the amorous addresses, many of them in this extraordinary style: "The reason of your unreasonable usage of my reason does so enfeeble my reason that I have reason to expostulate with your beauty." And this: "The sublime heavens, which with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, and fix you the deserver of the desert that is deserved by your grandeur." These, and such-like expressions, strangely puzzled the poor gentleman's understanding, while he was breaking his brain to unravel their meaning, which Aristotle himself could never have found, though he should have been raised from the dead for that very purpose.

He did not so well like those dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he considered that all the art of surgery could never secure his face and body from being strangely disfigured with scars. However, he highly commended the author for concluding his book with a promise to finish that unfinishable adventure; and many times he had a desire to put pen to paper, and faithfully and literally finish it himself; which he had certainly done, and doubtless with good success, had not his thoughts been wholly engrossed in much more important designs.

He would often dispute with the curate of the parish, a man of learning, that had taken his degrees at Giguenza, who was the better knight, Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul; but Master Nicholas, the barber of the same town, would say, that none of them could compare with the Knight of the Sun; and that if any one came near him, it was certainly Don Galaor, the brother of

Amadis de Gaul; for he was a man of a most commodious temper, neither was he so finical, nor such a puling, whining lover as his brother; and as for courage, he was not a jot behind him.

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances, that at nights he would pore on until it was day, and by day he would read on until it was night; and thus by sleeping little and reading much, the moisture of his brain was exhausted to that degree, that at last he lost the use of his reason. A world of disorderly notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination; and now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, amours, torments and abundance of stuff and impossibilities; insomuch, that all the fables and fantastical tales which he read, seemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories. He would say, that the Cid Ruy Diaz was a very brave knight, but not worthy to stand in competition with the Knight of the Burning-sword, who, with a single backstroke, had cut in sunder two fierce and mighty giants. He liked yet better Bernardo del Carpio, who, at Roncesvalles, deprived of life the enchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground, and choked him in the air, as Hercules did Antaeus, the son of the Earth.

As for the giant Morgante, he always spoke very civil things of him; for though he was one of that monstrous brood, who ever were intolerably proud and brutish, he still behaved himself like a civil and well-bred person.

But of all men in the world he admired Rinaldo of Montalban, and particularly his sallying out of his castle to rob all he met; and then again when abroad he carried away the idol of Mahomet, which was all massy gold, as the history says; but he so hated that traitor Galalon, that for the pleasure of kicking him handsomely, he would have given up his housekeeper; nay, and his niece into the bargain.

Having thus lost his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a

madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honor, as the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world, armed cap-a-pie, and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures; that thus imitating those knights-errant of whom he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might purchase everlasting honor and renown. Transported with these agreeable delusions, the poor gentleman already grasped in imagination the imperial scepter of Trebizond, and prepares to take the field.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner; but when he had cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived there was a material piece wanting; for, instead of a complete helmet, there was only a single head-piece. However, his industry supplied that defect; for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver, or visor, which, being fitted to the head-piece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried its edge upon the pasteboard visor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week a-doing. He did not like its being broke with so much ease, and therefore, to secure it from the like accident, he made it anew, and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed on the inside of it so artificially, that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work.

It was time to look to his horse, who had more false-quarter than real, being a worse jade than Gonela's,[1] *qui*

[1]Gonnela was domestic jester to a nobleman of Ferrara, the Marchese Borso: and boasted one day, in his master's presence, of a miserable horse he commonly rode upon. The Marquis inspected the animal, and quoted the line from Plautus, which is here quoted by Cervantes. The jester, nothing dismayed, wagered his steed would take a leap which no horse in the Marquis's own stud would venture upon; viz., from a certain balcony many feet high, to the pavement; and he won his wager.

tantum pellis et ossa fuit (who was all skin and bone), however, his master thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor the Cid's Bavieca, could be compared with him. He was four days considering what name to give him; for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; and therefore he studied to give him such a one as should demonstrate as well what kind of horse he had been before his master was a knight-errant, as what he was now; thinking it but just, since the owner changed his profession, that the horse should also change his title, and be dignified with another; a good big word, such a one as should fill the mouth, and seem consonant with the quality and profession of his master. And thus after many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante; a name, in his opinion, lofty, sounding and significant of what he had been before, and also of what he was now; in a word, a horse before, or above, all the vulgar breed of horses in the world.

When he had thus given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he thought of choosing one for himself; and having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote.[1] Whence the author of this most authentic history draws this inference, that his right name was Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would maintain. And observing, that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with the bare appellation of Amadis, added to it the name of his country, that it might grow more famous by his exploits, and so styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a true lover of his native soil, resolved to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; which addition, to his thinking, denoted very plainly his parentage and country, and

[1]Quixote literally means a cuish or piece of armor for the thigh. The termination ote is often associated in Spanish with a ludicrous or disparaging sense.

consequently would fix a lasting honor on that part of the world.

And now, his armor being scoured, his head-piece improved to a helmet, his horse and himself new named, he perceived he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart; for he was sensible that a knight-errant without a mistress, was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a soul. Should I, said he to himself, by good or ill fortune, chance to encounter some giant, as is common in knight-errantry, and happen to lay him prostrate on the ground, transfixed with my lance, or cleft in two, or, in short, overcome him, and have him at my mercy, would it not be proper to have some lady, to whom I may send him as a trophy of my valor? Then when he comes into her presence, throwing himself at her feet, he may thus make his humble submission: "Lady, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by that never-deservedly-enough-extolled knight-errant Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has commanded me to cast myself most humbly at your feet, that it may please your honor to dispose of me according to your will." Oh! how elevated was the knight with the conceit of this imaginary submission of the giant; especially having withal bethought himself of a person, on whom he might confer the title of his mistress! which, it is believed happened thus: Near the place where he lived dwelt a good likely country lass, for whom he had formerly had a sort of an inclination, though, it is believed, she never heard of it, nor regarded it in the least. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and this was she whom he thought he might entitle to the sovereignty of his heart; upon which he studied to find her out a new name, that might have some affinity with her old one, and yet at the same time sound somewhat like that of a princess or lady of quality; so at last he resolved to call her Dulcinea, with the addition of del Toboso, from the place where she was born; a name, in his opinion, sweet, harmonious, extraordinary.

2. In the course of his first expedition, Don Quixote is troubled by the recollection that he has never been dubbed a knight. The manner in which this ceremony was finally accomplished is thus told:

Don Quixote's mind being disturbed with that thought, he abridged even this short supper; and as soon as he had done, he called his host, then shut him and himself up in the stable, and falling at his feet, "I will never rise from this place," cried he, "most valorous knight, till you have graciously vouchsafed to grant me a boon, which I will now beg of you, and which will redound to your honor and the good of mankind." The inn-keeper, strangely at a loss to find his guest at his feet, and talking at this rate, endeavored to make him rise; but all in vain, till he had promised to grant him what he asked. "I expected no less from your great magnificence, noble sir," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore I make bold to tell you, that the boon which I beg, and you generously condescend to grant me, is, that to-morrow you will be pleased to bestow the honor of knighthood upon me. This night I will watch my armor in the chapel of your castle, and then in the morning you shall gratify me, as I passionately desire that I may be duly qualified to seek out adventures in every corner of the universe, to relieve the distressed, according to the laws of chivalry, and the inclinations of knights-errant like myself." The inn-keeper, who, as I said, was a sharp fellow, and had already a shrewd suspicion of the disorder in his guest's understanding, was fully convinced of it when he heard him talk after this manner; and, to make sport that night, resolved to humor him in his desires, telling him he was highly to be commended for his choice of such an employment, which was altogether worthy a knight of the first order, such as his gallant deportment discovered him to be: that he himself had in his youth followed that honorable profession, ranging

through many parts of the world in search of adventures, without so much as forgetting to visit the Percheles of Malaga, the Isles of Riaran, the Compass of Seville, the Market-place of Segovia, the Olive field of Valencia, the Circle of Granada, the Wharf of St. Lucar, the Potro of Cordova, the hedge-taverns of Toledo and divers other places, where he had exercised the nimbleness of his feet, and the subtilty of his hands, doing wrongs in abundance, soliciting many widows, undoing some damsels, bubbling young heirs, and in a word making himself famous in most of the courts of judicature in Spain, till at length he retired to this castle, where he lived on his own estate and those of others, entertaining all knights-errant of what quality or condition soever, purely for the great affection he bore them, and to partake of what they had in recompense of his good will. He added, that his castle at present had no chapel where the knight might keep the vigil of his arms, it being pulled down in order to be new built; but that he knew they might lawfully be watched in any other place in a case of necessity, and therefore he might do it that night in the court-yard of the castle; and in the morning (God willing) all the necessary ceremonies should be performed, so that he might assure himself he should be dubbed a knight, nay, as much a knight as any one in the world could be. He then asked Don Quixote whether he had any money. "Not a cross," replied the knight, "for I never read in any history of chivalry that any knight-errant ever carried money about him."—"You are mistaken," cried the inn-keeper; "for admit that histories are silent in this matter, the authors thinking it needless to mention things so evidently necessary as money and clean shirts, yet there is no reason to believe the knights went without either; and you may rest assured, that all the knights-errant, of whom so many histories are full, had their purses well lined to supply themselves with necessaries, and carried also with them some shirts, and a small box of salves to heal their wounds; for they had not the conveniency of surgeons to cure them every time they

fought in fields and deserts, unless they were so happy as to have some sage or magician for their friend to give them present assistance, sending them some damsel or dwarf through the air in a cloud,[1] with a small bottle of water of so great a virtue, that they no sooner tasted a drop of it, but their wounds were as perfectly cured as if they had never received any. But when they wanted such a friend in former ages, the knights thought themselves obliged to take care that their squires should be provided with money and other necessaries, as lint and salves to dress their wounds; and if those knights ever happened to have no squires, which was but very seldom, then they carried those things behind them in a little bag, as if it had been something of greater value, and so neatly fitted to their saddle, that it was hardly seen; for had it not been upon such an account, the carrying of wallets was not much allowed among knights-errant. I must therefore advise you," continued he, "nay, I might even charge and command you, as you are shortly to be my son in chivalry, never from this time forwards to ride without money, nor without the other necessaries of which I spoke to you, which you will find very beneficial when you least expect it." Don Quixote promised to perform very punctually all his injunctions; and so they disposed everything in order to his watching his arms in a great yard that adjoined to the inn. To which purpose the knight, having got them all together, laid them in a horse-trough close by a well in that yard; then bracing his target, and grasping his lance, just as it grew dark, he began to walk about by the horse-trough with a graceful deportment. In the meanwhile the inn-keeper acquainted all those that were in the house with the

[1] An instance of this species of cure may be found in Amadis de Grecia. "Now Amadis felt from the sword such heat, that it seemed to him he was burning with living flames. But forthwith there appeared a cloud, which covered both him and Urganda and Lisuarte, which in an instant opened, and they perceived themselves to be surrounded with a company of four-and-twenty damsels, and in the midst of them was that honored old Alquife, who held in his hand a large glass phial of water; with which when he had smitten upon the helmet, the phial broke, and the water rushing down immediately, there passed from him all that burning glow of the sword."

extravagances of his guest, his watching his arms, and his hopes of being made a knight. They all admired very much at so strange a kind of folly, and went on to observe him at a distance; where they saw him sometimes walk about with a great deal of gravity, and sometimes lean on his lance, with his eyes all the while fixed upon his arms. It was now undoubted night, but yet did the moon shine with such a brightness, as might almost have vied with that of the luminary which lent it her; so that the knight was wholly exposed to the spectators' view. While he was thus employed, one of the carriers who lodged in the inn came out to water his mules, which he could not do without removing the arms out of the trough. With that, Don Quixote, who saw him make towards him, cried out to him aloud, "O thou, whoever thou art, rash knight, that prepares to lay thy hands on the arms of the most valorous knight-errant that ever wore a sword, take heed; do not audaciously attempt to profane them with a touch, lest instant death be the too sure reward of thy temerity." But the carrier never regarded these dreadful threats; and laying hold on the armor by the straps, without any more ado threw it a good way from him; though it had been better for him to have let it alone; for Don Quixote no sooner saw this, but lifting up his eyes to heaven, and addressing his thoughts, as it seemed, to his lady Dulcinea; "Assist me, lady," cried he, "in the first opportunity that offers itself to your faithful slave; nor let your favor and protection be denied me in this first trial of my valor!" Repeating such like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both his hands, he gave the carrier such a terrible knock on his inconsiderate head with his lance, that he laid him at his feet in a woeful condition; and had he backed that blow with another, the fellow would certainly have had no need of a surgeon. This done, Don Quixote took up his armor, laid it again in the horse-trough, and then walked on backwards and forwards with as great unconcern as he did at first.

Soon after another carrier, not knowing what had happened, came also to water his mules, while the first yet lay on the ground in a trance; but as he offered to clear the trough of the armor, Don Quixote, without speaking a word, or imploring any one's assistance, once more dropped his target, lifted up his lance, and then let it fall so heavily on the fellow's pate, that without damaging his lance, he broke the carrier's head in three or four places. His outcry soon alarmed and brought thither all the people in the inn, and the landlord among the rest; which Don Quixote perceiving, "Thou Queen of Beauty," cried he, bracing on his shield, and drawing his sword, "thou courage and vigor of my weakened heart, now is the time when thou must enliven thy adventurous slave with the beams of thy greatness, while this moment he is engaging in so terrible an adventure!" With this, in his opinion, he found himself supplied with such an addition of courage, that had all the carriers in the world at once attacked him, he would undoubtedly have faced them all. On the other side, the carriers, enraged to see their comrades thus used, though they were afraid to come near, gave the knight such a volley of stones, that he was forced to shelter himself as well as he could under the cover of his target, without daring to go far from the horse-trough, lest he should seem to abandon his arms. The inn-keeper called to the carriers as loud as he could to let him alone; that he had told them already he was mad, and consequently the law would acquit him, though he should kill them. Don Quixote also made yet more noise, calling them false and treacherous villains, and the lord of the castle base and unhospitable, and a discourteous knight, for suffering a knight-errant to be so abused. "I would make thee know," cried he, "what a perfidious wretch thou art, had I but received the order of knighthood; but for you, base, ignominious rabble! fling on, do your worst; come on, draw nearer if you dare, and receive the reward of your indiscretion and insolence." This he spoke with so much spirit and undauntedness, that he struck a terror into

all his assailants; so that partly through fear, and partly through the inn-keeper's persuasions, they gave over flinging stones at him; and he, on his side, permitted the enemy to carry off their wounded, and then returned to the guard of his arms as calm and composed as before.

The inn-keeper, who began somewhat to disrelish these mad tricks of his guest, resolved to despatch him forthwith, and bestow on him that unlucky knighthood, to prevent further mischief; so coming to him, he excused himself for the insolence of those base scoundrels, as being done without his privity or consent; but their audaciousness, he said, was sufficiently punished. He added, that he had already told him there was no chapel in his castle; and that indeed there was no need of one to finish the rest of the ceremony of knighthood, which consisted only in the application of the sword to the neck and shoulders, as he had read in the register of the ceremonies of the order; and that this might be performed as well in a field as anywhere else: that he had already fulfilled the obligation of watching his arms, which required no more than two hours' watch, whereas he had been four hours upon the guard. Don Quixote, who easily believed him, told him he was ready to obey him, and desired him to make an end of the business as soon as possible, for if he were but knighted, and should see himself once attacked, he believed he should not leave a man alive in the castle, except those whom he should desire him to spare for his sake.

Upon this the inn-keeper, lest the knight should proceed to such extremities, fetched the book in which he used to set down the carriers' accounts for straw and barley; and having brought with him the two kind females, already mentioned, and a boy that held a piece of lighted candle in his hand, he ordered Don Quixote to kneel: then reading in his manual, as if he had been repeating some pious oration, in the midst of his devotion he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the neck, and then a gentle slap on the back with the flat of his sword, still mumbling some words between his

teeth in the tone of a prayer. After this he ordered one of the wenches to gird the sword about the knight's waist; which she did with much solemnity, and I may add, discretion, considering how hard a thing it was to forbear laughing at every circumstance of the ceremony: it is true, the thoughts of the knight's late prowess did not a little contribute to the suppression of her mirth. As she girded on his sword, "Heaven," cried the kind lady, "make your worship a lucky knight, and prosper you wherever you go." Don Quixote desired to know her name, that he might understand to whom he was indebted for the favor she had bestowed upon him, and also make her partaker of the honor he was to acquire by the strength of his arm. To which the lady answered with all humility, that her name was Tolosa, a cobbler's daughter, that kept a stall among the little shops of Sanchobienaya at Toledo; and that whenever he pleased to command her, she would be his humble servant. Don Quixote begged of her to do him the favor to add hereafter the title of lady to her name, and for his sake to be called from that time Donna Tolosa; which she promised to do. Her companion having buckled on his spurs, occasioned a like conference between them; and when he had asked her name, she told him she went by the name of Molinera, being the daughter of an honest miller of Antequera. Our new knight entreated her also to style herself the Donna Molinera, making her new offers of service. These extraordinary ceremonies (the like never seen before) being thus hurried over in a kind of post-haste, Don Quixote could not rest till he had taken the field in quest of adventures; therefore having immediately saddled his Rozinante, and being mounted, he embraced the inn-keeper, and returned him so many thanks at so extravagant a rate, for the obligation he had laid upon him in dubbing him a knight, that it is impossible to give a true relation of them all: to which the inn-keeper, in haste to get rid of him, returned as rhetorical though shorter answers; and without stopping his horse for the reckoning, was glad to see him go.

3. One of the most famous of the Don's exploits is his adventure with the windmills:

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills, that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven."—"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza. "Those whom thou see'st yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."—"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho; "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills, and the arms you fancy, are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go." "'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all." This said, he clapt spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him, that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them; far from that, "Stand, cowards," cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all!" At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your

arrogance.'' He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow had he and Rozinante received. ''Mercy o' me!'' cried Sancho, ''did not I give your worship fair warning? did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?''—''Peace, friend Sancho,'' replied Don Quixote: ''there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded, that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills, to deprive me of the honor of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me: but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword.''—''Amen, say I,'' replied Sancho. And so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slipped with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice, for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventure in one so mightily frequented. However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, ''I have read,'' said he, ''friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broke his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did

such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the surname of The Pounder or Bruiser. I tell thee this, because I intend to tear up the next oak, or holm-tree we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such wondrous deeds, that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honor to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe."—"Heaven grant you may," cried Sancho: "I believe it all, because your worship says it. But, an't please you, sit a little more upright in your saddle; you ride sideling methinks; but that, I suppose, proceeds from your being bruised by the fall."—"It does so," replied Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds, though his bowels were dropping out through them."—"Then I have no more to say," quoth Sancho; "and yet Heavens knows my heart, I should be glad to hear your worship hone a little now and then when something ails you: for my part, I shall not fail to bemoan myself when I suffer the smallest pain, unless indeed it can be proved, that the rule of not complaining extends to the squires as well as knights."

Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire; and told him he gave him leave to complain not only when he pleased, but as much as he pleased, whether he had any cause or no; for he had never yet read anything to the contrary in any books of chivalry. Sancho desired him, however, to consider that it was high time to go to dinner; but his master answered him, that he might eat whenever he pleased; as for himself, he was not yet disposed to do it. Sancho having thus obtained leave, fixed himself as orderly as he could upon his ass; and taking some victuals out of his wallet, fell to munching lustily as he rode behind his master; and ever and anon he lifted his bottle to his nose, and fetched such hearty pulls, that it would have made the best-pampered vintner in Malaga dry to have seen him.

While he thus went on stuffing and swilling, he did not think in the least of all his master's great promises; and was so far from esteeming it a trouble to travel in quest of adventures, that he fancied it to be the greatest pleasure in the world, though they were never so dreadful.

In fine, they passed that night under some trees; from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch which in some sort was able to serve him for a lance, and to this he fixed the head or spear of his broken lance. But he did not sleep all that night, keeping his thoughts intent on his dear Dulcinea, in imitation of what he had read in books of chivalry where the knights pass their time, without sleep, in forests and deserts, wholly taken up with the entertaining thoughts of their absent mistresses. As for Sancho, he did not spend the night at that idle rate; for, having his paunch well stuffed with something more substantial than dandelion-water, he made but one nap of it; and had not his master waked him, neither the sprightly beams which the sun darted on his face, nor the melody of the birds that cheerfully on every branch welcomed the smiling morn, would have been able to have made him stir. As he got up, to clear his eyesight, he took two or three long-winded swigs at his friendly bottle for a morning's draught: but he found it somewhat lighter than it was the night before; which misfortune went to his very heart, for he shrewdly mistrusted that he was not in a way to cure it of that distemper as soon as he could have wished. On the other side, Don Quixote would not break fast, having been feasting all night on the more delicate and savory thoughts of his mistress; and therefore they went on directly towards the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three o'clock.

4. In the pursuit of their adventures, Don Quixote and Sancho arrive at an inn which the master persists in calling a castle. After a night of astounding adventures, in which the

Don is confident that he is fighting against the enchantments of a giant, the two prepare to go forward on their journey. Their departure is thus described:

And now being ready to set forward, he called for the master of the house, and with a grave delivery, "My lord governor," cried he, "the favors I have received in your castle are so great and extraordinary, that they bind my grateful soul to an eternal acknowledgment; therefore that I may be so happy as to discharge part of the obligation, think if there be ever a proud mortal breathing on whom you desire to be revenged for some affront or other injury, and acquaint me with it now; and by my order of knighthood, which binds me to protect the weak, relieve the oppressed, and punish the bad, I promise you I'll take effectual care, that you shall have ample satisfaction to the utmost of your wishes."—"Sir Knight," answered the inn-keeper, with an austere gravity, "I shall not need your assistance to revenge any wrong that may be offered to my person; for I would have you to understand, that I am able to do myself justice, whenever any man presumes to do me wrong; therefore all the satisfaction I desire is, that you will pay your reckoning for horse-meat and man's meat, and all your expenses in my inn."—"How!" cried Don Quixote, "is this an inn?"—"Yes," answered the host, "and one of the most noted, and of the best repute upon the road."—"How strangely have I been mistaken then!" cried Don Quixote; "upon my honor I took it for a castle, and a considerable one too; but if it be an inn, and not a castle, all I have to say is, that you must excuse me from paying any thing; for I would by no means break the laws which we knights-errant are bound to observe; nor was it ever known, that they ever paid in any inn whatsoever; for this is the least recompense that can be allowed them for the intolerable labors they endure day and night, winter and summer, on foot and on horseback, pinched with hunger, choked with thirst, and exposed to all the in-

juries of the air, and all the inconveniences in the world.''—''I have nothing to do with all this,'' cried the inn-keeper; ''pay your reckoning, and don't trouble me with your foolish stories of a cock and a bull; I can't afford to keep house at that rate.''—''Thou art both a fool and a knave of an inn-keeper,'' replied Don Quixote, and with that clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his javelin at his host, he rode out of the inn without any opposition, and got a good way from it, without so much as once looking behind him to see whether his squire came after him.

The knight being marched off, there remained only the squire, who was stopped for the reckoning. However he swore he would not pay a cross; for the self-same law that acquitted the knight acquitted the squire. This put the inn-keeper into a great passion, and made him threaten Sancho very hard, telling him if he would not pay him by fair means, he would have him laid by the heels that moment. Sancho swore by his master's knighthood, he would sooner part with his life than his money on such an account; nor should the squires in after ages ever have occasion to upbraid him with giving so ill a precedent, or breaking their rights.

As ill luck would have it, there happened to be in the inn four Segovia clothiers, three Cordova point-makers, and two Seville hucksters, all brisk, gamesome, roguish fellows; who agreeing all in the same design, encompassed Sancho, and pulled him off his ass, while one of them went and got a blanket. Then they put the unfortunate squire into it, and observing the roof of the place they were in to be somewhat too low for their purpose, they carried him into the back yard, which had no limits but the sky, and there they tossed him for several times together in the blanket, as they do dogs on Shrove Tuesday. Poor Sancho made so grievous an outcry all the while, that his master heard him, and imagined those lamentations were of some person in distress, and consequently the occasion of some adventure; but having at last distinguished the voice, he made to the inn with a

broken gallop; and finding the gates shut, he rode about to see whether he might not find some other way to get in. But he no sooner came to the back-yard wall, which was none of the highest, when he was an eye-witness of the scurvy trick that was put upon his squire. There he saw him ascend and descend, and frolick and caper in the air with so much nimbleness and agility, that it is thought the knight himself could not have forborne laughing, had he been any thing less angry. He did his best to get over the wall, but alas, he was so bruised, that he could not so much as alight from his horse. This made him fume and chafe, and vent his passion in a thousand threats and curses, so strange and various that it is impossible to repeat them. But the more he stormed, the more they tossed and laughed; Sancho on his side begging, and howling, and threatening, and damning, to as little purpose as his master, for it was weariness alone could make the tossers give over. Then they charitably put an end to his high dancing, and set him upon his ass again, carefully wrapped in his mantle.

But Maritornes pitying a creature in such tribulation, and thinking he had danced and tumbled enough to be dry, was so generous as to help him to a draught of water, which she purposely drew from the well that moment, that it might be the cooler. Sancho clapped the pot to his mouth, but his master made him desist: "Hold, hold," cried he, "son Sancho, drink no water, child, it will kill thee; behold I have here the most holy balsam, two drops of which will cure thee effectually."—"Ha," replied Sancho, shaking his head, and looking sourly on the knight with a side face, "have you again forgot that I am no knight? or would you have me cast up what I have left since yesternight's job? Keep your brewings for yourself, in the devil's name, and let me alone." With that he lifted up the jug to his nose, but finding it to be mere element, he spirted out again the little he had tasted, and desired the wench to help him to some better liquor; so she went and fetched him wine to make him amends, and paid for it too out of her own pocket; for, to

give the devil his due, it was said of her, that though she was somewhat too free of her favors, yet she had something of Christianity in her. As soon as Sancho had tipped off his wine, he visited his ass's ribs twice or thrice with his heels, and, free gress being granted him, he trooped off, well content with the thoughts of having had his ends, and got off scot-free, though at the expense of his shoulders, his usual sureties. It is true, the innkeeper kept his wallet for the reckoning; but the poor squire was so dismayed, and in such haste to be gone, that he never missed it. The host was for shutting the inn doors after him, for fear of the worst; but the tossers would not let him, being a sort of fellows that would not have cared for Don Quixote a straw, though he had really been one of the Knights of the Round Table.

Sancho overtook his master, but so pale, so dead-hearted, and so mortified, that he was hardly able to sit his ass. "My dear Sancho," said Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, "I am now fully convinced that this castle, or inn, is enchanted; for what could they be that made themselves such barbarous sport with thee, but spirits and people of the other world? and I the rather believe this, seeing that when I looked over the wall, and saw thee thus abused, I strove to get over it, but could not stir, nor by any means alight from Rozinante. For, by my honor, could I either have got over the wall, or dismounted, I would have revenged thee so effectually on those discourteous wretches, that they should never have forgot the severity of their punishment, though for once I had infringed the laws of chivalry; which, as I have often informed thee, do not permit any knight to lay hands on one that is not knighted, unless it be in his own defense, and in case of great necessity."—"Nay," quoth Sancho, "I would have paid them home myself, whether knight or no knight, but it was not in my power; and yet I dare say, those that made themselves so merry with my carcass were neither spirits nor enchanted folks, as you will have it, but mere flesh and blood as we be. I am sure they called one another

by their Christian names and surnames, while they made me vault and frisk in the air; one was called Pedro Martinez, the other Tenorio Hernandez; and as for our dog of an host, I heard them call him Juan Palomeque the left-handed. Then pray don't you fancy, that your not being able to get over the wall, nor to alight, was some enchanter's trick. It is a folly to make many words; it is as plain as the nose in a man's face, that these same adventures which we hunt for up and down, are like to bring us at last into a peck of troubles, and such a plaguy deal of mischief, that we shan't be able to set one foot afore the other. The short and the long is, I take it to be the wisest course to jog home and look after our harvest, and not to run rambling from Zecca to Mecca, lest we leap out of the fryingpan into the fire."

"Poor Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "how ignorant thou art in matters of chivalry! Come, say no more, and have patience; a day will come when thou shalt be convinced how honorable a thing it is to follow this employment. For, tell me, what satisfaction in this world, what pleasure, can equal that of vanquishing and triumphing over one's enemy? None, without doubt."—"It may be so for aught I know," quoth Sancho, "though I know nothing of the matter. However, this I may venture to say, that ever since we have turned knights-errant, your worship I mean, for it is not for such scrubs as myself to be named the same day with such folk, the devil of any fight you have had the better in, unless it be that with the Biscayan; and in that too you came off with the loss of one ear and the visor of your helmet. And what have we got ever since, pray, but blows, and more blows; bruises, and more bruises? besides this tossing in a blanket, which fell all to my share, and for which I cannot be revenged because they were hobgoblins that served me so forsooth, though I hugely long to be even with them, that I may know the pleasure you say there is in vanquishing one's enemy."—"I find, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "thou and I are both sick of the same disease: but I will endeavor with all speed

to get me a sword made with so much art, that no sort of enchantment shall be able to hurt whosoever shall wear it; and perhaps fortune may put into my hand that which Amadis de Gaul wore when he styled himself The Knight of the Flaming Sword, which was one of the best blades that ever was drawn by knight; for, besides the virtue I now mentioned, it had an edge like a razor, and would enter the strongest armor that ever was tempered or enchanted."—"I will lay anything," quoth Sancho, "when you have found this sword, it will prove just such another help to me as your balsam; that is to say, it will stand nobody in any stead but your dubbed knights, let the poor devil of a squire shift how he can."—"Fear no such thing," replied Don Quixote; "Heaven will be more propitious to thee than thou imaginest."

Thus they went on discoursing, when Don Quixote, perceiving a thick cloud of dust arise right before them in the road, "The day is come," said he, turning to his squire, "the day is come, Sancho, that shall usher in the happiness which fortune has reserved for me; this day shall the strength of my arm be signalized by such exploits as shall be transmitted even to the latest posterity. See'st thou that cloud of dust, Sancho? it is raised by a prodigious army marching this way, and composed of an infinite number of nations."—"Why then, at this rate," quoth Sancho, "there should be two armies; for yonder is as great a dust on the other side." With that Don Quixote looked, and was transported with joy at the sight, firmly believing that two vast armies were ready to engage each other in that plain; for his imagination was so crowded with those battles, enchantments, surprising adventures, amorous thoughts, and other whimsies which he had read of in romances, that his strong fancy changed everything he saw into what he desired to see; and thus he could not conceive that the dust was only raised by two large flocks of sheep that were going the same road from different parts, and could not be discerned till they were very near; he was so positive that they were two armies, that Sancho firmly believed

him at last. "Well, sir," quoth the squire, "what are we to do, I beseech you?"—"What shall we do," replied Don Quixote, "but assist the weaker and injured side? for know, Sancho, that the army which now moves towards us is commanded by the great Alifanfaron, emperor of the vast island of Taprobana; the other that advances behind us is his enemy, the King of the Garamantians, Pentapolin with the naked arm; so called, because he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare."—"Pray, sir," quoth Sancho, "why are these two great men going together by the ears?"—"The occasion of their quarrel is this," answered Don Quixote.

"Alifanfaron, a strong Pagan, is in love with Pentapolin's daughter, a very beautiful lady and a Christian; now her father refuses to give her in marriage to the heathen prince, unless he abjure his false belief and embrace the Christian religion."—"Burn my beard," said Sancho, "if Pentapolin be not in the right on it; I will stand by him, and help him all I may."—"I commend thy resolution," replied Don Quixote, "it is not only lawful, but requisite; for there is no need of being a knight to fight in such battles."—"I guessed as much," quoth Sancho; "but where shall we leave my ass in the meantime, that I may be sure to find him again after the battle; for I fancy you never heard of any man that ever charged upon such a beast."—"It is true," answered Don Quixote, "and therefore I would have thee turn him loose, though thou wert sure never to find him again; for we shall have so many horses after we have got the day, that even Rozinante himself will be in danger of being changed for another." Then mounting to the top of a hillock, whence they might have seen both the flocks, had not the dust obstructed their sight, "Look yonder, Sancho!" cried Don Quixote; "that knight whom thou see'st in the gilded arms, bearing in his shield a crowned lion couchant at the feet of a lady, is the valiant Laurcalco, lord of the silver bridge. He in the armor powdered with flowers of gold, bearing three crows argent in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembo,

great Duke of Quiracia. That other, of a gigantic size that marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, sovereign of the three Arabias; he is arrayed in a serpent's skin, and carries instead of a shield a huge gate, which they say belonged to the temple which Samson pulled down at his death, when he revenged himself upon his enemies. But cast thy eyes on this side, Sancho, and at the head of the other army see the victorious Timonel of Carcaiona, Prince of New Biscay, whose armor is quartered azure, vert, or, and argent, and who bears in his shield a cat or, in a field gules, with these four letters, 'Miau,' for a motto, being the beginning of his mistress's name, the beautiful Miaulina, daughter to Alfeñiquen, Duke of Algarva. That other monstrous load upon the back of yonder wild horse, with arms as white as snow, and a shield without any device, is a Frenchman, now created knight, called Pierre Papin, Baron of Utrique; he whom you see pricking that pied courser's flanks with his armed heels is the mighty Duke of Nervia, Espartafilardo of the Wood, bearing for device on his shield an asparagus-plant with this motto in Castilian, *Rastrea mi suerte* (*Divine my fate*)." And thus he went on, naming a great number of others in both armies, to every one of whom his fertile imagination assigned arms, colors, impresses and mottoes, as readily as if they had really been that moment in being before his eyes. And then proceeding without the least hesitation; "That vast body," said he, "that is just opposite to us, is composed of several nations. There you see those who drink the pleasant stream of the famous Xanthus; there the mountaineers that till the Massilian fields; those that sift the pure gold of Arabia Felix; those that inhabit the renowned and delightful banks of Thermodon. Yonder, those who so many ways sluice and drain the golden Pactolus for its precious sand. The Numidians, unsteady and careless of their promises. The Persians, excellent archers. The Medes and Parthians, who fight flying. The Arabs, who have no fixed habitations. The Scythians, cruel and savage, though fair-

complexioned. The sooty Ethiopians, that bore their lips; and a thousand other nations whose countenances I know, though I have forgotten their names. On the other side, come those whose country is watered with the crystal streams of Betis, shaded with olive-trees. Those who bathe their limbs in the rich flood of the golden Tagus. Those whose mansions are laved by the profitable stream of the divine Genil. Those who range the verdant Tartesian meadows. Those who indulge their luxurious temper in the delicious pastures of Xerez. The wealthy inhabitants of La Mancha, crowned with golden ears of corn. The ancient offspring of the Goths, cased in iron. Those who wanton in the lazy current of Pisuerga. Those who feed their numerous flocks in the ample plains where the Guadiana, so celebrated for its hidden course, pursues its wandering race. Those who shiver with extremity of cold, on the woody Pyrenean hills, or on the hoary tops of the snowy Apennines. In a word, all that Europe includes within its spacious bounds, half a world in an army." It is scarce to be imagined how many countries he had run over, how many nations he enumerated, distinguishing every one by what is peculiar to them, with an incredible vivacity of mind, and that still in the puffy style of his fabulous books.

Sancho listened to all this romantic muster-roll as mute as a fish, with amazement; all that he could do was now and then to turn his head on this side and the other side, to see if he could discern the knights and giants whom his master named. But at length, not being able to discover any, "Why," cried he, "you had as good tell me it snows; the devil of any knight, giant, or man, can I see, of all those you talk of now; who knows but all this may be witchcraft and spirits, like yesternight?" —"How," replied Don Quixote; "dost thou not hear their horses neigh, their trumpets sound, and their drums beat?"—"Not I," quoth Sancho, "I prick up my ears like a sow in the beans, and yet I can hear nothing but the bleating of sheep." Sancho might justly say so indeed, for by this time the two flocks were got very near

them. "Thy fears disturb thy senses," said Don Quixote, "and hinder thee from hearing and seeing right; but it is no matter; withdraw to some place of safety, since thou art so terrified; for I alone am sufficient to give the victory to that side which I shall favor with my assistance." With that he couched his lance, clapped spurs to Rozinante, and rushed like a thunder-bolt from the hillock into the plain. Sancho bawled after him as loud as he could; "Hold, sir!" cried Sancho; "for heaven's sake come back! What do you mean? as sure as I am a sinner those you are going to maul are nothing but poor harmless sheep. Come back, I say. Woe to him that begot me! Are you mad, sir? there are no giants, no knights, no cats, no asparagus-gardens, no golden quarters nor what-d'ye-call-thems. Does the devil possess you? you are leaping over the hedge before you come at the stile. You are taking the wrong sow by the ear. Oh, that I was ever born to see this day!" But Don Quixote still riding on, deaf and lost to good advice, out-roared his expostulating squire. "Courage, brave knights!" cried he; "march up, fall on, all you who fight under the standard of the valiant Pentapolin with the naked arm; follow me, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on that infidel Alifanfaron of Taprobana."

So saying, he charged into the midst of the squadron of sheep and commenced to spear them with his lance with as much gallantry and resolution, as if he were verily engaging with his mortal enemies.

The shepherds and drovers, seeing their sheep go to wreck, called out to him; till finding fair means ineffectual, they unloosed their slings, and began to ply him with stones as big as their fists. But the champion disdaining such a distant war, spite of their showers of stones, rushed among the routed sheep, trampling both the living and the slain in a most terrible manner, impatient to meet the general of the enemy, and end the war at once. "Where, where art thou," cried he, "proud Alifanfaron? Appear! See here a single knight who seeks thee everywhere, to try now, hand to hand, the

boasted force of thy strenuous arm, and deprive thee of life, as a due punishment for the unjust war which thou hast audaciously waged with the valiant Pentapolin." Just as he had said this, while the stones flew about his ears, one unluckily hit upon his small ribs, and had like to have buried two of the shortest deep in the middle of his body.

The knight thought himself slain, or at least desperately wounded; and therefore calling to mind his precious balsam, and pulling out his earthen jug, he clapped it to his mouth; but before he had swallowed a sufficient dose, souse comes another of those bitter almonds, that spoiled his draught, and hit him so pat upon the jug, hand and teeth, that it broke the first, maimed the second, and struck out three or four of the last. These two blows were so violent, that the boisterous knight, falling from his horse, lay upon the ground as quiet as the slain; so that the shepherds, fearing he was killed, got their flock together with all speed, and carrying away their dead, which were no less than seven sheep, they made what haste they could out of harm's way, without looking any farther into the matter.

5. Our knight has been troubled by the fact that he possessed no helmet, but we are told in the following selection how he finally acquired the wonderful charmed helmet of Mambrino:

At the same time it began to rain, and Sancho would fain have taken shelter in the fulling-mills; but Don Quixote had conceived such an antipathy against them for the shame they had put upon him, that he would by no means be prevailed with to go in; and turning to the right hand he struck into a highway, where they had not gone far before he discovered a horseman, who wore upon his head something that glittered like gold. The knight had no sooner spied him, but, turning to his squire, "Sancho," cried he, "I believe there is no proverb but what is true; they are all so many sentences and

maxims drawn from experience, the universal mother of sciences; for instance, that saying, That where one door shuts, another opens: thus fortune, that last night deceived us with the false prospect of an adventure, this morning offers us a real one to make us amends; and such an adventure, Sancho, that if I do not gloriously succeed in it, I shall have now no pretense to an excuse, no darkness, no unknown sounds to impute my disappointment to: in short, in all probability yonder comes the man who wears on his head Mambrino's helmet, and thou knowest the vow I have made."

"Good sir," quoth Sancho, "mind what you say, and take heed what you do; for I would willingly keep my carcass and the case of my understanding from being pounded, mashed, and crushed with fulling hammers." —"Hell take the blockhead!" cried Don Quixote; "is there no difference between a helmet and a fulling-mill?" —"I don't know," saith Sancho, "but I am sure, were I suffered to speak my mind now as I was wont, mayhap I would give you such main reasons, that yourself should see you are wide of the matter."—"How can I be mistaken, thou eternal misbeliever!" cried Don Quixote; "dost thou not see that knight that comes riding up directly towards us upon a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head."—"I see what I see," replied Sancho, "and the devil of anything I can spy but a fellow on such another gray ass as mine is, with something that glitters o' top of his head."—"I tell thee, that is Mambrino's helmet," replied Don Quixote; "do thou stand at a distance, and leave me to deal with him; thou shalt see, that without trifling away so much as a moment in needless talk, I will finish this adventure, and possess myself of the desired helmet."—"I shall stand at a distance, you may be sure," quoth Sancho; "but God grant that it be not the fulling-mills again."—"I have warned you already, fellow," said Don Quixote, "not so much as to name the fulling-mills; dare but once more to do it, nay, but to think on it, and I vow to—I say no more, but I'll full your very soul." These threats

were more than sufficient to padlock Sancho's lips, for he had no mind to have his master's vow fulfilled at the expense of his bones.

Now the truth of the story was this: there were in that part of the country two villages, one of which was so little that it had not so much as a shop in it, nor any barber; so that the barber of the greater village served also the smaller. And thus a person happening to have occasion to be let blood, and another to be shaved, the barber was going thither with his brass basin, which he had clapped upon his head to keep his hat, that chanced to be a new one, from being spoiled by the rain; and as the basin was new scoured, it made a glittering show a great way off. As Sancho had well observed, he rode upon a gray ass, which Don Quixote as easily took for a dapple-gray steed, as he took the barber for a knight, and his brass basin for a golden helmet; his distracted brain easily applying every object to his romantic ideas. Therefore, when he saw the poor imaginary knight draw near, he fixed his lance, or javelin, to his thigh, and without staying to hold a parley with his adversary, flew at him as fiercely as Rozinante would gallop, resolved to pierce him through and through; crying out in the midst of his career, "Caitiff, wretch, defend thyself, or immediately surrender that which is so justly my due."

The barber, who, as he peaceably went along, saw that terrible apparition come thundering upon him at unawares, had no other way to avoid being run through with his lance, but to throw himself off from his ass to the ground; and then as hastily getting up, he took to his heels, and ran over the fields swifter than the wind, leaving his ass and his basin behind him. Don Quixote finding himself thus master of the field, and of the basin, "The miscreant," cried he, "who has left this helmet, has shown himself as prudent as the beaver, who, finding himself hotly pursued by the hunters, to save his life, tears and cuts off with his teeth that for which his natural instinct tells him he is followed."—Then he ordered

Sancho to take up the helmet.—"On my word," quoth Sancho, having taken it up, "it is a special basin, and as well worth a piece of eight as a thief is worth a halter."

With that he gave it to his master, who presently clapped it on his head, turning it every way to find out the beaver or visor; and at last seeing it had none, "Doubtless," said he, "the pagan for whom this famous helmet was first made, had a head of a prodigious size; but the worst is, that there is at least one-half of it wanting."—Sancho could not forbear smiling to hear his master call the barber's basin a helmet, and, had not his fear dashed his mirth, he had certainly laughed outright. —"What does the fool grin at now?" cried Don Quixote. "I laugh," said he, "to think what a hugeous jolt head he must needs have had who was the owner of this same helmet, that looks for all the world like a barber's basin." —"I fancy," said Don Quixote, "this enchanted helmet has fallen by some strange accident into the hands of some person, who, not knowing the value of it, for the lucre of a little money, finding it to be of pure gold, melted one half, and of the other made this headpiece, which, as thou sayest, has some resemblance to a barber's basin: but to me, who know the worth of it, the metamorphosis signifies little; for as soon as ever I come to some town where there is an armorer, I will have it altered so much for the better, that then even the helmet which the God of Smiths made for the God of War shall not deserve to be compared with it. In the meantime I'll wear it as it is; it is better than nothing, and will serve at least to save part of my head from the violent encounter of a stone." —"Ay, that it will," quoth Sancho, "so it is not hurled out of a sling, as were those at the battle between the two armies, when they hit you that confounded dowse o' the chops, that saluted your worship's cheek-teeth, and broke the pot about your ears in which you kept that blessed drench that made me bring up my guts."—"True," cried Don Quixote, "there I lost my precious balsam indeed; but I do not much repine at it, for thou knowest I have the receipt in my memory."—"So have I too,"

quoth Sancho, "and shall have while I have breath to draw; but if ever I make any of that stuff, or taste it again, may I give up the ghost with it! Besides, I don't intend ever to do anything that may give occasion for the use of it: for, my fixed resolution is, with all my five senses, to preserve myself from hurting, and from being hurt by, anybody. As to being tossed in a blanket again, I have nothing to say to that, for there is no remedy for accidents but patience it seems: so if it ever be my lot to be served so again, I'll even shrink up my shoulders, hold my breath, and shut my eyes, and then happy be lucky, let the blanket and fortune even toss on to the end of the chapter."

"Truly," said Don Quixote, "I am afraid thou art no good Christian, Sancho, thou never forgettest injuries. Let me tell thee, it is the part of noble and generous spirits to pass by trifles. Where art thou lame? which of thy ribs is broken, or what part of thy skull is bruised, that thou can'st never think on that jest without malice? for, after all, it was nothing but a jest, a harmless piece of pastime: had I looked upon it otherwise, I had returned to that place before this time, and had made more noble mischief in revenge of the abuse, than ever the incensed Grecians did at Troy, for the detention of their Helen, that famed beauty of the ancient world; who, however, had she lived in our age, or had my Dulcinea adorned hers, would have found her charms outrivaled by my mistress's perfections;" and saying this, he heaved up a deep sigh. "Well then," quoth Sancho, "I will not rip up old sores; let it go for a jest, since there is no revenging it in earnest. But what shall we do with this dapple-gray steed, that is so like a gray ass? you see that same poor devil-errant has left it to shift for itself, poor thing, and by his haste to rub off, I don't think he means to come back for it, and, by my beard, the gray beast is a special one."—"It is not my custom," replied Don Quixote, "to plunder those whom I overcome; nor is it usual among us knights, for the victor to take the horse of his vanquished enemy and let him go afoot, un-

less his own steed be killed or disabled in the combat: therefore, Sancho, leave the horse, or the ass, whichever thou pleasest to call it; the owner will be sure to come for it, as soon as he sees us gone."—"I have a huge mind to take him along with us," quoth Sancho, "or at least to exchange him for my own, which is not so good. What, are the laws of knight-errantry so strict, that a man must not exchange one ass for another? at least I hope they will give me leave to swop one harness for another."—"Truly, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "I am not so very certain as to this last particular, and therefore, till I am better informed, I give thee leave to exchange the furniture, if thou hast absolutely occasion for it."—"I have so much occasion for it," quoth Sancho, "that though it were for my own very self I could not need it more." So without any more ado, being authorized by his master's leave, he made *mutatio caparum* [a change of caparisons], and made his own beast three parts in four better for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted upon what they left at supper, and quenched their thirst at the stream that turned the fulling-mills, towards which they took care not to cast an eye, for they abominated the very thoughts of them. Thus their spleen being eased, their choleric and melancholic humors assuaged, up they got again, and never minding their way, were all guided by Rozinante's discretion, the depository of his master's will, and also of the ass's, that kindly and sociably always followed his steps. Their guide soon brought them again into the high road, where they kept at a slow pace, not caring which way they went.

6. The following tells how Don Quixote set free many miserable creatures, who, much against their wills, were taking their way to a place they did not like:

Cid Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates in this most grave, high-sounding, minute, soft and humorous history, that after this discourse be-

tween the renowned Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Panza, which we have laid down at the end of the twenty-first chapter, the knight lifting up his eyes, saw about twelve men a-foot, trudging in the road, all in a row, one behind another, like beads upon a string, being linked together by the neck to a huge iron chain, and manacled besides. They were guarded by two horsemen, armed with carabines, and two men a-foot, with swords and javelins. As soon as Sancho spied them, "Look ye, sir," cried he, "here is a gang of wretches hurried away by main force to serve the king in the galleys."—"How," replied Don Quixote, "is it possible the king will force anybody?"—"I don't say so," answered Sancho; "I mean these are rogues whom the law has sentenced for their misdeeds, to row in the king's galleys."—"However," replied Don Quixote, "they are forced, because they do not go of their own free will."—"Sure enough," quoth Sancho.—"If it be so," said Don Quixote, "they come within the scope of my office, which is to hinder violence and oppression, and succor all people in misery."—"Ay, sir," quoth Sancho, "but neither the king nor law offer any violence to such wicked wretches, they have but their deserts." By this the chain of slaves came up, when Don Quixote, in very civil terms, desired the guards to inform him why these people were led along in that manner?—"Sir," answered one of the horsemen, "they are criminals, condemned to serve the king in his galleys: that is all I have to say to you, and you need inquire no farther."—"Nevertheless, sir," replied Don Quixote, "I have a great desire to know in few words the cause of their misfortune, and I will esteem it an extraordinary favor, if you will let me have that satisfaction."—"We have here the copies and certificates of their several sentences," said the other horseman, "but we can't stand to pull them out and read them now; you may draw near and examine the men yourself: I suppose they themselves will tell you why they are condemned; for they are such honest people, they are not ashamed to boast of their rogueries."

With this permission, which Don Quixote would have taken of himself had they denied it him, he rode up to the chain, and asked the first, for what crimes he was in these miserable circumstances? The galley-slave answered him, that it was for being in love. "What, only for being in love?" cried Don Quixote: "were all those that are in love to be used thus, I myself might have been long since in the galleys."—"Ay, but," replied the slave, "my love was not of that sort which you conjecture: I was so desperately in love with a basket of linen, and embraced it so close, that had not the judge taken it from me by force, I would not have parted with it willingly. In short I was taken in the fact, and so there was no need to put me to the rack, it was proved so plain upon me. So I was committed, tried, condemned, had the gentle lash; and besides that, was sent, for three years, to be an element-dasher, and there is an end of the buisness."—"An element-dasher," cried Don Quixote, "what do you mean by that?"—"A galley-slave," answered the criminal, who was a young fellow, about four-and-twenty years old, and said he was born at Piedrahita.

Then Don Quixote examined the second, but he was so sad and desponding, that he would make no answer; however, the first rogue informed the knight of his affairs: "Sir," said he, "this canary-bird keeps us company for having sung too much."—"Is it possible!" cried Don Quixote, "are men sent to the galleys for singing?"—"Ay, marry are they," quoth the arch rogue; "for there is nothing worse than to sing in anguish."—"How!" cried Don Quixote; "that contradicts the saying, Sing away sorrow, cast away care."—"Ay, but with us the case is different," replied the slave; "he that sings in disaster, weeps all his life after."—"This is a riddle which I cannot unfold," cried Don Quixote.—"Sir," said one of the guards, "singing in anguish, among these jail-birds, means to confess upon the rack: this fellow was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was stealing of cattle; and because he squeaked, or sung,

as they call it, he was condemned to the galleys for six years, besides an hundred jerks with a cat of nine tails that have whisked and powdered his shoulders already. Now the reason why he goes thus mopish and out o' sorts, is only because his comrogues jeer and laugh at him continually for not having had the courage to deny; as if it had not been as easy for him to have said no as yes; or as if a fellow, taken up on suspicion, were not a lucky rogue, when there is no positive evidence can come in against him but his own tongue; and in my opinion they are somewhat in the right."—"I think so too," said Don Quixote.

Thence addressing himself to the third, "And you," said he, "what have you done?"—"Sir," answered the fellow, readily and pleasantly enough, "I must mow the great meadow for five years together, for want of twice five ducats."—"I will give twenty with all my heart," said Don Quixote, "to deliver thee from that misery."

"That seems to me," quoth the slave, "just like money to a starving man at sea, when there are no victuals to be bought with it: had I had the twenty ducats you offer me before I was tried, to have greased the clerk's pen, and have whetted my lawyer's wit, I might have been now at Toledo in the market-place of Zocodover, and not have been thus led along like a dog in a string. But Heaven is powerful. Patience; I say no more."

After him came a man about thirty years old, a clever, well-set, handsome fellow, only he squinted horribly with one eye: he was strangely loaded with irons; a heavy chain clogged his leg, and was so long, that he twisted it about his waist like a girdle: he had a couple of collars about his neck, the one to link him to the rest of the slaves, and the other, one of those iron-ruffs which they call a keep-friend, or foot-friend; from whence two irons went down to his middle, and to their two bars were riveted a pair of manacles that griped him by the fists, and were secured with a large padlock; so that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his

head towards his hands. Don Quixote inquiring why he was worse hampered with irons than the rest, "Because he alone has done more rogueries than all the rest," answered one of the guards. "This is such a reprobate, such a devil of a fellow, that no gaol nor fetters will hold him; we are not sure he is fast enough, for all he is chained so."—"What sort of crimes then has he been guilty of," asked Don Quixote, "that he is only sent to the galleys?"—"Why," answered the keeper, "he is condemned to ten years' slavery, which is no better than a civil death: but I need not stand to tell you any more of him, but that he is that notorious rogue, Gines de Passamonte, alias Ginesillo de Parapilla."—"Hark you, sir," cried the slave, "fair and softly; what a pox makes you give a gentleman more names than he has? Gines is my Christian name, and Passamonte my surname, and not Ginesillo, nor Parapilla, as you say. Blood! let every man mind what he says, or it may prove the worse for him."—"Don't you be so saucy, Mr. Crack-rope," cried the officer to him, "or I may chance to make you keep a better tongue in your head."—"It is a sign," cried the slave, "that a man is fast, and under the lash; but one day or other somebody shall know whether I am called Parapilla or no."—"Why, Mr. Slip-string," replied the officer, "do not people call you by that name?"—"They do," answered Gines, "but I'll make them call me otherwise, or I'll flay and bite them worse than I care to tell you now. But you, sir, who are so inquisitive," added he, turning to Don Quixote, "if you have a mind to give us anything, pray do it quickly, and go your ways; for I don't like to stand here answering questions; broil me! I am Gines de Passamonte, I am not ashamed of my name. As for my life and conversation, there is an account of them in black and white, written with this very hand of mine."—"There he tells you true," said the officer, "for he has written his own history himself, without omitting a tittle of his roguish pranks; and he has left the manuscript in pawn in the prison for two hundred reals."—"Ay," said Gines, "and will redeem it,

burn me! though it lay there for as many ducats."—"Then it must be an extraordinary piece," cried Don Quixote.—"So extraordinary," replied Gines, "that it far outdoes not only *Lazarillo de Tormes,* but whatever has been, and shall be written in that kind; for mine is true every word, and no invented stories can compare with it for variety of tricks and accidents."—"What is the title of the book?" asked Don Quixote.—"*The Life of Gines de Passamonte,*" answered the other.—"Is it quite finished?" asked the knight.—"How the devil can it be finished and I yet living?" replied the slave. "There is in it every material point from my cradle, to this my last going to the galleys."—"Then it seems you have been there before," said Don Quixote.—"To serve God and the king, I was some four years there once before," replied Gines: "I already know how the biscuit and the cow-hide agree with my carcass: it does not grieve me much to go there again, for there I shall have leisure to give a finishing stroke to my book. I have the devil knows what to add; and in our Spanish galleys there is always leisure and idle time enough o' conscience: neither shall I want so much for what I have to insert, for I know it all by heart."

"Thou seemest to be a witty fellow," said Don Quixote.—"You should have said unfortunate too," replied the slave; "for Fortune is still unkind to men of wit."—"You mean to such wicked wretches as yourself," cried the officer. "Look you, Mr. Commissary," said Gines, "I have already desired you to use good language. The law did not give us to your keeping for you to abuse us, but only to conduct us where the king has occasion for us. Let every man mind his own business, and give good words, or hold his tongue; for by the blood—I will say no more, murder will out; there will be a time when some people's rogueries may come to light, as well as those of other folks."—With that the officer, provoked by the slave's threats, held up his staff to strike him; but Don Quixote stepped between them, and desired him not to do it, and to consider, that the slave was the more to be

excused for being too free of his tongue, since he had ne'er another member at liberty. Then addressing himself to all the slaves, "My dearest brethren," cried he, "I find, by what I gather from your own words, that though you deserve punishment for the several crimes of which you stand convicted, yet you suffer execution of the sentence by constraint, and merely because you cannot help it. Besides, it is not unlikely but that this man's want of resolution upon the rack, the other's want of money, the third's want of friends and favor, and, in short, the judges perverting and wresting the law to your great prejudice, may have been the cause of your misery. Now, as heaven has sent me into the world to relieve the distressed, and free suffering weakness from the tyranny of oppression, according to the duty of my profession of knight-errantry, these considerations induce me to take you under my protection. But because it is the part of a prudent man not to use violence where fair means may be effectual, I desire you, gentlemen of the guard, to release these poor men, there being people enough to serve his majesty in their places; for it is a hard case to make slaves of men whom God and nature made free; and you have the less reason to use these wretches with severity, seeing they never did you any wrong. Let them answer for their sins in the other world; heaven is just, you know, and will be sure to punish the wicked, as it will certainly reward the good. Consider besides, gentlemen, that it is neither a Christian-like, nor an honorable action, for men to be the butchers and tormentors of one another; especially, when no advantage can arise from it. I choose to desire this of you, with so much mildness, and in so peaceable a manner, gentlemen, that I may have occasion to pay you a thankful acknowledgement, if you will be pleased to grant so reasonable a request: but if you provoke me by refusal, I must be obliged to tell ye, that this lance, and this sword, guided by this invincible arm, shall force you to yield that to my valor which you deny to my civil entreaties."

"A very good jest indeed," cried the officer; "what the devil makes you dote at such a rate? would you have us set at liberty the king's prisoners, as if we had authority to do it, or you to command it? Go, go about your business, good Sir Errant, and set your basin right upon your empty pate; and pray do not meddle any further in what does not concern you, for those who play with cats must expect to be scratched."

"Thou art a cat, and rat, and a coward to boot," cried Don Quixote; and with that he attacked the officer with such a sudden and surprising fury, that before he had any time to put himself into a posture of defense, he struck him down, dangerously wounded with his lance; and, as fortune had ordered it, this happened to be the horseman who was armed with a carbine. His companions stood astonished at such a bold action, but at last fell upon the champion with their swords and darts, which might have proved fatal to him, had not the slaves laid hold of this opportunity to break the chain, in order to regain their liberty; for the guards perceiving their endeavors to get loose, thought it more material to prevent them, than to be fighting a madman: but, as he pressed them vigorously on one side, and the slaves were opposing them and freeing themselves, on the other, the hurly-burly was so great, and the guards so perplexed, that they did nothing to the purpose. In the meantime, Sancho was helping Gines de Passamonte to get off his gyves, which he did sooner than can be imagined; and then that active desperado having seized the wounded officer's sword and carbine, he joined with Don Quixote, and sometimes aiming at one, and sometimes at the other, as if he had been ready to shoot them, yet still without letting off the piece, the other slaves at the same time pouring volleys of stone-shot at the guards, they betook themselves to their heels, leaving Don Quixote and the criminals masters of the field. Sancho, who was always for taking care of the main chance, was not at all pleased with this victory; for he guessed that the guards who were fled, would raise a hue and cry, and soon be at

their heels with the whole posse of the Holy Brotherhood, and lay them up for a rescue and rebellion. This made him advise his master to get out of the way as fast as he could, and hide himself in the neighboring mountains. "I hear you," answered Don Quixote to this motion of his squire, "and I know what I have to do." Then calling to him all the slaves, who by this time had uncased the keeper to his skin, they gathered about him to know his pleasure, and he spoke to them in this manner: "It is the part of generous spirits to have a grateful sense of the benefits they receive, no crime being more odious than ingratitude. You see, gentlemen, what I have done for your sakes, and you cannot but be sensible how highly you are obliged to me. Now all the recompense I require is, only that every one of you, laden with that chain from which I have freed your necks, do instantly repair to the city of Toboso; and there presenting yourselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, tell her, that her faithful votary, the Knight of the Doleful Countenance, commanded you to wait on her, and assure her of his profound veneration. Then you shall give her an exact account of every particular relating to this famous achievement, by which you once more taste the sweets of liberty; which done, I give you leave to seek your fortunes where you please."

To this the ringleader and master thief, Gines de Passamonte, made answer for all the rest. "What you would have us to do," said he, "our noble deliverer, is absolutely impracticable and impossible; for we dare not be seen all together for the world. We must rather part, and skulk some one way, some another, and lie snug in creeks and corners under ground, for fear of those damned man-hounds that will be after us with a hue and cry; therefore all we can and ought to do in this case, is to change this compliment and homage which you would have us pay to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, into a certain number of Ave Marias and Credos, which we will say for your worship's benefit; and this may be done by night or by day, walking or standing, and in war as

well as in peace: but to imagine we will return to our flesh-pots of Egypt, that is to say, take up our chains again, and lug them the devil knows where, is as unreasonable as to think it is night now at ten o'clock in the morning. 'Sdeath, to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree."—"Now, by my sword," replied Don Quixote, "Sir Ginesello de Parapilla, or whatever be your name, you yourself alone shall go to Toboso, like a dog that has scalded his tail, with the whole chain about your shoulders." Gines, who was naturally very choleric, judging by Don Quixote's extravagance in freeing them, that he was not very wise, winked on his companions, who, like men that understood signs, presently fell back to the right and left, and pelted Don Quixote with such a shower of stones, that all his dexterity to cover himself with his shield was now ineffectual, and poor Rozinante no more obeyed the spur, than if he had been only the statue of a horse. As for Sancho, he got behind his ass, and there sheltered himself from the volleys of flints that threatened his bones, while his master was so battered, that in a little time he was thrown out of his saddle to the ground. He was no sooner down, but the student leaped on him, took off his basin from his head, gave him three or four thumps on the shoulders with it, and then gave it so many knocks against the stones, that he almost broke it to pieces. After this, they stripped him of his upper coat, and had robbed him of his hose too, but that his greaves hindered them. They also eased Sancho of his upper coat, and left him in his doublet; then, having divided the spoils, they shifted every one for himself, thinking more how to avoid being taken up, and linked again in the chain, than of trudging with it to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Thus the ass, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote, remained indeed masters of the field, but in an ill condition: the ass hanging his head, and pensive, shaking his ears now and then, as if the volleys of stones had still whizzed about them; Rozinante lying in a desponding manner, for he had been knocked down as well as his unhappy rider; Sancho un-

cased to his doublet, and trembling for fear of the Holy Brotherhood; and Don Quixote filled with sullen regret, to find himself so barbarously used by those whom he had so highly obliged.

7. How the knight of La Mancha in the Black Mountain undertook his penance in imitation of Beltenebros:

"Once more, I pr'ythee, have done," said Don Quixote: "it is not so much that business that detains me in this barren and desolate wild, as a desire I have to perform a certain heroic deed that shall immortalize my fame, and make it fly to the remotest regions of the habitable globe; nay, it shall seal and confirm the most complete and absolute knight-errant in the world."—"But is not this same adventure very dangerous?" asked Sancho. —"Not at all," replied Don Quixote, "though as fortune may order it, our expectations may be baffled by disappointing accidents: but the main thing consists in thy diligence."—"My diligence?" quoth Sancho.—"I mean," said Don Quixote, "that if thou returnest with all the speed imaginable from the place whither I design to send thee, my pain will soon be at an end, and my glory begin. And because I do not doubt thy zeal for advancing thy master's interest, I will no longer conceal my design from thee. Know, then, my most faithful squire, that Amadis de Gaul was one of the most accomplished knights-errant; nay, I should not have said he was one of them, but the most perfect, the chief, and prince of them all. And let not the Belianises, nor any others, pretend to stand in competition with him for the honor of priority; for, to my knowledge should they attempt it, they would be egregiously in the wrong. I must also inform thee, that when a painter studies to excel and grow famous in his art, he takes care to imitate the best originals; which rule ought likewise to be observed in all other arts and sciences that serve for the ornament of well-regulated commonwealths. Thus he that is ambi-

Photo: Ewing Galloway. From Painting

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO

tious of gaining the reputation of a prudent and patient man, ought to propose to himself to imitate Ulysses, in whose person and troubles Homer has admirably delineated a perfect pattern and prototype of wisdom and heroic patience. So Vergil, in his Aeneas, has given the world a rare example of filial piety, and of the sagacity of a valiant and experienced general; both the Greek and Roman poets representing their heroes not such as they really were, but such as they should be, to remain examples of virtue to ensuing ages. In the same manner, Amadis having been the polar star and sun of valorous and amorous knights, it is him we ought to set before our eyes as our great exemplar, all of us that fight under the banner of love and chivalry; for it is certain that the adventurer who shall emulate him best, shall consequently arrive nearest to the perfection of knight-errantry. Now, Sancho, I find that among the things which most displayed that champion's prudence and fortitude, his constancy and love, and his other heroic virtues, none was more remarkable than his retiring from his disdainful Oriana, to do penance on the Barren Rock, changing his name into that of Beltenebros, or the Lovely Obscure, a title certainly most significant, and adapted to the life which he then intended to lead. So I am resolved to imitate him in this, the rather because I think it a more easy task than it would be to copy after his other achievements, such as cleaving the bodies of giants, cutting off the heads of dragons, killing dreadful monsters, routing whole armies, dispersing navies, breaking the force of magic spells. And since these mountainous wilds offer me so fair an opportunity, I see no reason why I should neglect it, and therefore I will lay hold on it now."— "Very well," quoth Sancho; "but pray, sir, what is it that you mean to do in this fag-end of the world?"— "Have I not already told thee," answered Don Quixote, "that I intend to copy Amadis in his madness, despair, and fury? nay, at the same time I will imitate the valiant Orlando Furioso's extravagance, when he ran mad, after he had found the unhappy tokens of the fair

Angelica's dishonorable commerce with Medoro at the fountain; at which time, in his frantic despair, he tore up trees by the roots, troubled the waters of the clear fountains, slew the shepherds, destroyed their flocks, fired their huts, demolished houses, drove their horses before him, and committed a hundred thousand other extravagancies, worthy to be recorded in the eternal register of fame. Not that I intend, however, in all things to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolante (for he had all those names), but only to make choice of such frantic effects of his amorous despair, as I shall think most essential and worthy imitation. Nay, perhaps I shall wholly follow Amadis, who, without launching out into such destructive and fatal ravings, and only expressing his anguish in complaints and lamentations, gained nevertheless a renown equal, if not superior, to that of the greatest heroes."

"Sir," quoth Sancho, "I dare say the knight who did these penances had some reason to be mad; but what need have you to be mad too? what lady has sent you a-packing, or so much as slighted you? when did you ever find that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso did otherwise than she should do, with either Moor or Christian?"—"Why, there is the point," cried Don Quixote, "in this consists the singular perfection of my undertaking; for, mark me, Sancho, for a knight-errant to run mad upon any just occasion, is neither strange nor meritorious; no, the rarity is to run mad without a cause, without the least constraint or necessity: there is a refined and exquisite passion for you, Sancho! for thus my mistress must needs have a vast idea of my love, since she may guess what I should perform in the wet, if I do so much in the dry. But besides, I have but too just a motive to give a loose to my raving grief, considering the long date of my absence from my ever supreme lady, Dulcinea del Toboso; for as the shepherd in Matthias Ambrosio has it,

Poor lovers, absent from the darling fair,
All ills not only dread, but bear.

Then do not lavish any more time in striving to divert me from so rare, so happy, and so singular an imitation. I am mad, and will be mad, until thy return with an answer to the letter which thou must carry from me to the Lady Dulcinea; and if it be as favorable as my unshaken constancy deserves, then my madness and my penance shall end; but if I find she repays my vows and services with ungrateful disdain, then will I be emphatically mad, and screw up my thoughts to such an excess of distraction, that I shall be insensible of the rigor of my relentless fair. Thus what return soever she makes to my passion, I shall be eased one way or other of the anxious thoughts that now divide my soul; either entertaining the welcome news of her reviving pity with demonstrations of sense, or else showing my insensibility of her cruelty by the height of my distraction. But in the meantime, Sancho, tell me, hast thou carefully preserved Mambrino's helmet? I saw thee take it up the other day, after that monster of ingratitude had spent his rage in vain endeavors to break it; which, by the way, argues the most excellent temper of the metal."—"Body of me," quoth Sancho, "Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance, I can no longer bear to hear you run on at this rate! Why, this were enough to make any man believe that all your bragging and bouncing of your knight-errantry, your winning of kingdoms, and bestowing of islands, and heaven knows what, upon your squire, are mere flim-flam stories, and nothing but shams and lies; for who the devil can hear a man call a barber's basin a helmet, nay, and stand to it, and vouch it four days together, and not think him that says it to be stark mad, or without brains? I have the basin safe enough here in my pouch, and I'll get it mended for my own use, if ever I have the luck to get home to my wife and children."

"Now as I love bright arms," cried Don Quixote, "I swear thou art the shallowest, silliest, and most stupid fellow of a squire that ever I heard or read of in my life! How is it possible for thee to be so dull of apprehension,

as not to have learnt in all this time that thou hast been in my service, that all the actions and adventures of us knights-errant seem to be mere chimeras, follies, and impertinences? Not that they are so indeed, but only either through the officious care, or else through the malice and envy of those enchanters that always haunt and persecute us unseen, and by their fascinations change the appearance of our actions into what they please, according to their love or hate. This is the very reason why that which I plainly perceive to be Mambrino's helmet, seems to thee to be only a barber's basin, and perhaps another man may take it to be something else. And in this I can never too much admire the prudence of the sage who espouses my interests, in making that inestimable helmet seem a basin; for did it appear in its proper shape, its tempting value would raise me as many enemies as there are men in the universe, all eager to snatch from me so desirable a prize: but so long as it shall seem to be nothing else but a barber' basin, men will not value it; as is manifest from the fellow's leaving it behind him on the ground; for had he known what it really was, he would sooner have parted with his life. Keep it safe then, Sancho, for I have no need of it at present, far from it; I think to put off my armor, and strip myself as naked as I came out of my mother's womb, in case I determine to imitate Orlando's fury, rather than the penance of Amadis."

This discourse brought them to the foot of a high rock that stood by itself, as if it had been hewn out, and divided from the rest; by its skirt glided a purling stream, that softly took its winding course through an adjacent meadow. The verdant freshness of the grass, the number of wild trees, plants, and flowers, that feasted the eyes in that pleasant solitude, invited the Knight of the Doleful Countenance to make choice of it to perform his amorous penance; and therefore as soon as he had let his ravished sight rove a while over the scattered beauties of the place, he took possession of it with the following speech, as if he had utterly lost the small share of reason

he had left: "Behold, O heavens!" cried he, "the place which an unhappy lover has chosen in order to bemoan the deplorable state to which you have reduced him: here shall my flowing tears swell the liquid veins of this crystal rill, and my deep sighs perpetually move the leaves of these shady trees, in testimony of the anguish and pain that harrows up my soul. Ye rural deities, whoever you be, that make these unfrequented deserts your abode, hear the complaints of an unfortunate lover, whom a tedious absence, and some slight impressions of a jealous mistrust, have driven to these regions of despair, to bewail his rigorous destiny, and deplore the distracting cruelty of that ungrateful fair, who is the perfection of all human beauty. Ye pitying Napaean nymphs and Dryades, silent inhabitants of the woods and groves, assist me to lament my fate, or at least attend the mournful story of my woes; so may no designing beastly satyrs, those just objects of your hate, ever have power to interrupt your rest. O Dulcinea del Toboso! thou sun that turnest my gloomy night to day! glory of my pain! north star of my travels, and reigning planet that controlst my heart! pity, I conjure thee, the unparalleled distress to which thy absence has reduced the faithfulest of lovers, and grant to my fidelity that kind return which it so justly claims! so may indulgent fate shower on thee all the blessings thou ever canst desire, or Heaven grant!—Ye lonesome trees, under whose spreading branches I come to linger out the gloomy shadow of a tedious being; let the soft language of your rustling leaves, and the kind nodding of your springing boughs, satisfy me that I am welcome to your shady harbors.—O thou, my trusty squire, the inseparable companion of my adventures, diligently observe what thou shalt see me do in this lonely retreat, that thou mayst inform the dear cause of my ruin with every particular." As he said this, he alighted, and presently taking off his horse's bridle and saddle, "Go, Rozinante," saith he, giving his horse a clap on the haunch, "he that has lost his freedom gives thee thine, thou steed as renowned for thy extraordinary actions, as

for thy misfortunes; go rear thy awful front wherever thou pleasest, secure that neither the Hippogryphon of Astolpho, nor the renowned Frontino, which Bradamante purchased at so high a price, could ever be thought thy equals."

"Joy be with him," cried Sancho, "that saved me the trouble of sending Dapple to grass too: poor thing, had I him here, he should not want two or three claps, nor a fine speech in his praise neither, while I took off his pannel. But stay, were he here, what need would there be to strip him of his harness? Alas, he never had any thing to do with these mad pranks of love, no more than myself, who was his master when fortune pleased. But do you hear me, now I think on it, Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance, if your worship is resolved to be mad, and send me away in good earnest, we must even clap the saddle again on Rozinante's back; for to tell you the truth, I am but a sorry foot-man, and if I do not ride home, I do not know when I shall be able to come back again."—"Do as thou thinkest fit for that, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for I design thou shalt set forward about three days hence. In the meanwhile, thou shalt be a witness of what I will do for my lady's sake, that thou mayest give her an account of it." —"Bless my eyesight," quoth Sancho, "what can I see more than I have seen already?"—"Thou hast seen nothing yet," answered Don Quixote; "thou must see me throw away my armor, tear my clothes, knock my head against the rocks, and do a thousand other things of that kind, that will fill thee with astonishment."— "For goodness' sake, sir," quoth Sancho, "take heed how you quarrel with those ungracious rocks; you may chance to get such a crack on the crown at the very first rap, as may spoil your penance at one dash. No, I do not like that way by no means; if you must needs be knocking your noddle, to go through stitch with this ugly job, seeing it is all but a mockery, or as it were between jest and earnest, why cannot you as well play your tricks on something that is softer than these unconscionable

stones? You may run your head against water, or rather against cotton, or this stuffing of Rozinante's saddle, and then let me alone with the rest: I will be sure to tell my Lady Dulcinea, that you bebumped your pole against the point of a rock that is harder than a diamond."

"I thank thee for thy goodwill, dear Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "but I assure thee, that all these seeming extravagancies that I must run through, are no jests: far from it, they must all be performed seriously and solemnly; for otherwise we should transgress the laws of chivalry, that forbid us to tell lies upon pain of degradation; now to pretend to do one thing, and effect another, is an evasion, which I esteem to be as bad as lying. Therefore the blows which I must give myself on the head, ought to be real, substantial, sound ones, without any trick, or mental reservation; for which reason I would have thee leave me some lint and salve, since fortune has deprived us of the sovereign balsam which we lost."—"It was a worse loss to lose the ass," quoth Sancho, "for with him we have lost bag and baggage, lint and all: but no more of your damned drench, if you love me; the very thoughts on it are enough not only to turn my stomach, but my soul; such a rumbling I feel in my wame at the name of it. Then as for the three days you would have me loiter here to mind your mad tricks, you had as good make account they are already over; for I hold them for seen and passed, and will tell wonders to my lady: wherefore write you your letter, and send me going with all haste; for let me be hanged if I do not long already to be back, to take you out of this purgatory wherein I leave you."

"Dost thou only call it purgatory, Sancho?" cried Don Quixote; "call it hell rather, or something worse, if there be in nature a term expressive of a more wretched state."—"Nay, not so neither," quoth Sancho, "I would not call it hell; because, as I heard our parson say, 'There is no retention out of hell.' "—"Retention!" cried Don Quixote; "what dost thou mean by that word?"—"Why," quoth Sancho, "retention is retention; it is, that whosoever is in hell, never comes, nor can come, out

of it: which shall not be your case this bout, if I can stir my heels, and have but spurs to tickle Rozinante's flanks, till I come to my Lady Dulcinea; for I will tell her such strange things of your maggoty tricks, your folly and your madness, for indeed they are no better, that I will lay my head to a hazel-nut, I will make her as supple as a glove, though I found her at first as tough-hearted as a cork; and when I have wheedled an answer out of her, all full of sweet honey words, away will I whisk it back to you, cutting the air as swift as a witch upon a broomstick, and free you out of your purgatory; for a purgatory I will have it to be in spite of hell, nor shall you gainsay me in that fancy; for, as I have told you before, there are some hopes of your retention out of this place."

"Well, be it so," said the Knight of the Doleful Countenance: "but how shall I do to write this letter?" —"And the order for the three asses?" added Sancho.— "I will not forget it," answered Don Quixote; "but since we have here no paper, I must be obliged to write on the leaves or bark of trees, or on wax, as they did in ancient times; yet now I consider on it, we are here as ill provided with wax as with paper; but stay, now I remember, I have Cardenio's pocket-book, which will supply that want in this exigence, and then thou shalt get the letter fairly transcribed at the first village where thou canst meet with a schoolmaster; or, for want of a schoolmaster, thou mayest get the clerk of the parish to do it; but by no means give it to any notary or scrivener to be written out; for they commonly write such confounded hands, that the devil himself would scarce be able to read it." —"Well," quoth Sancho, "but what shall I do for want of your name to it?"—"Why," answered Don Quixote, "Amadis never used to subscribe his letters."—"Ay," replied Sancho, "but the bill of exchange for the three asses must be signed; for should I get it copied out afterward, they would say it is not your hand, and so I shall go without the asses."—"I will write and sign the order for them in the pocket-book," answered Don Quixote; "and as soon as my niece sees the hand, she will never

scruple the delivery of the asses: and as for the love-letter, when thou gettest it transcribed, thou must get it thus underwritten, 'Yours till death, the Knight of the Doleful Countenance.' It is no matter whether the letter and subscription be written by the same hand or no; for, as I remember, Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor did she ever see any of my letters, nay, not so much as any of my writing in her life: for my love and hers have always been purely Platonic, never extending beyond the lawful bounds of a modest look; and that too so very seldom, that I dare safely swear, that though for these twelve years she has been dearer to my soul than light to my eyes, yet I never saw her four times in my life; and perhaps of those few times that I have seen her, she has scarce perceived once that I beheld her; so strictly, and so discreetly, Lorenzo Corchuelo, her father, and Aldonza Nogales, her mother, have kept and educated her."

. . . . . .

With that Don Quixote pulled out the pocket-book, and, retiring a little aside, he very seriously began to write the letter; which he had no sooner finished, but he called Sancho, and ordered him to listen while he read it over to him, that he might carry it as well in his memory as in his pocket-book, in case he should have the ill luck to lose it by the way; for so cross was fortune to him, that he feared every accident. "But, sir," said Sancho, "write it over twice or thrice there in the book, and give it to me, and then I will be sure to deliver the message safe enough I warrant ye: for it is a folly to think I can get it by heart; alas, my memory is so bad, that many times I forget my own name! but yet for all that, read it out to me, I beseech you, for I have a hugeous mind to hear it. I dare say it is as fine as though it were in print."—"Well, then, listen," said Don Quixote.

Don Quixote's Letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.

"High and Sovereign Lady!

"He that is stabbed to the quick with the poniard of

absence, and wounded to the heart with love's most piercing darts, sends you that health which he wants himself, sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso. If your beauty reject me, if your virtue refuse to raise my fainting hopes, if your disdain exclude me from relief, I must at last sink under the pressure of my woes, though much inured to sufferings: for my pains are not only too violent, but too lasting. My trusty squire Sancho will give you an exact account of the condition to which love and you have reduced me, too beautiful ingrate! If you relent at last, and pity my distress, then I may say I live, and you preserve what is yours. But if you abandon me to despair, I must patiently submit, and, by ceasing to breathe, satisfy your cruelty and my passion.—Yours, till death,

"THE KNIGHT OF THE DOLEFUL COUNTENANCE."

"By the life of my father," quoth Sancho, "if I ever saw a finer thing in my born days! How neatly and roundly you tell your mind, and how cleverly you bring in at last, *The Knight of the Doleful Countenance.* Well, I say it again in good earnest, your honor is the very devil, and there is no kind of thing in the world but what you can turn your hand to."—"A man ought to have some knowledge of everything," answered Don Quixote, "if he would be duly qualified for the employment I profess."—"Well then," quoth Sancho, "do so much as write the warrant for the three asses on the other side of that leaf; and pray write it mighty plain, that they may know it is your hand at first sight."—"I will," said Don Quixote; and with that he wrote it accordingly, and then read it in this form:

"My dear Niece,

"Upon sight of this my first bill of asses, be pleased to deliver three of the five which I left at home in your custody to Sancho Panza, my squire, for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, together with his receipt, shall be your discharge. Given in the heart of Sierra Morena, the 27th of August, in the present year."

"It is as it should be," quoth Sancho; "there only

wants your name at the bottom."—"There is no need to set my name," answered Don Quixote, "I will only set the two first letters of it, and it will be as valid as if it were written at length, though it were not only for three asses, but for three hundred."—"I dare take your worship's word," quoth Sancho. "And now I am going to saddle Rozinante, and then you shall give me your blessing, for I intend to set out presently, without seeing any of your mad tricks; and I will relate, that I saw you perform so many, that she can desire no more."—"Nay," said Don Quixote, "I will have thee stay a while, Sancho, and see me stark naked; it is also absolutely necessary thou shouldst see me practice some twenty or thirty mad gambols. I shall have despatched them in less than half an hour, and when thou hast been an eye-witness of that essay, thou mayest with a safe conscience swear thou hast seen me play a thousand more; for I dare assure thee, for thy encouragement, thou never canst exceed the number of those I shall perform."—"Good sir," quoth Sancho, "as you love me do not let me stay to see you naked! it will grieve me so to the heart, that I shall cry my eyes out; and I have blubbered and howled but too much since yesternight for the loss of my ass; my head is so sore with it, I am not able to cry any longer: but if you will needs have me see some of your antics, pray, do them in your clothes out of hand, and let them be such as are most to the purpose, for the sooner I go, the sooner I shall come back, and the way to be gone is not to stay here. I long to bring you an answer to your heart's content, and I will be sure to do it, or let the Lady Dulcinea look to it; for if she does not answer it as she should do, I protest solemnly I will force a favorable answer out of her stomach by dint of good kicks and fisticuffs; for it is not to be endured, that such a notable knight-errant as your worship is, should thus run out of his wits without knowing why or wherefore, for such a —odsbobs, I know what I know; she had best not provoke me to speak it out; for, by the Lord, I shall let fly, and out with it by wholesale, though it spoil the market."

"I protest, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I think thou art as mad as myself."—"Nay, not so mad neither," replied Sancho, "but somewhat more choleric. But talk no more of that. Let us see, how will you do for victuals when I am gone? Do you mean to do like the other madman yonder, rob upon the highway, and snatch the goatherds' victuals from them by main force?"—"Never let that trouble thy head," replied Don Quixote, "for though I had all the dainties that can feast a luxurious palate, I would feed upon nothing but the herbs and fruits which this wilderness will afford me; for the singularity of my present task consists in fasting, and half starving myself, and in the performance of other austerities."—"But there is another thing come into my head," quoth Sancho; "how shall I do to find the way hither again, it is such a bye-place?"—"Take good notice of it beforehand," said Don Quixote, "and I will endeavor to keep here abouts till thy return; besides, about the time when I may reasonably expect thee back, I will be sure to watch on the top of yonder high rock for thy coming. But now I bethink myself of a better expedient, thou shalt cut down a good number of boughs, and strew them in the way as thou ridest along, till thou gettest to the plains, and this will serve thee to find me again at thy return, like the clue in the labyrinth of Theseus."

"I will go about it out of hand," quoth Sancho. With that he went and cut down a bundle of boughs, then came and asked his master's blessing, and, after a shower of tears shed on both sides, mounted Rozinante, which Don Quixote very seriously recommended to his care, charging him to be as tender of that excellent steed as of his own person. After that he set forward towards the plains, strewing several boughs as he rode, according to order. His master importuned him to stay and see him do two or three of his antic postures before he went, but he could not prevail upon him: however, before he was got out of sight he considered over it and rode back. "Sir," quoth he, "I have thought better of it, and be-

lieve I had best take your advice, that I may swear with a safe conscience I have seen you play your mad tricks; therefore I would see you do one of them at least, though I think I have seen you do a very great one already, I mean your staying by yourself in this desert."

"I had advised thee right," said Don Quixote; "and therefore stay but while a man may repeat the Creed, and I will show thee what thou wouldst see." With that, slipping off his breeches, and stripping himself naked to the waist, he gave two or three frisks in the air, and then pitching on his hands, he fetched his heels over his head twice together; and Sancho rode away full satisfied, that he might swear his master was mad.

The history relates, that as soon as the Knight of the Doleful Countenance saw himself alone, after he had taken his frisks and leaps naked as he was, the prelude to his amorous penance, he ascended the top of a high rock, and there began seriously to consider with himself what resolution to take in that nice dilemma, which had already so perplexed his mind; that is, whether he should imitate Orlando in his wild ungovernable fury, or Amadis in his melancholy mood. To which purpose, reasoning with himself, "I do not much wonder," said he, "at Orlando's being so very valiant, considering he was enchanted in such a manner, that he could not be slain, but by the thrust of a long pin through the bottom of his foot, which he sufficiently secured, always wearing seven iron soles to his shoes; and yet this availed him nothing against Bernardo del Carpio, who, understanding what he depended upon, squeezed him to death between his arms at Roncesvalles. But, setting aside his valor, let us examine his madness; for that he was mad, is an unquestionable truth; nor is it less certain, that his frenzy was occasioned by the assurances he had that the fair Angelica had resigned herself up to the unlawful embraces of Medoro, that young Moor with curled locks, who was page to Agramante. Now, after all, seeing he was too well convinced of his lady's infidelity, it is not to be wondered at he should run mad: but how can I

imitate him in his furies, if I cannot imitate him in their occasion? for I dare swear my Dulcinea del Toboso never saw a downright Moor in his own garb since she first beheld light, and that she is at this present as right as the mother that bore her: so that I should do her a great injury, should I entertain any dishonorable thoughts of her behavior, and fall into such a kind of madness as that of Orlando Furioso. On the other side I find, that Amadis de Gaul, without punishing himself with such distraction, or expressing his resentment in so boisterous and raving a manner, got as great a reputation for being a lover as any one whatsoever: for what I find in history as to his abandoning himself to sorrow, is only this: he found himself disdained, his lady Oriana having charged him to get out of her sight, and not to presume to appear in her presence till she gave him leave; and this was the true reason why he retired to the Barren Rock with the hermit, where he gave up himself wholly to grief, and wept a deluge of tears, till pitying Heaven, commiserating his affliction, at last sent him relief in the height of his anguish. Now then, since this is true, as I know it is, what need have I to tear off my clothes, to rend and root up these harmless trees, or trouble the clear water of these brooks, that must give me drink when I am thirsty? No, long live the memory of Amadis de Gaul, and let him be the great exemplar which Don Quixote de la Mancha chooses to imitate in all things that will admit of a parallel. So may it be said of the living copy, as was said of the dead original, that, if he did not perform great things, yet no man was more ambitious of undertaking them than he; and though I am not disdained nor discarded by Dulcinea, yet it is sufficient that I am absent from her. Then it is resolved: and now, ye famous actions of the great Amadis, recur in my remembrance, and be my trusty guides to follow his example.'' This said, he called to mind, that the chief exercise of that hero in his retreat was prayer; to which purpose, our modern Amadis presently went and made himself a rosary of galls or acorns instead of beads; but he was

extremely troubled for want of a hermit to hear his confession, and comfort him in his affliction. However, he entertained himself with his amorous contemplations, walking up and down in the meadow, and writing some poetical conceptions in the smooth sand, and upon the barks of trees, all of them expressive of his sorrows, and the praises of Dulcinea; but unhappily none were found entire and legible but these stanzas that follow:

Ye lofty trees, with spreading arms,
The pride and shelter of the plain;
Ye humbler shrubs, and flow'ry charms,
Which here in springing glory reign!
If my complaints may pity move,
Hear the sad story of my love!
While with me here you pass your hours,
Should you grow faded with my cares,
I'll bribe you with refreshing showers,
You shall be watered with my tears.
Distant, though present in idea,
I mourn my absent Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

Love's truest slave despairing chose
This lonely wild, this desert plain,
The silent witness of the woes
Which he, though guiltless, must sustain,
Unknowing why those pains he bears,
He groans, he raves, and he despairs:
With ling'ring fires love racks my soul,
In vain I grieve, in vain lament;
Like tortur'd fiends, I weep, I howl,
And burn, yet never can repent.
Distant, though present in idea,
I mourn my absent Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

While I through honor's thorny ways
In search of distant glory rove,
Malignant fate my toil repays
With endless woes and hopeless love.

Thus I on barren rocks despair,
And curse my stars, yet bless my fair.
Love arm'd with snakes has left his dart,
And now does like a fury rave,
And scourge and sting in every part,
And into madness lash his slave.
Distant, though present in idea,
I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

8. The first part of *Don Quixote* ends in the following manner:

Thus the curate, the barber, Don Quixote, and Sancho Panza, were left together, as also the good Rozinante, that bore all these passages as patiently as his master. The wagoner then yoked his oxen, and, having set Don Quixote on a truss of hay, jogged on, after his slow accustomed pace, that way the curate had directed. In six days' time they reached the knight's village. It was about noon when they entered the town; and as it happened to be on a Sunday all the people were in the market-place, through the middle of which Don Quixote's car must of necessity pass. Everybody was curious to know what was in it; and the people were strangely surprised when they saw and knew their townsman. While they were gaping and wondering, a little boy ran to the knight's house, and gave intelligence to the housekeeper and niece, that their master and uncle was returned, very lean and pale, and stretched out at length on a bundle of hay, in a wagon, and drawn along by a team of oxen.

It was a piteous thing to hear the wailings of those two poor creatures; the reproaches which they gave themselves, with the curses and execrations they hurled against all books of chivalry, all of which were repeated when they saw Don Quixote enter the door. Upon the noise of his arrival, Sancho Panza's wife made haste thither to inquire after her good-man, for she now knew

that he had gone as squire to the knight. As soon as ever she set eyes on him, the first question she asked him was, whether the ass was well? Sancho answered, he was come back in better health than his master. "Well," said she, "heaven be praised for the good news: but hark you, my friend," continued she, "what have you got by your squireship? Have you brought me home ever a gown or petticoat, or shoes for my children?"—"In troth, sweet wife," replied Sancho, "I have brought thee none of those things; but I bring things of more importance."—"Ay," said his wife, "that's well. Prythee let me see some of them fine things, for I vow I have a huge mind to see them; the sight of them will comfort my poor heart, which has been so sad and ill-content ever since thou went'st away."—"I'll show them thee when we come home," returned Sancho; "in the meantime rest satisfied, that if Heaven see good that we should once again go abroad in search of other adventures, within a little time after, at my return, thou shalt find me some earl, or the governor of some island; ay, of one of the very best in the whole world."—"I wish with all my heart this may come to pass," replied the good-wife; "for, by my troth, husband, we want it sorely. But what do you mean by that same word island? for believe me I don't understand it."—"All in good time, wife," said Sancho; "honey is not made for an ass's mouth: you shall see what it is hereafter. Thou wilt be amazed to hear all thy servants and vassals never speak a word to thee without 'An't please you, madam;' 'An't like your ladyship;' and 'Your honor,' "—"What dost thou mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands, and vassals?" quoth Juana Panza, for so she was called, though her husband and she were nothing akin, only it is a custom in La Mancha that the wives are there called by their husbands' surnames. "Do not trouble thy head, Juana," said Sancho, "to know these matters all at once; it is enough, I tell thee the truth, therefore hold thy tongue. Yet, of one thing I will assure thee, that nothing in the world is better for an honest man, than to be squire to a

knight-errant, while he is hunting of adventures. It is true, most adventures he goes about do not answer a man's expectations so much as he could wish; for of a hundred that are met with, ninety-nine are wont to be crabbed and unlucky ones. This I know to my cost: I myself have got well blanketed in some of them, and soundly drubbed in others: yet, for all that, it is a rare sport to be a-watching for strange chances, to traverse mountains, to beat up and down in woods, to scramble over rocks, to visit castles, and to take up quarters in inns at pleasure, and all the while the devil a cross to pay."

These were the discourses with which Sancho Panza and his wife Juana entertained one another, while the housekeeper and niece undressed Don Quixote, and put him into his ancient bed, where he lay looking askance on them, but could not imagine where he was. The curate charged the niece to be very careful and tender of her uncle, and to be very watchful, lest he should make another sally; telling her what had been necessary to get him home. Now the women began their outcries again: now the books of knight-errantry were again execrated, and now they begged that the authors of so many cursed bewitching chimeras and lies might be thrown down into the very center of the abyss; for they were still almost distracted with the fear of losing their master and uncle again, so soon as ever he recovered; which indeed fell out according to their fear. But though the author of this history has been very curious and diligent in his inquiry after Don Quixote's achievements in his third expedition in quest of adventures, yet he could never find any account of them, at least from any author of credit; fame and tradition alone have preserved some particulars of them in the memoirs and antiquities of La Mancha; as, that after the knight's third sally, he was present at certain famous tilts and tournaments made in the city of Saragoza, where he met with occasions worthy the exercise of his sense and valor: but how the knight died, our author neither could, nor ever should have learned, if, by good fortune, he had not met with an

ancient physician, who had a leaden box in his possession, which, as he averred, was found in the ruins of an old hermitage, as it was re-building. In this box were certain scrolls of parchment written in Gothic characters, but containing verses in the Spanish tongue, in which many of his noble acts were sung, and Dulcinea del Toboso's beauty celebrated, Rozinante's figure described, and Sancho Panza's fidelity applauded. They likewise gave an account of Don Quixote's burial, with several epitaphs and encomiums on his life and conversation. Those that could be read and transcribed, are here added by the faithful author of this new and incomparable history:

THE ACADEMICIANS OF LA ARGAMASILLA, A VILLAGE OF LA MANCHA, ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA *HOC SCRIPSERUNT* MONICONGO,[1] *academician of La Argamasilla, on the tomb of Don Quixote.*

EPITAPH

The brain distraught, that did La Mancha lend
More spoils than Jason bold to Crete did bring,
The wisdom, like a weathercock's flat wing
That shows where should be seen its pointed end;
The arm, that so its vigor doth extend
That 'twixt Gaeta and Cathay 'twould swing;
The muse, most dire and yet most reasoning
That e'er on brazen page her verses penn'd;
He who made Amadises' pride succumb,
And vanquished Galeors did set at naught,
In love and valor placing all his trust;
He who the Belianises struck dumb,
And knightly tasks with Rozinante sought,
Beneath this frigid stone lies in the dust.

By PANIAGUADO,[2] *academician of La Argamasilla, in laudem Dulcineae del Toboso.*

[1] These names have all ludicrous significations. Monicongo expresses vanity and conceit; it is rendered in Mr. Duffield's edition by "Prig."

[2] "Toady."

SONNET

She whom thou seest with features coarse and red,
With breasts protruding, vigorous of mien,
Is Dulcinea, whilom Toboso's queen,
Of whom great Quixote was enamored.
For sake of her he either slope did tread
Of great Sierra Negra and the scene
Of Montiel's fight, unto the levels green
Of Aranjuez, afoot and sore bestead
By Rozinante's fault. O cruel fate!
Ill-starr'd indeed was this Manchegan dame,
And this untamed knight-errant! She did quit
By death at tender age her beauteous state;
And he, though marble slabs preserve his fame
Could not escape love, wrath, and evil wit.

By CAPRICHOSO,[1] *the cleverest academician of Argamasilla, in praise of Rozinante, the steed of Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

SONNET

Upon that haughty trunk of adamant,
Which Mars doth trample with ensanguin'd feet,
The wild Manchegan bids his ensign meet
The breeze, upheld by strength extravagant.
His arms and temper'd steel he there doth plant
Wherewith he doth destroy, cleave, raze, defeat:
New prowess his! but Art new methods meet
For this new paladin is fain to grant.
Her Amadis may be the boast of Gaul,
To whose illustrious offspring Greece hath owed
A thousand triumphs and her glory swell'd.
But Quixote now Bellona, in her hall
Presiding, crowns; whereby La Mancha proud
Both Greece and Gaul in greatness hath excell'd
Nor by Oblivion shall his fame be quell'd
Since Rozinante gallantest of steeds
E'en Brigliadoro and Bayard[2] exceeds.

[1] "Crotchety." [2] Brigliadoro (golden bridle) was the name of Orlando's horse; Bayardo, that of Rinaldo.

By BURLADOR,[1] *academician of La Argamasilla to Sancho Panza.*

SONNET

'Tis Sancho Panza, this; in body squat
But big in courage; marvelous event!
A squire more artless and more innocent,
I swear and certify, the world had not.
Of being a count he fail'd but by a jot,
Had not an evil age's insolent
Assaults conspired his fortune to prevent—
For which no jackass pardon would have got.
On such a beast he rode, a squire most meek
(If I err not) behind as meek a steed
And Rozinante's master, as beseems.
Oh! futile are the things that people seek:
How do their hopes towards promised rest proceed
And end at last in shadow, smoke and dreams.

By CACHIDIABLO,[2] *academician of La Argamasilla on Don Quixote's Tomb.*

EPITAPH

Here well batter'd lies the knight,
Ill his errantry did fare,
Rozinante him did bear
This way, that way, as he might.
Sancho Panza plain and rude
Here lies also at his side;
Squire more trusty and more tried
Ne'er the squirely trade pursued.

By TIQUITOC,[3] *academician of La Argamasilla on the tomb of Dulcinea del Toboso.*

EPITAPH

Here is Dulcinea laid,
Plump in flesh she was enow,
Grim and ghastly Death has now
Dust and ashes of her made.

[1] "Scoffer." [2] "Hobgoblin."
[3] Equivalent to "Ding Dong."

She of virtuous stock was grown,
Bearing marks of gentle dame,
She was noble Quixote's flame,
And the glory of her town.

9. From this point on the extracts are from the second part of *Don Quixote,* which is written in even a more masterly style than the first section. Moreover, Cervantes was older when he wrote, and having changed his ideas upon some subjects, made his writings of greater interest to the public and said less that could offend the more fastidious. The Knight of the Doleful Countenance is toward the close a pathetic figure, and the jests and fooleries in which the Duke and Duchess indulge offend the sensibilities of many readers, who feel that the gentle old man deserved more of courtesy even in his madness. Still, the book is full of humor, and Sancho Panza's character develops amazingly, as may be seen from some of the extracts, notably the first, which contains a wise and pleasant dialogue between himself and Teresa, his wife:

Sancho came home so cheerful and so merry, that his wife read his joy in his looks as far as she could see him, and was fain to ask the cause, "Dear Sancho," cried she, "what makes you so merry?"—"I should be more merry, wife," quoth Sancho, "would but Heaven so order it, that I were not so well pleased as I seem to be."—"You speak riddles, husband," quoth she; "I don't know what you mean by saying, you should be more merry if you were not so well pleased; for, though I am silly enough, I cannot think a man can take pleasure in not being pleased."—"Look ye, Teresa," quoth Sancho, "I am

merry because I am once more going to serve my master Don Quixote, who is resolved this third time to go a-hunting after adventures, and I must go with him; for so my necessities will have it, together with the hope that makes me merry, that I think I may be able to find another hundred crowns like that we spent, but then it grieves me to leave thee, and our children; and would Heaven but be pleased to let me live at home dry-shod, in peace and quietness, without gadding over hill and dale, through brambles and briars (as Heaven might well do with small cost, if it would, and with no manner of trouble, but only to be willing it should be so), why then it is a clear case that my mirth would be more firm and sound, since my present gladness is mingled with a sorrow to part with thee. And so I think I have made out what I have said, that I should be merrier if I did not seem so well pleased."

"Look you, Sancho," quoth the wife, "ever since you have been a member of knight-errant, you talk so round about the bush, that nobody can understand you."—"It is enough," quoth Sancho, "that He understands me who understands all things; and so no more words about it. But mind you, wife, be sure you look carefully after Dapple for these three days, that he may be in good case and fit to bear arms; double his pittance, look out his pannel and all his harness, and let everything be set to rights; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to make our party good with giants, and dragons, and hobgoblins, and to hear nothing but hissings, and roarings, and howlings, and yellings; all which would be but flowers of lavender, if we had not to meet with the Yanguesian carriers, and enchanted Moors."—"Nay, as for that, husband," quoth Teresa, "I am apt enough to think you squire-errants don't eat your master's bread for nothing; and therefore it shall be my daily prayer, that you may quickly be freed from that plaguy trouble."—"Troth, wife," quoth Sancho, "were not I in hopes to see myself, ere it be long, governor of an island, o' my conscience I should drop down

dead on the spot.''—''Not so, my husband,'' quoth the wife. ''Let the hen live, though it be with pip. Do thou live, and let all the governments in the world go to the devil. Thou camest out of thy mother's womb without government, thou hast lived hitherto without government, and thou mayest be carried to thy grave without government, when it shall please the Lord. How many people in this world live without government, yet do not die, and are reckoned amongst other folk? There is no sauce in the world like hunger, and as the poor never want that, they always eat with a good stomach. But look ye, Sancho, if it should be thy good luck to get a government, prithee do not forget thy wife and children. Take notice that little Sancho is already full fifteen, and it is high time he went to school, if his uncle the abbot mean to have him sent into the church. Then there is Mari-Sancha, your daughter; I dare say the burden of wedlock will never be the death of her, for I shrewdly guess, she longs as much for a husband, as you do for a government; and when all comes to all, better the daughter ill married than well kept.''

''I' good sooth! wife,'' quoth Sancho, ''if it be Heaven's blessed will that I get anything of a government, I will see and match Mari-Sancha so well, that she shall, at least, be called my lady.''—''By no means, husband,'' cried the wife, ''let her match with her equal: if from clouted shoes you set her upon high heels, and from her coarse russet coat you put her into a fardingale, and from plain Moll and thee and thou, go to call her madam, and your ladyship, the poor girl won't know how to behave herself, but will every foot make a thousand blunders, and show her homespun country breeding.''—''Tush! fool,'' answered Sancho, ''it will be but two or three years' 'prenticeship; and then you will see how strangely she will alter; your ladyship and keeping of state will become her, as if they had been made for her; and suppose they should not, what is it to anybody? Let her be but a lady, and let what will happen.''

"Good Sancho," quoth the wife, "don't look above yourself; I say, keep to the proverb, that says, Birds of a feather flock together. It would be a fine thing, for sure, for us to go and throw away our child on one of your lordlings, or right worshipfuls, who, when the whim should take him in the head, would take a new view of her, and call her country wench, and clod-hopper's or spinner's daughter. No, no, husband, I have not bred the girl up as I have done, in my time, for this, I will assure ye. Do thee but bring home money, and leave me to get her a husband. Why, there is Lope Tocho, old Joan Tocho's son, a hale jolly young fellow, and one whom we all know; I have observed he has a kind eye for the wench; he is our own equal, and will be a good match for her; then we shall always have her under our eyes, and be all as one, fathers and children, grandchildren and sons-in-law, and heaven's peace and blessing will always be with us. But never talk to me of marrying her at your courts, and great men's houses, where she will understand nobody, and nobody will understand her."— "Why, thou beast," cried Sancho, "thou wife for Barabbas, why dost thou hinder me from marrying my daughter to one that will get me grandchildren that may be called your honor and your lordship? Have not I always heard my betters say, that he who will not entertain fortune when she comes, must not grumble when she passes him by? when good luck is knocking at our door, is it fit to shut him out? No, no, let us take advantage of this prosperous wind that is blowing for us." [This mode of locution, and what is said to have been spoken by Sancho below, made the translator of this history say, he held this chapter apocryphal.] "Canst thou not perceive, thou senseless animal," said Sancho going on, "that I ought to venture over head and ears to light on some good gainful government, that may free our feet from the mud, and marry Mari-Sancha to whom we please? Then thou wilt see how folks will call thee Donna Teresa Panza, and thou wilt sit in the church with thy carpets and cushions, and lean and loll in state, though

the best gentlewoman in the town burst with spite and envy. No, no, remain as you are, still in the same posture, neither higher nor lower, like a figure in the hangings. Go to, let us have no more of this; Sanchica shall be a countess in spite of thy words, I say.''

''Well, well, husband,'' quoth the wife, ''have a care what you say, for I fear me this ladyship of my daughter will be her undoing. Do what you will, make her a duchess or a princess, but I will never give my consent. Look ye, brother, for my part, I ever love to see everything upon the square, and cannot abide to see folks take upon them when they should not. I was christened plain Teresa without any fiddle-faddle, or addition of Dons or Donnas. My father's name was Cascajo; and because I married you, they call me Teresa Panza, though indeed by right I should be called Teresa Cascajo. But where the kings are, there are the laws, and I am e'en contented with that name without putting a Don on the top of me, to weigh more than I can carry: neither will I give them no cause to cry, when they see me go like a countess, or a governor's madam, 'Look, look, how Madam Hog-wash struts along! It was but the other day she'd tug ye a distaff, capped with tow, from morning till night, and would go to mass with her coat over her head for want of a hood; yet now, look how she goes in her fardingale, and her brooches, puffed up with pride, as if everybody did not know her.' No, husband, if it please Heaven but to keep me in my seven senses, or my five, or as many as I have, I will take care not to let people's tongues set me out at this rate. You may go, and be a governor, or an islander, and look as big as you will; but by my grandmother's daughter, neither I nor my girl will budge a foot from our village. For the proverb says:—

The wife that expects to have a good name
Is always at home as if she were lame;
And the maid that is honest, her chiefest delight
Is still to be doing from morning to night.

March you and your Don Quixote together, to your islands and adventures, and leave us here to our sorry fortune; I will warrant you Heaven will better it, if we live as we ought to do. I wonder, though, who made him a Don; neither his father nor his grandsire were."—"I tell thee thou art possessed," quoth Sancho. "The Lord help thee, woman! what a heap of stuff hast thou twisted together without head or tail! What have thy Cascajos, thy brooches, thy old saws, and being puffed up with pride to do with what I have said? Hark thee me, Gammer Addlepate, for I can find no better name for thee, since thou art not able to understand my meaning, and standest in thy own light; should I have told thee that my girl was to throw herself head foremost from the top of some steeple, or to ramble about the world as the infanta Donna Urraca chose to do, then thou mightest have some reason not to be of my mind. But if in the twinkling of an eye, and while one might toss a pancake, I clap you a Don and a ladyship upon the back of her; if I fetch her out of her straw, to sit under a canopy, on a pedestal and in a balcony with more velvet cushions than all the Almohadas of Morocco had Moors in their generation, why shouldst thou be against it, and not be pleased with what pleases me?"—"Shall I tell you why, husband?" answered Teresa; "it is because of the proverb, He that covers thee, discovers thee. A poor man is scarce minded, but every one's eyes will stare upon the rich; and if that rich man has formerly been poor, this sets others a-grumbling and backbiting; and your evil tongues will never have done, but swarm about the streets like bees, and buzz their stories into people's ears."—"Look you, Teresa," said Sancho, "mind what I say to thee, I will tell thee things that perhaps thou never heardest of in thy life; nor do I speak of my own head, but what I heard from that good father who preached in our town all last Lent. He told us, if I am not mistaken, that all those things which we see before our eyes, do appear, hold, and exist in our memories much better, and with a greater stress than things

past.'' [All these reasons which are here offered by Sancho, are another argument to persuade the translator to hold this chapter for apocryphal, as exceeding the capacity of Sancho, who went on to say:—] ''From thence it arises, that when we happen to see a person well dressed, richly equipped, and with a great train of servants, we find ourselves moved and prompted to pay him respect, in a manner, in spite of ourselves, though at that very moment our memory makes us call to remembrance some low circumstances, in which we had seen that person before. Now this ignominy, be it either by reason of his poverty, or mean parentage, as it is already passed, is no more, and only that which we see before our eyes remains. So then, if this person whom fortune has raised to that height out of his former obscurity (the father also said), be well-bred, generous and civil to all men, and does not affect to vie with those that are of noble descent; assure thyself, Teresa, nobody will remember what he was, but look upon him as what he is, unless it be your envious spirits, from whose taunts no prosperous fortune can be free.''—''I do not understand you, husband,'' quoth Teresa; ''even follow your own inventions, and do not puzzle my brains with your harangues and rhetorics. If you are so revolved to do as ye say—'' ''Resolved, you shall say, wife,'' quoth Sancho, ''and not revolved.''—''Prithee, husband,'' said Teresa, ''let us have no words about that matter; I speak as Heaven is pleased I should; and meddle no more in schemes: and all I have to say now is this, if you hold still in the mind of being a governor, pray even take your son Sancho along with you, and henceforth train him up to your trade of governing; for it is but fitting that the son should be brought up to the father's calling.''—''When once I am governor,'' quoth Sancho, ''I will send for him by the post, and I will send thee money withal; for of that I shall have no lack; there never want those that will lend governors money when they have none. But then be sure you clothe the boy so, that he may look not like what he is, but like what he is to be.''—''Send you but money,''

quoth Teresa, "and I will make him as fine as a May-day garland."—"So then, wife," quoth Sancho, "I suppose we are agreed that our Moll shall be a countess."—"The day I see her a countess," quoth Teresa, "I reckon I lay her in her grave. However, I tell you again, even follow your own inventions; you men will be masters, and women are born to obey their husbands, though they have no sense." Here she fell a-weeping as heartily as if she had seen her daughter already dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised her, that though he was to make her a countess, yet he would see and put it off as long as he could. Thus ended their dialogue, and Sancho went back to Don Quixote, to dispose everything for their going away.

10. Of the many adventures in which the knight engaged, few are more absurd than that of the enchanted bark:

Fair and softly, step by step, Don Quixote and his squire got in two days' time to the banks of the river Ebro, which yielded a very entertaining prospect to Don Quixote. The verdure of its banks, and the abounding plenty of the water, which flowed along clear like liquid crystal, awakened a thousand amorous chimeras in his imagination, and more especially the thoughts of what he had seen in Montesinos' cave; for though Master Peter's ape had assured him, that it was partly false as well as partly true, he was rather inclined to believe it mainly true; quite contrary to Sancho, who thought it every tittle a lie alike.

While the knight went on thus agreeably amused he spied a little boat without any oars or tackle, moored by the river-side to the stump of a tree: thereupon looking round about him, and discovering nobody, he presently alighted, and ordered Sancho to do the like, and tie their beasts fast to some of the elms or willows thereabouts. Sancho asked him what was the meaning of all this? "Thou art to know," answered Don Quixote, "that most

certainly this boat lies here for no other reason but to invite me to embark in it, for the relief of some knight, or other person of high degree, that is in great distress. For thus, according to the method of enchanters, in the books of chivalry, when any knight whom they protect happens to be involved in some very great danger, from which none but some other valorous knight can set him free, then, though they be two or three thousand leagues at least distant from each other, up they snatch him in a cloud, or else provide him a boat, and in the twinkling of an eye, in either vehicle, through the airy fluid or the liquid plain, they waft him to the place where his assistance is wanted. Just to the same intent does this very bark lie here: it is as clear as the day, and therefore, before it be too late, tie up Rozinante and Dapple, let us commit ourselves to the guidance of Providence; for embark I will, though barefooted friars should beg me to desist."

"Well, well," quoth Sancho, "since you will every foot run haring into these—I do not know how to call them—these vagaries, I have no more to do but to obey and bow my head; for, as the saying is, 'Do as thy master bid thee, and sit down at his table.' But for all that, I must and will discharge my conscience, and tell you plainly, that as I can see it is no enchanted bark, but some fisherman's boat; for there are many in this river, whose waters afford the best shad in the world."

This said Sancho, while he was tying the beasts to a tree, and going to leave them to the protection of enchanters, full sore against his will. Don Quixote bid him not be concerned at leaving them there, for the sage who was to carry them through in a journey of such longitude, would be sure to take care of the animals. "Nay," quoth Sancho, "I do not understand your longitude, I never heard such a word in my born-days."—"Longitude," said Don Quixote, "is the same as length: I do not wonder that thou dost not understand the word, for thou art not obliged to understand Latin, like some who pretend to be knowing, when they are ignorant."—

"Now the beasts are fast, sir," quoth Sancho, "what is next to be done?"—"Why now," answered Don Quixote, "let us recommend ourselves to Providence and weigh anchor, or, to speak plainly, embark and cut the rope to which the boat is tied." With that, leaping in, and Sancho following, he cut the rope, and so by degrees the stream carried the boat from the shore.

Now when Sancho saw himself about two yards in the river, he began to quake for fear; but nothing grieved his heart so much as to hear Dapple bray, and to see Rozinante struggle to get loose. "Sir," quoth he, "Dapple brays, to bemoan our leaving of him; and see how poor Rozinante tugs hard to throw himself after us. My poor dear friends, peace be with you where you are, and when this mad freak, the cause of our doleful parting, is ended in repentance, may we be brought back to your sweet company again!" This said, he fell a-blubbering, and set up such a howl, that Don Quixote had no patience with him, but looking angrily on him, "What dost fear, thou white-livered coward? What dost thou cry for? Who pursues thee? Who hurts thee, thou cowardly mouse? Dost want for anything, base unsatisfied wretch? What wouldst thou say, wert thou to climb barefooted the rugged Riphean mountains? thou that sittest here in state like an archduke, plenty and delight on each side of thee, while thou glidest gently down the calm current of this delightful river, which will soon convey us into the main ocean? We have already flowed down some seven or eight hundred leagues. Had I but an astrolabe here to take the altitude of the pole, I could easily tell thee how far we have proceeded: though either I know but little, or we have just passed, or shall presently pass, the Equinoctial Line, that divides and cuts the two opposite poles at equal distances."

"And when we come to this same line you speak of," quoth Sancho, "how far have we gone then?"—"A mighty way," answered Don Quixote. "When we come under the Line I spoke of, we shall have measured the half of the terraqueous globe, which, according to the

computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer in the world, contains three hundred and sixty degrees.''—''Egad,'' quoth Sancho, ''you have brought me now a nice fellow to be your voucher, with his *computation* and *hoggery!*''—Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's blunders, and going on, ''The Spaniards,'' said he, ''and all those that embark at Cadiz for the East Indies, to know whether they have passed the Equinoctial Line, of which I have told thee, need do no more than look whether there be any lice left alive among the ship's crew; for if they had passed it, not a louse is to be found in the ship, though they would give his weight in gold for him. Look therefore, Sancho, and if thou findest any such vermin still about thee, then we shall resolve this doubt; but if thou dost not, then we have surely passed the Line.''

''Not a word I believe of all this,'' quoth Sancho. ''However, I will do as you bid me. But hark you me, sir, now I think on it again, where is the need of trying these experiments; do not I see with my two eyes that we are not five rods length from the shore? Look you, there stands Rozinante and Dapple, upon the very spot where we left them; and now I look closely into the matter, I will take my oath that we move no faster than an ant.''—''No more words,'' said Don Quixote, ''but make the experiment as I bid you, and let the rest alone. Thou dost not know what belongs to colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points; measures, of which the spheres celestial and terrestrial are composed; for didst thou know all these things, or some of them at least, thou mightest plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have passed, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. Therefore I would wish thee once again to search thyself; for I cannot believe but thou art as clear as a sheet of white paper.''

Thereupon Sancho, advancing his hand very gingerly towards the left ham, lifted up his head, and staring in

his master's face, "Look you, sir," quoth he, pulling out something, "either your rule is not worth this, or we are many a fair league from the place you spoke of."—"How!" answered Don Quixote, "hast thou found something then, Sancho?"—"Ay," quoth Sancho, "and more than one too." And so saying, he shook and snapped his fingers, and then washed his whole hand in the river, down whose stream the boat drove gently along, without being moved by any secret influence, or hidden enchantment, but only by the help of the current, hitherto calm and smooth.

By this time they descried two great water-mills in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner spied, but, calling to his squire, "Look, look my Sancho!" cried he, "seest thou yon city or castle there? this is the place where some knight lies in distress, or some queen or princess is detained, for whose succor I am conveyed hither."—"What a devil do you mean with your city or castle, sir?" cried Sancho. "Do you not see they are nothing but water-mills, in the midst of the river, to grind corn?"—"Peace, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "they look like water-mills, I grant you, but they are no such things. How often, have I not told thee already, do these magicians change and overturn everything from their natural form? not that they can change their very being, but they disguise and alter the appearances of them; of which we have an instance in the transformation of Dulcinea, the only refuge of my hope."

The boat being now got into the very strength of the stream, began to move less slowly than it did before. The people in the mills, perceiving the boat to come adrift full upon the mill-wheels, came running out with long poles to stop it; and, as their faces and clothes were powdered all over with meal-dust, they made a very evil appearance. "Soho! there," cried they as loud as they could; "is the devil in the fellows? are ye mad in the boat there? hold! you will be drowned or cut to pieces by the mill-wheels." Don Quixote, having cast his eyes upon the millers, "Did I not tell thee, Sancho," said he,

"that we should arrive where I must exert the strength of my arm? Look what hang-dogs, what horrid wretches, come forth to make head against me! how many hobgoblins oppose my passage! do but see what deformed physiognomies come to mock us! But I shall make ye see, scoundrels." Then, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers in a loud tone. "Ye paltry slaves," cried he, "base and ill-advised, release instantly the captive person who is injuriously detained and oppressed within your castle or prison, whether of high or low degree; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom is reserved, by the high Heaven, the happy achievement of this adventure." This said, he unsheathed his sword, and began to fence with the air, against the millers; who hearing but not understanding his mad words, stood ready with their poles to stop the boat, which was now just entering the rapid stream and narrow channel of the wheels.

Sancho was fallen on his knees, praying Heaven for deliverance out of so manifest a peril. And his prayers met with good success; for the millers so bestirred themselves with their poles that they stopped the boat, yet not so cleverly but they overset it, tipping Don Quixote and Sancho over into the river. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a duck; and yet the weight of his armor sunk him twice to the bottom; and had it not been for the millers, who jumped into the water, and pulled them out by main force, there had been an end of them both.

When they were both hauled ashore, more overdrenched than thirsty, Sancho fell on his knees, and with joined hands and eyes uplifted to Heaven, made a long and hearty prayer, that Heaven might keep him from this time forwards clear of his master's rash adventures.

And now came the fishermen who owned the boat, and, finding it broken to pieces, fell upon Sancho, and began to strip him, demanding payment from Don Quixote. The knight, with a great deal of gravity and unconcern, as if he had done no manner of harm, told both the

millers and the fishermen, that he was ready to pay for the boat, provided they would fairly surrender the persons that were detained unjustly in their castle. "What persons, or what castle, you mad man?" said one of the millers, "would you carry away the folk that come to grind their corn at our mills?"—"Well," said Don Quixote to himself, "man had as good preach in the wilderness as expect to persuade with entreaties such dregs of human kind to do a good and generous action. Two sage enchanters certainly clash in this adventure, and the one thwarts the other. One provided me a bark, the other overwhelmed me in it. Heaven send us better times! There is nothing but plotting and counter-plotting in this world. I can do no more." Then raising his voice, and casting a fixed eye on the water-mills, "My dear friends," cried he, "whoever you are that are immured in this prison, pardon me, I beseech ye, that for my ill fate and yours I cannot free you from your affliction; the adventure is reserved for some other knight." This said, he came to an agreement with the fishermen, and ordered Sancho to pay them fifty reals for the boat. Sancho parted with the money with a very ill will, saying that two voyages like that would sink their whole stock.

11. In carrying out the jest with the knight and Sancho, the Duke actually for the time being places the latter in command of a town, calling it the island which Don Quixote had always promised to Sancho in case he himself won his kingdom. As Sancho is about to depart to his island, the wise old knight gives his squire the best of counsel:

Having therefore given the plan and instructions to their servants and vassals how to behave themselves towards Sancho in his government, the Duke bid Sancho prepare, and be in readiness to take possession of his government; for now his islanders were wishing for him

as for rain in May. Sancho made a humble bow, and said he, "Since I came down from heaven, whence I saw the earth so very small, I am not half so hot as I was for being a governor. For what greatness is there in being at the head of a dominion in a mustard-seed? and what dignity and power in governing half-a-dozen men no bigger than hazel-nuts? For I could not think there were more in the whole world. If your grace would be pleased to give me never so little a corner in heaven, though it were but half a league, I would take it with better will than I would the largest island on earth."—"Friend Sancho," answered the Duke, "I cannot dispose of part of heaven, though no bigger than a finger-nail, for that is the province of God alone; but what I am able to bestow I give you: that is an island right and tight, round and well-proportioned, fertile and plentiful to such a degree that if you but manage right, you may hoard with the treasures of this world those of heaven."

"Well then," quoth Sancho, "let me have this island, and I will do my best to be such a governor, that in spite of rogues I shall go to heaven. It is not out of covetousness, either, that I leave my little cot and set up for somebody, but that I wish to prove that I know how to be a governor."—"Oh! Sancho," said the Duke, "when once you have had a taste of it, you will never leave licking your fingers, it is so sweet a thing to command and be obeyed. I am confident when your master comes to be an emperor (as he cannot fail to be, according to the course of his affairs), he will never be persuaded to abdicate; his grief will be for the time that he lost before he was one."

"Troth, sir," replied Sancho, "it is a dainty thing to command, though it were but a flock of sheep."—"Oh! Sancho," cried the Duke, "let me be buried with thee, for thou hast an insight into everything. I hope thou wilt prove as good a governor as thy wisdom bespeaks thee, and let this suffice: note that to-morrow, without further delay, you set forward to your island, and you shall be furnished this afternoon with dress answerable to your post, and all other necessaries for your journey."

"Let them dress me as they will," quoth Sancho, "I shall be Sancho Panza still."—"That is true," said the Duke, "yet our clothes must be suitable to our place and dignity; for a lawyer should not go dressed as a soldier, nor a soldier like a priest. As for you, Sancho, you are to wear the habit both of a scholar and a captain; for in the government that I bestow on you, arms are as necessary as letters, and letters as arms."—"Nay, as for letters," quoth Sancho, "I cannot say many; for I know not even my A, B, C; if I remember but my Christ's-cross, it is enough to make me a good governor. As for my arms, I will not quit what they give me as long as I stand, and so God be with us."—"Sancho cannot do amiss," said the Duke, "while he remembers these things."

By this time Don Quixote arrived, and hearing how suddenly Sancho was to go to his government, with the Duke's permission, he took him aside to his chamber to give him some good instructions for his conduct in the discharge of his office.

Having then entered his chamber, he shut the door behind him, and almost forcibly obliged Sancho to sit by him, and then, with a deliberate voice he thus began:

"I give heaven infinite thanks, friend Sancho, that, before I have met with any good fortune, I see fortune hastening to meet thee. I, who had assigned the reward of thy services upon my happy success, am yet but on the way to preferment; and thou, beyond all reasonable expectation, art arrived at the end and aim of thy desires. Others bribe, importune, solicit, rise early, entreat, press their suit, and yet at last never obtain it. Another comes on, and, without knowing how or how not, jumps into the preferment which so many had pursued; which verifies the saying that in all endeavors there is good and ill luck. Thou, who without any doubt seemest to me a blockhead, without sitting up late, or rising early, or any manner of trouble, only the air of knight-errantry being breathed on thee, art advanced to the government of an island in a trice, no one can tell how. I speak this, my dear Sancho,

only to let thee know thou art not to attribute all this grace received to thy own merit, while it is entirely owing to the kind heavenly Disposer of human affairs, to whom thy thanks ought to be returned, and next, to the greatness enclosed in the profession of knight-errantry.

"Thy heart being thus disposed to believe what I have said, be yet attentive, O my son, to thy Cato, who would further counsel thee, be thy north star and pilot to steer and bring thee safe into the port of honor out of the tempestuous ocean into which thou art just going to launch; for offices and great employments are no better than profound gulfs of confusion.

"First of all, O my son, fear God; for the fear of Him is wisdom, and wisdom will never let thee go astray.

"Secondly, consider what thou art, and make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult knowledge that can be imagined. Yet from this lesson thou wilt learn to avoid swelling thyself like the frog to rival the bigness of the ox; for the consideration of your having been a hog-driver in thy country will be to your folly like the peacock's ugly feet to his spread tail."

"True," quoth Sancho, "but I was then but a little boy; for when I grew up to be somewhat bigger, I drove geese, and not hogs; but methinks that is nothing to the purpose, for all governors cannot come from the race of kings."

"Very true," pursued Don Quixote; "therefore those who want a noble descent must allay the severity of their office with mildness and civility, which, directed by wisdom, may secure them from the murmurs and malice from which no condition is exempt.

"Be well pleased with the meanness of thy family, Sancho, nor think it a disgrace to own thyself derived from laboring men; for, seeing thou art not ashamed of thyself, nobody will strive to make thee so. Pride yourself more on being humble and virtuous, than proud and vicious. The number is almost infinite of those who, from low birth, have been raised to the highest dignities, to the papal chair, and the imperial throne;

and this I could prove by examples enough to tire thy patience.

"Take notice, Sancho, that if thou makest virtue thy means, and pridest thyself in having done virtuous deeds, thou wilt have no cause to envy those akin to princes and lords; for nobility is inherited, but virtue acquired. And virtue is of worth in itself more than nobleness of birth.

"This being so, if any of thy poor relations come to see thee when thou art in thine island, never reject nor affront them; but rather receive, welcome and entertain them; in this thou wilt please Heaven, that would have nobody to despise what it has made, and wilt be in accord with what thou owest to a well-disposed nature.

"If thou sendest for thy wife, as it is not fit that one who serves in a government should be long without his own women-folk, teach her, instruct her, polish her native rusticity, for often an ill-bred wife throws down and loses all that a good and discreet governor gains.

"Shouldst thou come to be a widower (which is not impossible), and thy post recommend thee to a better consort, take not one that shall serve as a bait and a fishing-rod, and a cape to cover bribery. For I say unto you, the judge must, at the general judgment, give a strict account of all that his wife hath received, and must pay four times at his dying day for what he hath not taken due account of in his life.

"Let arbitrary law never be thy guide: it is esteemed by the ignorant, who pretend to understanding.

"Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, though not more justice, than the testimony of the rich.

"Be solicitous to find out the truth, amidst the offers and presents of the rich, as amidst the sobs and importunities of the poor.

"Wherever equity should or ought to have place, let not the whole rigor of the law bear upon the delinquent; for it is not a better character in a judge to be rigorous, than to be indulgent.

"If thou shouldest bend the rod of Justice, let it not be by the weight of a bribe, but by that of mercy.

"If thy enemy have a cause before thee, turn thy mind from thine injury, and fix it on the truth of the case.

"In another man's cause be not blinded by thy own passion, for those errors are almost always without remedy; and, if there is one, it will be at the cost of thy wealth and reputation.

"When a beautiful woman comes to demand justice of thee, turn away thy eyes from her tears, and thy ears from her lamentations; and take time to consider the substance of her petition, if thou wouldst not have thy reason and honesty lost in her tears and sighs.

"Revile not with words him whom thou hast to punish in deed: for the punishment is enough to the wretch, without the addition of ill language.

"In the trial of a criminal, consider him as a miserable subject to the temptations of our depraved nature; and without prejudice to the plaintiff, so far as in thee lies, show thyself full of pity and clemency; for though God's attributes are equal, yet his mercy is more shining and eminent in our eyes than his justice.

"If thou observest these precepts and rules, Sancho, thy days shall be long, thy fame eternal, thy recompense full, and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children to thy heart's desire; they and thy grandchildren shall not want titles: beloved of all men, thy life shall be peaceable; in the last moments of life, that of death shall overtake thee in a sweet and ripe old age, and the offspring of thy grandchildren, with soft youthful hands, shall close thy eyes.

"What I have hitherto said to thee are precepts to adorn thy soul: now give attention to those that relate to the adorning of thy body.

"As to the government of thy person and family, my first injunction is cleanliness. Pare thy nails, nor let them grow as some do, whose folly persuades them that long nails add to the beauty of the hand; as if this excrement and addition that they leave on was nails, though it is more like the claws of the lizard-hunting kestrel: a foul and extraordinary abuse.

"Keep thy clothes tight about thee; for a slovenly dress is an argument of a careless mind; unless such a negligence, as was judged to be that of Julius Caesar, be affected for some cunning design. . . .

"Lest thy breath betray thy peasantry, defile it not with onions and garlic. Eat little at thy dinner, and less at supper; for the stomach is the workshop where the health of the whole body is forged.

"Walk softly, speak with deliberation, yet not as if thou didst hearken to thy own words; for all affectation is evil.

"Drink moderately; for too much wine neither keeps a secret, nor observes a promise.

"Be careful not to chew on both sides, nor to eructate before any one."

"Eructate?" quoth Sancho; "I do not understand that."—"To eructate," answered Don Quixote, "is as much as to say, to belch; but this being one of the most beastly words in our language, though very significant, the more polite borrow from the Latin, and instead of belching, say, eructating. Now, that some may not understand this matters not much, for use and custom will make it familiar. Thus are languages enriched, over which the multitude and custom rule."

"I' faith, sir," quoth Sancho, "of all your counsels, I will be sure not to forget this, for I am given to belching." —"Eructating, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "and not belching."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "be it as you say, eructate: I will be sure to remember."

"In the next place, Sancho," said the knight, "do not overlard your discourse with that glut of proverbs which you are wont to do; for though proverbs are concise judgments, yet as thou bringest them in by the hair, they look more like absurdities than judgments."— "That Heaven alone can cure," quoth Sancho; "for I have more proverbs than will fill a book; and when I talk, they crowd so thick and fast to my mouth, that they quarrel which shall get out first; so that my tongue lays hold of the first that come, though nothing to my pur-

pose. But henceforwards I will take care only to say such as shall befit the gravity of my place. For in a rich man's house, supper is soon laid. Who works by piece keeps the peace. He is safe who rings the bells. To give and to hold needs brains."

"Go on, go on, friend," said Don Quixote, "thrust in, patch on, string away proverb upon proverb, there is nobody to hinder thee. My mother whips me, and I spin on the more. I am warning thee to forego proverbs, and thou blunderest out a whole litany of them, as much to the purpose as snow in summer! Observe me, Sancho, I say not that proverbs are bad when aptly used; but it is most certain, that such a confusion and hodge-podge of them as thou dost pile up and patch on makes conversation feeble and dull.

. . . . . .

"Sleep with moderation; for he that rises not with the sun enjoys not the day. And remember this, Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good fortune: sloth, on the contrary, never effected anything that sprang from a good intent.

"The advice which I shall conclude with, I would have thee be sure to fix in thy memory, though it relate not to the adorning of thy person; for, I am persuaded, it will be as much to thy advantage as any I have yet given thee. And this it is:

"Never undertake to dispute concerning families, at least to compare them together; since, in the comparison, one must be better than the other: for he that is lessened by thee will hate thee, and the other whom thou preferrest will in no wise be obliged to thee.

"As for thy dress, wear long hose, an ample coat, and a cloak a little larger. I do not advise thee to wear trunk-hose, for they become neither gentlemen nor governors.

"This is all the advice, Sancho, I have to give thee at present. Time will pass, and if thou takest care to let me hear from thee hereafter, I shall give thee more, according as occasion requires."—"Sir," said Sancho, "I see very well that all you have told me is good, whole-

some, and profitable. But what am I the better, if I cannot keep it in my head? I grant you, I shall not easily forget that about paring my nails, and marrying again, if I should have the chance. But for all that other gallimaufry and stuff, I shall remember no more of it than of last year's clouds. Therefore let me have it in black and white, I beseech you. It is true, I can neither write nor read, but I will give it to my confessor, that he may hammer it into me, and recall it as occasion serves."—"O sinner that I am," cried Don Quixote, "how scandalous it looks in a governor not to be able to read or write! I must needs tell thee, Sancho, that for a man to be so illiterate, or to be left-handed, implies that either his parents were very poor and mean, or that he was of so perverse and ill a nature, he could not receive the impressions of good example nor of good teaching. This is indeed a very great defect. I would have thee at least learn to write thy name."—"I can write my name well enough," quoth Sancho, "for when I was steward in our parish, I learned to scrawl a sort of letters, such as they mark bundles with, which they told me spelt my name. Besides, I can pretend my right hand is lame, and so another shall sign for me; for there is a remedy for all things but death. And since I have the power and the rod, I will do what I list; for he whose father is judge goes safe to his trial, and, as I am a governor, I am somewhat higher than a judge. Ay, ay, let them come as they will, and play at bo-peep. Let them backbite me to my face, I will bite-back the biters. Let them come for wool, and go home shorn. Whom God loves, his house knows. The rich man's follies pass for wise sayings in this world. So I, being rich, do you see, and a governor, and free-handed into the bargain, as I intend to be, I shall have no faults at all. It is so, daub yourself with honey, and you will never want flies. What a man has, so much he is worth, said my grandmother: and the man that has land will ne'er feel thy hand."

"Confound thee," cried Don Quixote, "threescore thousand Beelzebubs take thee and thy proverbs! Thou

hast been this hour stringing them together, and racking me with every one of them. I assure you these proverbs will one day bring thee to the gallows; they will make thy islanders pull thee down, or cause them to plot together against thee. Tell me, stupid, where dost thou get them? and who taught thee to apply them, fool? For it makes me sweat, as if I were delving, to speak but one, and apply it properly."

" 'Fore heaven! my good master," quoth Sancho, "what a small matter puts you out! why the devil should you grudge me the use of my own goods and chattels? I have no other estate. Proverbs on proverbs are all my stock. And now I have four ready to pop out, as pat to the purpose as pears to a pannier; but I will not say them; silence is my name."—"No," replied Don Quixote, "I should not say so, for thou art not silence, but all tittle-tattle and obstinacy. Yet, methinks, I would fain hear these four notable proverbs that come so pat to the purpose. I have a good memory, and yet I cannot call one to mind."—"What would you have better," quoth Sancho, "than these? 'Between two cheek-teeth never clap thy thumbs;' and 'To get out of my house; and what would you with my wife? there is no answer to be made;' and again, 'Whether the pitcher hit the stone, or the stone the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher;' all of which fit to a hair. That is, let nobody meddle with his governor, or his betters, or he will rue for it. . . . And so he that sees a mote in another man's eye must needs see the beam in his own; that people may not say, 'The dead woman was afraid of the one whose head was cut off.' Besides, your worship knows, that a fool knows more in his own house than a wise body in another man's."—"That is a mistake, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "for the fool knows nothing, neither in his own house, nor in another man's; for no sensible house can be erected on a foundation of folly. But let us leave this. If thou dost not govern well, thine will be the fault, and the shame mine. However, this is my comfort, I have done my duty in giving thee the truest and wisest

advice I could: and so Heaven direct and govern thee in thy government, and disappoint my fears for thy turning all that island upside down, which I might indeed prevent, by discovering to the Duke who thou art, and telling him that all that fatness and that body of thine is nothing but a sackful of proverbs and knavery."

"Look you, sir," quoth Sancho, "if you think me not fit for this government, I will think no more on it. The least snip of my soul's nails is dearer to me than my old body; and I hope I can live plain Sancho still, upon bread and garlic, as contented as Governor Sancho upon capons and partridges; and while we are asleep we are all alike, rich and poor, high and low. Do but call to mind, you will find it was your own self that first put me on this whim of government; for, as for me, I know no more what belongs to governments of islands than a vulture. So if you fancy the devil will have me for being a governor, let me be plain Sancho, and go to heaven, rather than go as governor to hell."

"By heaven! Sancho," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion, these last words of thine prove thee worthy to govern a thousand islands. Thou hast a good disposition: without which all knowledge is vain. Recommend thyself to God, and strive not to err in the main intent; I mean, have still a firm purpose and design to be right in all the business that shall come before thee, for heaven always favors good desires. And so let us go to dinner, for I believe now the Duke and Duchess await us."

12. Sancho as a governor proved wiser than might be expected:

O! thou perpetual surveyor of the antipodes, luminary of the world, and eye of heaven, sweet stirrer of the wine vats, here Timbrius called, there Phoebus, in one place an archer, in another a physician! Parent of poesy, and inventor of music, who never risest, and though it would seem so, never settest! O, sun, by whose assistance man begets man, on thee I call to favor me, and illumine my

gloomy imagination, that my narration may keep pace with the great Sancho Panza's actions in his government; for, without thee, I feel myself lukewarm, dispirited, and confused.

I say, then, that Sancho, with all his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best that the Duke possessed. They gave him to understand that its name was the Island of Barataria either because the town was called Baratario, or because the government cost him so cheap. As soon as he came to the gates of the town, which was walled, the chief officers of the people came out to receive him; the bells rang, and all the people gave demonstrations of the general joy, and carried him in mighty pomp to the great church, to give heaven thanks: and, after some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered him the keys of the town, and received him as perpetual governor of the Island of Barataria. The garb, the beard, the fatness and shortness of the new governor, made every one who knew nothing of the jest wonder; and even those who were privy to it, who were many.

In short, from the church they carried him to the court of justice; and when they had placed him in it, "My lord governor," said the Duke's steward to him, "it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer to some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him: and, by his answer, the town takes and feels the pulse of its new governor's understanding, and judges whether to rejoice or to be sorry for his coming."

While the steward was speaking thus to Sancho, he was staring on some large and numerous characters on the wall over against his seat; and, as he could not read, he asked what was the meaning of that which was painted there upon the wall?—"Sir," said they, "yonder is written and noted the day when your lordship took possession of this island; and the inscription runs thus: 'This day, being such a day of this month, in such a year, the Lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island,

which may he long enjoy.' "—"And whom call they Don Sancho Panza?" asked Sancho.—"Your lordship," answered the steward; "for no other Panza has entered this island but he who now sits in this chair,"—"Well, friend," said Sancho, "take notice that Don does not belong to me, nor has it been borne by any of my family. Plain Sancho Panza is my name; my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho, and all of us have been Panzas without any Don or Donna added to our name. Now do I guess Dons are as thick as stones in this island. But enough; Heaven knows my meaning; if my government lasts but four days I will clear the island of those swarms of Dons that must needs be as troublesome as flesh-flies. Come, now for your question, Master Steward, and I will answer it as well as I can, whether the town be sorry or not."

At the same instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country-fellow, the other like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand. "My lord governor," cried the tailor, "I and this farmer here are come before your worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday, for saving your presence, I am a licensed tailor, and showed me a piece of cloth. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'will there be enough of this to make a cap?' whereupon I measured the stuff and answered him, Yes. Now as I imagine, do you see, he could not but have imagined (and I imagined right enough), that without doubt I had a mind to steal some of his cloth, judging by his own measure and the ill-repute of us tailors. 'Prithee,' quoth he, 'look if there be enough for two?' Now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon my gentleman in his first cursed intention went on adding caps, and I adding ayes, till we got to five caps. Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him, but he will not even pay me for the making; he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it."—"Is this true, friend?" said Sancho to the farmer.—"Yes, if it please you," answered the fellow; "but pray, let him show the five caps he has made me." —"With all my heart," cried the tailor; and with

that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb. "There," quoth he, "you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and by God and my conscience I have not the least snip of his cloth left, let the inspectors of the trade judge." The number of the caps, and the oddness of the cause, set all there a-laughing. Sancho sat considering a while, and then, "Methinks," said he, "this suit here needs not be long depending, but may be decided on the spot by common justice; therefore, the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his making, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the prisoners in gaol, and there be an end of it."

If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, another no less raised their admiration. For after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him, one of them with a cane in his hand, which he used as a staff. "My lord," said the other, who had none, "some time ago I lent this good man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconveniency to him to repay me than he labored under when he borrowed it. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for them once and many times. But still he not only refuses to pay me again, but denies me, and says that I never lent him any such ten crowns, and that if I did, he returned it. I have no witnesses of the loan, nor of the payment, for he has not paid me. I beseech you to put him to his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will forgive him here and before God." —"What say you to this, old man with the staff?" asked Sancho.—"Sir," answered the old man, "I own he lent me the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod, that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money." The governor held down his rod, and in the meantime the old man of the staff gave his staff to the

other old man to hold while he swore, as if it hindered him, and then put his hands on the cross of the rod, and declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into his own hands; and that because he supposed the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking him for it. The great governor, hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply? He made answer, that his adversary must have spoken true; for he believed him to be a righteous man and a good Christian; and that perhaps he had forgotten how and when he had been repaid, and that henceforward he would ask for nothing. Then the defendant took his staff again, and having made obeisance, left the court. When Sancho perceived this, and that he was going without more ado, he, admiring the creditor's patience, after he had studied a little while with his head leaning over his breast and his forefinger over his eyebrows and nose, on a sudden raised his head and ordered the old man with the staff to be called back. When he was returned, "Good man," said Sancho, "let me see that staff a little, I have a use for it."—"With all my heart," answered the other; "sir, here it is," and with that he gave it him. Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your ways, and Heaven be with you, for now you are paid."—"How so, my lord?" cried the old man; "is this cane worth ten gold crowns?"—"Certainly," said the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a head fit to govern a whole kingdom;" and he ordered the cane to be broken and opened before all, which was no sooner done, than in the heart of it they found the ten golden crowns. All the spectators were amazed, and looked on their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten crowns were in the staff? He told them, that having observed how the old man who swore gave it to his opponent while he took his oath, and then swore he had truly returned him the money, after which he turned to demand his staff again, it came into his head

that the money asked for was within the staff; from whence may be learned that though sometimes those that govern are stupid, yet it often pleases God to direct them in their judgment. Besides, he had heard the curate of his parish tell of such another case, and he had so special a memory, that were it not that he forgot all he had a mind to remember, there could not be such a memory in the whole island. At last the one old man went away ashamed, and the other paid; and the beholders were astonished; insomuch, that the person who was to register Sancho's words and actions, and movements, was not able to determine whether he should hold and set him down a fool, or a wise man.

. . . . . .

The history informs us, that Sancho was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where, in a spacious room, a neat and royal table was laid. As soon as he entered, the wind-music played, and four pages waited on him, in order to the washing of his hands, which he did with a great deal of gravity. And the music ceasing, Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table, for there was no seat but there, and the cloth was only laid for one. A certain personage, who afterwards appeared to be a physician, came and stood at his elbow, with a whalebone wand in his hand. Then they took off a most rich white cloth that lay over the dishes on the table, and discovered fruits, and a great variety of other eatables. One that looked like a student said grace; a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin and another, who did the office of sewer, set a dish of fruit before him. But he had hardly put one bit into his mouth, before he with the wand touched with it the dish, and then it was taken away by a page in an instant. Immediately the sewer brought another, with other meat; but Sancho no sooner offered to taste it, than it was touched by the wand, and a page took it away as fast as the fruit. Sancho was amazed, and, looking about him on the company, asked them, if he were to eat the dinner like a juggler?—"My lord governor," answered the man of the wand; "you

are to eat here no otherwise than according to the use and custom of other islands where there are governors. I am a doctor of physic, my lord, and have a salary allowed me in this island for attending its governors, and I am more careful of their health than of my own, studying night and day the governor's constitution, that I may know what to prescribe when he falls sick. Now, the chief thing I do, is to attend at his meals, to let him eat what I think convenient for him, and to remove what I imagine to be prejudical to him and offensive to his stomach. Therefore, I now ordered the fruit to be taken away, because it is much too moist; and the other dish, because it is as much too hot, and overseasoned with spices, which increase thirst; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture, of which the life consists." "So then," quoth Sancho; "this dish of roasted partridges, which seem properly seasoned, can do me no manner of harm."—"Hold," said the physician; "the lord governor shall not eat of them while I live."—"Why so?" cried Sancho.—"Because," answered the doctor, "our great master, Hippocrates, the pole star and luminary of physic, says in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima;* that is, 'All repletion is bad, but that of partridges is worst of all.' "—"If it be so," said Sancho; "let Mr. Doctor see which of all these dishes on the table will do me the most good and least harm, and let me eat of that, without having it whisked away. For by a governor's life, and may God let me enjoy it, I am ready to die with hunger; and not to allow me to eat my victuals (let Mr. Doctor say what he will) is the way to shorten my life, and not to lengthen it."—"Very true, my lord governor," replied the physician; "however, I am of opinion you ought not to eat of the stewed rabbits there, as being a furry sort of food; that veal, if it were not roasted and pickled, might be tried; but as it is, it must not be."—"Well, then," said Sancho; "what think you of that huge dish yonder that smokes so? I take it to be an olla-podrida; and that being of so many sort of victuals as are found in olla-

podridas, I cannot but light upon something there that will be both toothsome and wholesome."—"*Absit,*" cried the doctor; "far be such an ill thought from us; no diet in the world yields worse nutriment than those olla-podridas. No; leave olla-podridas to your prebendaries, your masters of colleges, and country weddings; but let them not incumber the tables of governors, where all beauty and all refinement should reign, and delicate unmixed viands, in their prime, ought to make their appearance. The reason is, that simple medicines are always and everywhere and by every one allowed to be better than compounds; for in a composition there may happen a mistake by the unequal proportion of the ingredients, but simples are not subject to that accident. Therefore, what I would advise the governor to eat at present, for the preservation and maintenance of his health, is a hundred of small wafers and a few thin slices of quince, to strengthen his stomach and help digestion." Sancho, hearing this, leaned back upon his chair, and, looking earnestly in the doctor's face, very seriously asked him what his name was, and where he had studied? "My lord," answered he; "I am called Doctor Pedro Recio de Aguero. The name of the place where I was born is Tirteafuera, and lies between Caraquel and Almodobar del Campo, on the right hand; and I took my degree of doctor in the University of Osuna."—"Hark you," said Sancho, in a mighty chafe; "Mr. Doctor Pedro Recio de Aguero, born at Tirteafuera, that lies between Caraquel and Almodobar del Campo, on the right hand, and who took your degree of doctor at the University of Osuna, take yourself away this moment, or, I swear by the sun, I'll get me a cudgel, and, beginning with you, will not leave a doctor in the whole island —I mean of those that I hold to be ignorant quacks; for, as for learned and wise physicians, I will make much of them, and honor them as divine persons. Once more, Pedro Recio, I say, get out of my presence, or I will take the chair I sit upon, and break it to pieces on your skull, and let me be called to an account about it when I give

up my office; I will clear myself by saying I did the world good service, in slaying a bad physician, the plague of the commonwealth. Let me eat, or let them take their government; for an office that will not afford a man his victuals is not worth two horse-beans."

13. Toward the close of his career as a knight-errant, the old gentleman meets with disappointments, defeats and sad adventures concerning the enchantment of his Dulcinea. Finally, discouraged and melancholy, he approached his end:

As human things are not eternal, always tending downwards from their beginnings till they reach their final end, especially the lives of men, and as Don Quixote held no privilege from heaven to stay the course of his, so his end and finish arrived when he least expected it. For whether it was from melancholy, or whether it was by the disposition of heaven that so ordered it, a fever took possession of him that confined him to his bed for six days.

All that time his friends, the curate, the bachelor, and the barber, came often to see him, and his good squire Sancho Panza never stirred from his bed-side. . . .

The bachelor begged him to pluck up a good heart, and rise, that he might begin his pastoral life, for which he had already written an eclogue, which would confound all those that Sannazaro had ever written, and that he had already bought, with his own money, two famous dogs to watch their flock, the one called Barcino, and the other Butron, that a herdsman of Quintanar had sold him. But this had no effect on Don Quixote's sadness. His friends called in the doctor, who, upon feeling his pulse, did not very well like it; and said that in any case he should provide for the safety of his soul, for that of his body was in danger. Don Quixote heard this with a calm mind, but not so his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who fell a-weeping bitterly, as if they already

saw him dead before them. The physician was of opinion that melancholy and vexation were bringing him to his end. Don Quixote desired them to leave him alone, for he would sleep a little; they did so, and he slept for more than six hours straight off, as they say, so that the housekeeper and the niece thought that he would never wake.

At the end of that time he awaked, and, with a loud voice said, "Blessed be Almighty God, who hath done me so much good. His mercies are without end, nor are they shortened or hindered by the sins of men." The niece, hearkening very attentively to these words of her uncle, and finding more sense in them than there was wont to be in his talk, at least since he had fallen ill, asked him, "What is that you say, sir; has anything fresh happened? What mercies are these or what sins of men?"—"The mercies, niece," answered Don Quixote, "are those that heaven has this moment vouchsafed to me, which, as I said, my sins do not prevent. My judgment is now free and clear, and the murky clouds of ignorance removed, which my painful and continual reading of those detestable books of knight-errantry cast over me. Now I perceive their nonsense and deceit, and am only sorry the discovery happens so late, when I want time to make some amends by reading others that should enlighten my soul. I find, niece, that I am at the point of death; and I would meet it in such a manner as to show that my life has not been so evil as to leave me the character of a madman. Send, my dear, for my good friends the curate, the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, for I wish to confess and make my will." But this trouble the niece was saved by the entrance of the three. Don Quixote had scarcely seen them, when he said, "Largess! good gentlemen, for I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonso Quixano, the same whom my behavior gave the surname of Good. I am now an enemy to Amadis de Gaul and all the endless crowd of his descendants; all the profane stories of knight-errantry are now hateful to me. I have

a sense of my folly and the danger I have run by having read them; and now, through heaven's mercy and my own experience, I abhor them." When the three heard this, they concluded some new frenzy had possessed him.

"Those which hitherto have been true, to my prejudices," replied Don Quixote; "my death, with the assistance of heaven, shall turn to my advantage. I perceive, sirs, that I am dying with all speed. Put aside jests, and fetch me a confessor to confess me, and a scrivener to draw up my will, for in such straits as this a man must not play with his soul; and I beg that whilst Master Curate confesses me a scrivener may be fetched."

They stared at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's words, and though in doubt they were inclined to believe him. And one of the signs by which they conjectured that he would die was his having changed so quickly from a madman to a sane person; for to the words already said he added many others so well spoken, so Christian, and so connected, that they came, withal, to lose their doubts and to believe that he was sane. The curate made all the people leave the room and stayed alone with him and confessed him. The bachelor went for the scrivener, and presently returned with him and with Sancho Panza, who, being informed by the bachelor in what state his master was, and finding the housekeeper and the niece in tears, began to make wry faces and fall a-crying. The confession was ended and the curate came out saying, "Certainly about to die, and certainly in his senses is Alonso Quixano the Good; we had best go in, that he may make his will." These tidings were a terrible blow to the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza, his good squire, so that it made the tears burst out of their eyes, and a thousand profound sighs from their hearts; for indeed, as on some occasion has been observed, whilst Don Quixote was plain Alonso Quixano the Good, and whilst he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of pleasant humor and agreeable behavior, and therefore he was not only beloved by his family, but by every one that knew him.

The scrivener, with the rest, went in, and after he had made the preamble of the will, and Don Quixote had disposed of his soul with all those Christian circumstances that are requisite, he came to the legacies, and said—

"Item, it is my will that of certain moneys that Sancho Panza (whom in my madness I made my squire) holds, inasmuch as that there have been between him and me certain accounts, both payments and receipts, there shall be no charge made, nor account demanded of him; but that if any shall remain over after he has paid himself what I owe him, the residue shall be his; it can be but small, and may it do him much good. And if, when I was mad, I was a party to making him governor of the island, I would now, in my right senses, give him the government of a kingdom, were it in my power, for the simplicity of his disposition and the fidelity of his character deserve it." And turning to Sancho he said, "pardon me, my friend, that I have given thee occasion to appear mad like myself, making thee fall into the error in which I fell that there have been and are knights-errant in the world."—"Woe's me!" replied Sancho, all in tears, "do not die, dear master, but take my counsel, and live on a many years; the maddest thing a man can do in this life is to let himself die without any more ado, without being killed by anybody or finished by any other hands but those of melancholy. See you do not be slothful, but get up from this bed, and let us be off to the fields in our shepherd's clothing, as we had agreed. . . . If it is that you will die of vexation at being conquered, lay the blame upon me, and say that through my not girting Rozinante well, they overthrew him. Especially as you will have seen in your books of chivalry that it is a common thing for one knight to overthrow another, and for him who is conquered to-day to be conqueror to-morrow." —"It is so," said Samson, "and honest Sancho is very much to the point in these matters."—"Soft and fair, gentlemen," said Don Quixote; "never look for birds of this year in the nests of the last: I was mad, and now I am in my senses; I was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and

I am now (as I said before) Alonso Quixano the Good; may my repentance and my truth restore me to the same esteem you had for me before; and so let master scrivener go on."

"Item, I bequeath all my estate without reserve to Antonia Quixana, my niece here present, having first deducted from such of it as is in best condition what shall be necessary to discharge the bequests that I have made; and the first payment that she makes I desire to be that of the salary due to my housekeeper, for the time that she has served me, with twenty ducats more for a dress. I appoint Master Curate and Master Bachelor Samson Carrasco, here present, to be my executors.

"Item, it is my will that if my niece Antonia Quixana be inclined to marry, she marry a man of whom she shall first have evidence that he does not know what books of chivalry are; and in case it shall appear that he does know, and nevertheless my niece shall wish to marry him and does so marry, she is to forfeit all that I have bequeathed to her, which my executors are empowered to dispose of in pious works, as they shall think proper.

"Item, I entreat the said gentlemen, my executors, that if by good fortune they come to know the author who is said to have composed a story which goes by the title of *The Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote de la Mancha,* they most heartily beg his pardon from me, for being undesignedly the occasion of his writing so many and such great follies as he has written in it; for I quit this life with regret for having given him a motive for writing them."

Herewith finished the will, and, falling into a swoon, he lay at full length in the bed. They were all alarmed, and ran to his assistance; and for the space of three days that he lived after that he fainted continually.

The whole family was in confusion; and yet, for all that, the niece ate, the housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza cheered himself; for this matter of inheriting somewhat effaces or alleviates in the inheritor the thought of sorrow that it is natural for a dead man to leave behind.

In short, Don Quixote's last day came, after he had received all the sacraments, and, by many and weighty arguments, showed his abhorrence of the books of knight-errantry. The scrivener, who was by, said he had never read in any book of chivalry of any knight-errant who had ever died in his bed so quietly and like a good Christian as Don Quixote, who, amidst the compassion and tears of those who were by, gave up the ghost, or, to speak plainly, died; which, when the curate perceived, he desired the scrivener to give him a certificate, how Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, had departed out of this present life, and died a natural death. This testimony he desired, to remove opportunity from any other author but Cid Hamet Benengeli to falsely resuscitate him, and write endless histories of his adventures.

This was the end of the Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha, whose native place Cid Hamet has not thought fit precisely to mention, with design that all the towns and villages in La Mancha should contend amongst themselves for the honor of adopting and keeping him as their own, as the seven cities of Greece did for Homer. We omit here the lamentations of Sancho, of Don Quixote's niece and the housekeeper, and the new epitaphs upon his tomb; but Samson Carrasco set this upon it:

A valiant gentleman lies here,
  So brave, that, to his latest breath,
Immortal glory was his care,
  And made him triumph over death.
Of small account he held the world,
  Whose fears its ridicule belied;
And if he like a madman lived,
  At least he like a wise one died.

And the most sagacious Cid Hamet said to his pen, "Here shalt thou hang from this rack and this thread of brass. I know not whether thou art well-cut or ill-trimmed, my slender pen. There thou shalt live long

ages, unless presumptuous and wicked historians take thee down to profane thee! But, ere they reach thee, thou mayst bid them beware, and, as well as thou canst tell them,

> Away! away! ye scoundrels base!
> I'll brook the aid of none;
> For this emprise, my lord and king,
> Is kept for me alone.

"For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him. He knows how to act, and I to record, only we two are one, to the grief and despite of the spurious Tordesillesque scribe, who dared, or will dare, with blunt and ill-trimmed ostrich-quill, to write the deeds of my valorous knight; for it is no burden for his shoulders, nor subject for his frost-bound genius. And if by chance thou comest to know him, advise him to let the wearied and now moldering bones of Don Quixote rest in the tomb, and to seek not, against all the sanctions of death, to convey him to Castile the Old, fetching him from the vault, where in verity and truth he lies stretched at length beyond the possibility of taking a third journey and fresh sally; for sufficient to cast ridicule upon all those that so many knight-errants have made are the two that he made, so much to the pleasure and gratification of the people under whose notice they have come, as well in this as in other realms. Thus thou shalt discharge the duties of thy Christian profession, and give good counsel to those that wish thee evil. And I shall be content and proud to have been the first to enjoy fully the fruit of his writings as I desired, since my desire has not been otherwise than to bring into the abhorrence of mankind the false and distraught stories of the books of chivalry, which, through those of my genuine Don Quixote, are already tottering, and will without any doubt fall altogether. *Vale.*"

CHAPTER VIII

THE SPANISH DRAMA
LOPE DE VEGA

INTRODUCTION. We have already discussed the plays written by Cervantes, and although they had their part in developing the peculiarities of the Spanish drama, he should not be considered one of the leaders in dramatic literature. We cannot here enter into the subject at length, nor can we treat of more than two or three great Spanish writers. The first of these was a contemporary of Cervantes and also of Shakespeare. Before, however, beginning our account of Lope de Vega, it may be well to insert a brief history of early dramatic art in Spain, from the pen of Cervantes:

I must entreat your pardon, dear reader, if you should see me in this prologue a little overstep my accustomed modesty. Some time since I happened to find myself in company with a few friends who were discoursing about comedies, and other matters relating thereto, and they

treated this subject with so much subtilty and refinement, that they appeared to me almost to approach perfection. They spoke of the man who was the first in Spain to free the Drama from its swathing bands, and to clothe it in pomp and magnificence. As the oldest of the company, I remarked that I had frequently heard the great Lope de Rueda recite, a man equally celebrated as an actor and a scholar. He was born at Seville, and was by trade a gold-beater. As a pastoral poet he had great merit; and, in that species of composition, no one, either before or since his time, has surpassed him. Although I could not judge of the excellence of his poems, for I was then but a child, yet some of them still remain in my memory; and recalling these at a riper age, they appear to me to be worthy of their reputation.

In the time of this celebrated Spaniard, all the apparatus of a dramatist and a manager was contained in a bag, and consisted of four white cloaks, bordered with gilt leather, for shepherds, four beards and wigs, and four crooks, more or less. The dramas were mere dialogues, or eclogues between two or three shepherds and a shepherdess; and these conversations were enlivened and prolonged by two or three interludes, in which negresses were introduced as confidantes, or go-betweens; and, occasionally, some clowns and Biscayans made their appearance,

At this time there was no scenery; no combats between Moors and Christians, on horseback and on foot; no trap-doors, by which figures might appear to rise from the center of the earth. The stage was merely composed of four square blocks of wood, upon which rested five or six planks, so as to elevate the actors a foot or two above the ground. No angels or spirits descended in clouds from heaven. The sole ornament of the theater was an old curtain, supported at both ends by strings, which separated the dressing-room from the audience. At the back were placed the musicians, who sang without any guitar some ancient ballad. Lope de Rueda at last died, and on account of his celebrity and excellence was buried be-

tween the two choirs in the great church at Cordova, where he died, in the same place where that renowned madman Luis Lopez is interred.

Naharro, a native of Toledo, succeeded Lope de Rueda. He attained great celebrity, more especially in his representation of a meddling poltroon. Naharro added something to the scenic decorations, and changed the bag, in which the wardrobe was contained, for trunks and portmanteaus. He introduced the music upon the stage, which had been formerly placed in the background, and he took away the beards from the actors, for until his time no actor ever appeared without a false beard. He wished all his actors to appear undisguised, with the exception of those who represented old men, or changed their characters. He invented scenes, clouds, thunder, lightning, challenges, and combats; but nothing of this kind was carried to the perfection which at this day we behold (and it is here that I must trespass upon my modesty), until the time when the theater of Madrid exhibited the *Captives of Algiers,* which is my own composition, *Numantia,* and the *Naval Engagement.* It was there that I made an attempt to reduce the comedies of five acts into three. I was the first to represent the phantoms of the imagination, and the hidden thoughts of the soul, by introducing figures of them upon the stage, with the universal applause of the spectators. I composed during this period from twenty to thirty dramas, all of which were represented without a single cucumber or orange, or any other missile usually aimed at bad comedians, being thrown at the actors. They proceeded through their parts without hisses, without confusion, and without clamor. I was at length occupied with other matters, and I laid down my pen and forsook the drama. In the meantime appeared that prodigy, Lope de Vega, who immediately assumed the dramatic crown. He reduced under his dominion all the farce-writers, and filled the world with excellent and well-contrived comedies, of which he wrote so many that they could not be comprised in ten thousand pages. What is no less surprising,

he himself saw them all represented, or was credibly assured that they had been so. All his rivals together have not written a moiety of what he himself achieved alone.

II. Lope de Vega. Lope Felix de Vega Carpio (1562–1635) was born in Madrid fifteen years after the birth of Cervantes. Though poor, his noble relatives were able to give him a liberal schooling, and after their death he was educated at the Jesuit college, where he filled all his acquaintances with wonder, for from his very infancy he was a "prodigy of nature." He filled his copy books with verses, sang, danced and fenced like an expert. At one time he ran away from school with a comrade, Hernando Muños, but upon reaching Segovia they were short of money, and when they attempted to sell a chain to raise funds, they excited the suspicions of the jeweler, who turned them over to the local police, and the runaways were sent home. His earliest play is said to have been written when he was but thirteen years old, and though crude in many ways, actor-managers were glad to produce it. We are not at all sure of many of the incidents that are credited to Lope's life, for his biographers and even he himself were guilty of exaggeration, or at least of confusion, in relating their stories.

He was employed as secretary by the Duke of Alva soon after his marriage, but, having been forced into a duel on account of some point of honor, seriously wounded his ad-

versary and was compelled to flee. On his return from this exile he lost his wife; in the frenzy of grief which followed he joined the Invincible Armada and after his return again married and for some time lived happily in his family. Lope's character, however, was far from stainless, and he was engaged in a number of intrigues, from one of which were born two children, the gifted Lope Felix, who was drowned at sea, and the Donna Marcela, whose verses show a considerable poetic gift. Upon the death of his wife in 1612 or later, he impetuously entered the Church and was ordained priest, but the move was ill-advised and brought nothing but discredit to the great poet, who seemed unable to control his passionate nature any better in holy orders than without. After a long and laborious literary career, his end was hastened by the elopement of his daughter Antonia Clara with a court gallant. He felt this disgrace so keenly that he sank into melancholy, and in his effort to expiate his sins often lashed himself with thongs till his chamber was spattered with blood. Nevertheless, he continued his writing almost to the end, for the last poem was published only four days before he died.

No writer ever had greater honor in his lifetime than Lope de Vega, and after his death all Madrid followed him to the grave, and it is stated on good authority that the long procession turned out of its way and passed before the window of a convent, in order that it might

be seen by his daughter Marcela, who was there a nun.

III. Minor Poems of Lope de Vega. The quantity of writing done by this vigorous soldier, ordained priest and man-about-town is incredible, and no other writer seems to have equaled it. He essayed every department of literature and distinguished himself in all, but it was by his plays that he achieved his greatest popularity, and upon them his fame rests most securely. When we say that he produced a total of something like two thousand dramas, tragedies, autos (sacred plays) and other dramatic compositions, we are appalled at such literary fertility. Money came to him as readily as fame, and he amassed a great fortune, which, however, he dissipated in extravagant living, so that before his death he found himself reduced to poverty. It has been estimated that he wrote more than 21,300,000 lines upon 133,222 sheets of paper.

A single example of his art in writing sonnets must suffice, and we give *The Brook,* in the English of Longfellow:

Laugh of the mountain! lyre of bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
Although where'er thy devious current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands that charm each shepherd's gaze.
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye

Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

Lope's personal experiences affected him profoundly, and his personality shows vividly in his writings. The death of his wife and son Carlos inspired a sacred pastoral of supreme beauty. In it are the following sweetly simple lines, translated by Ticknor:

Holy angels and blest,
Through those palms as ye sweep
Hold their branches at rest,
For my babe is asleep.

And ye Bethlehem palm-trees,
As stormy winds rush
In tempest and fury,
Your angry noise hush;
More gently, more gently,
Restrain your wild sweep;
Hold your branches at rest,
My babe is asleep.

My babe all divine,
With earth's sorrows oppressed,
Seeks in slumber an instant
His grievings to rest;
He slumbers, he slumbers,
Oh, hush, then, and keep
Your branches all still,
My babe is asleep!

Cold blasts wheel about him,
A rigorous storm,
And ye see how, in vain,

I would shelter his form.
Holy angels and blest,
As above me ye sweep,
Hold these branches at rest,
My babe is asleep!

Lord Holland translates a confession which Lope de Vega makes in his *New Mode of Play Writing* that shows the simplicity and lack of pedantry so characteristic of the Spaniards:

Who writes by rule must please himself alone,
Be damn'd without remorse, and die unknown.
Such force has habit—for the untaught fools,
Trusting their own, despise the ancient rules.
Yet true it is, I too have written plays.
The wiser few, who judge with skill, might praise;
But when I see how show (and nonsense) draws
The crowds and—more than all—the fair's applause,
Who still are forward with indulgent rage
To sanction every master of the stage,
I, doom'd to write, the public taste to hit,
Resume the barbarous taste 'twas vain to quit:
I lock up every rule before I write,
Plautus and Terence drive from out my sight, . . .
To vulgar standards then I square my play,
Writing at ease; for, since the public pay,
'Tis just, methinks, we by their compass steer,
And write the nonsense that they love to hear.

IV. The Comedies of Lope de Vega. Lope de Vega was a great creative genius, who embodied the national spirit and expressed it in concrete and dramatic form. His successors may have excelled him in certain lines, but no one varied from his method, and without his examples the greatest of Spanish dramatists probably would not have written. His imagina-

tion was wonderful, and incident follows incident with surprising rapidity and telling force. His dialogues are always brilliant and his characters real. That he is no more widely known outside of Spain is owing to the fact that thus far there have been few good translations of his work, a fact, perhaps, that is largely owing to the intensely local nature of most that he wrote.

In whatever direction his taste led him, his genius followed, and he wrote historical tragedies, comedies of picaresque life and plays of intrigue and manners, commonly called "cloak and sword" plays, with equal skill. Although he professed an admiration for classic models, he rarely followed them, but made his rules of composition as he needed them. In many of his plays he crystallized that punctiliousness and sensitiveness of the Spaniard to everything that calls his honor in question, and made it appear a great and worthy national trait. Until his time, the position of woman in Spanish plays had been low indeed, but Lope raised her to her proper rank and made her the center of many of his plots.

1. Sismondi, to whom we are indirectly indebted for the analyses that follow, says:

> The essence of the Spanish theater is intrigue. In all their pieces we discover a complication of incidents, love-affairs, stratagems, and combats, which are sufficiently extraordinary, more especially if we measure them by our manners, and which it is by no means easy to follow and comprehend. It is said that strangers experience

infinite difficulty in following the thread of a drama represented upon the stage of a Madrid theater, while the Spaniards themselves, who are habituated to this intrigue and romantic adventure, can trace the plot with surprising facility. The complicated structure of the plots of the Spanish dramas is so essentially connected with the literature of that country, that it is necessary to consider and to explain it.

To illustrate his point he analyzes *The Discrete Revenge,* a national and historical drama possessed of great merit. The scene is laid in Portugal in the reign of Alonzo III. Its hero is Don Juan de Meneses, the favorite of the King, who was compelled to defend himself against the intrigues of a number of envious courtiers. He is enamored of a cousin, Donna Anna, and in the opening scene is waiting with his squire Tello until she shall leave church. Don Nuño and Don Ramiro, rivals of Don Juan, enter with the intention of paying court to the lady. As she appears at the church door she lets fall her glove, and the two gallants throw themselves forward to catch it. Angry looks pass, a dispute arises, defiances are interchanged. Donna Anna decides against her cousin in favor of Nuño, and having dismissed her lovers, returns to justify herself to Meneses and to satisfy him that she is indifferent to Nuño and decided in his favor merely to avoid a quarrel.

The second scene is laid in a council of state held by King Alonzo, who had been raised to the throne of Portugal by a party who had deposed his brother Don Sancho, a negligent

and dissipated prince. Alonzo, while a mere youth, had been married to a French princess, Matilda, a lady of fifty. Having no children by her, he was desirous of divorcing her, and the council discusses with much dignity the problem of the succession to the crown rights of Matilda, and the gratitude which Alonzo owes her. Vasco Nuño and Ramiro persuade the King to demand a divorce from Clement IV. Don Juan, on the other hand, wishes the King to divide the pleasures of royalty with her from whom he derived his subsistence when he had no realm of his own. As the discussion grows warm, Alonzo puts an end to it and desires Don Juan, whose fidelity he has experienced, to remain. In private, he informs the courtier that he has not only determined to divorce Matilda, but to marry Beatrice, the daughter of Alfonso X of Castile, and has selected Don Juan as his ambassador to the court of Seville. When the King enjoins secrecy and commands Don Juan to depart that very night, he frankly admits that he greatly regrets being obliged to leave his cousin Anna at the moment when his rival may win her. Alonzo, however, promises to attend himself to the interest of his friend and to watch over his mistress. Juan does not place much confidence in this promise and orders his squire Tello to guard the mansion of his beloved at night. Loyal to his King, Don Juan departs in secrecy, and even breaks an appointment which he had made with Donna Anna.

That night, at the hour when Anna was expecting Don Juan, Nuño, Ramiro and their squire Rodrigo approach the mansion, and the lady thinks Don Nuño to be Don Juan. Tello, faithfully watching, learns their names, but as they are three to one, does not dare to attack them. While he is still regarding them from a distance, the King, who wishes to keep his word, appears. Tello accosts him without recognizing him, requests his assistance, and the following scene ensues:

Tello. A cavalier advances to the grate;
Strange as it is, I'll speak at any rate.
Alonzo. Who's there?
Tello. Put up your sword! One who demands
Nought but a favor, Signor, at your hands.
Alonzo. So late, and in this lonely place address'd,
Who, think you, will attend to such request?
Tello. He who boasts gentle blood; and you are he,
As in your noble countenance I see.
Alonzo. True, I'm a gentleman; and, by God's grace,
One also of a known and noble race.
Tello. You know the laws of honor then; the best
Of all the code is to defend the oppress'd.
Alonzo. But first 'tis meet we know who's in the right.
Tello. To cut the matter short, pray, will you fight?
Alonzo. You're not a robber! I can scarce think so,
Judging you from your cloak.
Tello. No, marry, no. Fear it not.
Alonzo. Well! what would you have me do?
Tello. Behind that grating does an angel dwell,
And he who loves her left me sentinel,
To guard her safety in his absence hence.
You see those men? You see the difference:
'Tis three to one. Now, if you'll lend a hand,
I'll cudgel them till none of them can stand.

Alonzo. You've puzzled me. I am a knight, 'tis true,
And therefore am I bound to stand by you.
And yet, methinks, 'tis indiscreet in us
To meddle in a stranger's quarrel thus.
Tello. Pho! never fear! let but the rascals see
That I have got another man with me,
I'll settle them, though three or thirty-three.
Alonzo. Fear! in my life I never yet knew fear!
I only dread our enemies should hear
Of this adventure, and should say of it
That it displays our rashness, not our wit.
Tell me his name whose place to-night you fill,
I promise I'll stick by you, come what will.
Tello. Exceeding good—you promise—his name is
Don Juan de Meneses.
Alonzo. Why then this
Most lucky is; his dearest friend am I;
So take your sword, we'll strike them instantly.
Tello. You gentlemen there! peeping through the blind,
March off! or I shall break your heads, you'll find.
Nuño. Pray are you arm'd to carry the thing through?
Tello. Arm'd! like the devil.
Rodrigo. Kill the rascal, do. *(They fight.)*
Tello. Now help, Sir Knight.
Rodrigo. The bully fights, I swear!
Nuño. Forbear, or you'll disgrace this house,—forbear!
Tello. A coward's poor excuse!
Alonzo. Follow them not.
Tello. Oh, let me kiss a thousand times the spot
On which you stand. Could but the king have seen
Your valorous deeds, you shortly would have been
His general at Ceuta.
Alonzo. Sir, my rank
Is such, that at his table I have drank.
Tello. What feints! what thrusts! what quickness! and
what fire!
May I not know what I so much desire,
Your name?
Alonzo. I'd really tell you, had I power;

Come to the palace your first vacant hour.
Tello. But if I come, how shall I know you then?
Alonzo. Give me some trifle that you prize not; when
You see me next, I'll hand it you again.
Tello. I've nought about me that is useless. Yes,
I've got my purse which very useless is,
For it is always empty—here, take this!
Alonzo. What, empty!
Tello. Ay, good Signor: squires like me
Boast very little silver, as you see.

In the second act there is a diverting scene when the King restores Tello's purse and discloses his identity. The monarch asks if Tello is willing to receive a present, and the squire replies that when his father died he gave particular directions that one hand should be left out of the grave in order that it might receive whatever anybody was disposed to give him. Then the King bestowed a pension on Tello, and made him Alcalde of St. John.

Also, in the second act Don Juan returns to Portugal with Beatrice of Castile, and she, the most amiable and beautiful woman of her age, returns the passion of Alonzo as freely as it is given. With the approbation of the council of state, the two are married before a dispensation has been obtained from Rome. The King is so grateful toward Meneses that he makes him his confidant and favorite. This promotion rouses the enmity of all, and swearing his ruin, they attempt to destroy him by a perfidious artifice. Nuño demands from the King the hand of Donna Anna. He has already obtained the consent of her father and guarantees

to obtain the consent of the lady, signed by herself. Don Juan declares that he will offer no objection to the union, if her consent is obtained. Nuño deceitfully prepares a paper which apparently gives this consent, but after the jealousy of both lovers has resulted in an angry meeting, an explanation takes place and they forgive each other.

In the third act Nuño attempts to arouse the jealousy of Donna Anna by persuading her that Don Juan is in love with Inez, one of the maids of honor to the Queen, and at the same time Don Ramiro addresses Anna and proposes marriage as if from Don Juan. She receives the overture with great joy, and announces it to the Queen. Donna Anna, hearing the news on every side, interviews her lover, but succeeds only in rousing his anger to such a pitch that he challenges Don Nuño. Before the courtiers are able to meet, a fresh intrigue at court exposes Don Juan to the greatest danger. The Countess Matilda has written to the Pope objecting to the divorce, and the Church refuses the dispensation for the divorce of the King and his marriage to Beatrice. The plotting courtiers convince the King that the situation has been brought about by the treacherous connivance of Don Juan. Enraged at the idea of being betrayed by his friend, Alonzo orders Don Juan to be arrested, and without a hearing condemns him to death and commissions Ramiro to take him into custody. The following scene tells of the arrest:

Juan. I yield me to the King's commands, nor fear
To lose the royal favor, on his truth
Securely resting. From these prison walls,
Like Joseph, shall I step victoriously
In glory. Yet I grieve, noble Ramiro,
My tongue may utter not what my heart would—
You understand me.
Ram. All things have their end,
And so shall thy captivity, and then
Fair answer will I grant thee if thou seek'st it.
Juan. So be it, and these words of thine shall be
My consolation.
Vasco. It is little fitting
To cast defiance at the very moment
When you are rendering up your sword; and yet
Methinks it hath not shed such blood in Afric
That it should blanch the cheek of bold Ramiro.
Juan. Vasco de Acuña, I do marvel not
At these adverse mutations of my fortune,
But yet I do admire to see ye three
Building ambitious hopes upon my ruin,
Because the King is but a man, and ye
Think to deceive him. Maugre all the envy
Bred in you by his favors shown to me,
All of you know how well this sword, which now
I render up, has served the King at Coimbra,
And at Algarves, too, if not in Afric.
But wherefore do I weakly tax myself
To satisfy your furious hate? There, take it;
But know that speedily ye all shall pay me
For this foul injury.
Nuño. Wert thou not prisoner
Thou wouldst not thus have boasted.
Juan. My good friend Nuño, be not so hard with me.
Ramiro. Advance! March forward, guard.
Juan. Tello!
Tello. My lord!
Juan. Tello, remember you relate this scene.

Anna remains faithful, and succeeds in delivering Juan from prison through the means of the faithful Tello, who as Alcalde held a key to the fortress, and aided by Inez, who exposes herself fearlessly for the man she believes to be her lover. No sooner is Don Juan liberated than he adopts the same deceitful practices that his enemies have used and conveys to the King forged letters, from which it would appear that the enemies of Don Juan have been guilty of the very treasons that have been charged to him. Consequently the hostile courtiers are exiled, Juan is restored to favor, the Countess Matilda dies at the opportune moment, and the marriage of Alonzo and Beatrice is firmly established.

2. In *The Certain for the Doubtful* Donna Juana prefers Don Henry to his brother, the King Don Pedro, and remains constant in spite of the passion of the young and captivating monarch. In various ways she tries to make known her attachment to Don Henry, and at last when the King is on the point of receiving her hand she begs to speak to him alone, hoping to free herself from him by a singular artifice:

Juana. Don Pedro, I have ventured to confide
In your known valor and your generous wisdom,
To speak with you thus frankly. You must know,
Don Henry did address me, and I answer'd
His suit, though with a grave and modest carriage.
Never from him heard I unfitting words;
Never from him did I receive a line
Trenching upon mine honor; yet, believe me,
If I have answer'd not your love, I have

A deeper motive than you think of. Listen!
But no! how can I tell such circumstances,
And yet the hazard only may be blamed—
Doth not my cheek grow pale?

The King. Oh, I am lost!
Juana, I am lost! my love begets
A thousand strange chimeras. What shall I
Believe of this thy treachery—of thy honor?
Oh, speak, nor longer torture me; I know
The hazards wherewith lovers are environ'd.

Juana. I seek choice words, and the disguise of rhetoric,
And yet the simple truth will best excuse me.
I and Don Henry (he was speaking to me)
Descended the great staircase of the palace—
I cannot tell it—will you let me write it?

The King. No, tarry not, my patience is exhausted.

Juana. I said we did descend the staircase.—No,
Not the doom'd criminal can be more moved
Than I am at this tale.

The King. In God's name, hasten!

Juana. Wait but a little while.

The King. You torture me.

Juana. Nay, I will tell you all.

The King. Oh, end the tale!
My blood creeps through each artery drop by drop.

Juana. Alas! my lord, my crime was very light.
Well, Henry then approach'd me.

The King. Well! and then!

Juana. His mouth ('twas by some fatal accident)
Met mine. Perchance he only sought to speak;
But in the obscurity of night he did
Unwittingly do this discourtesy.
Now then you know the hidden fatal reason
Why I can never be your wife.

The King. I know
Juana, that this tale is the mere coinage
Of your own brain. I know too, that Don Henry
Hath not yet sought his exile, that he lingers
In Seville, plotting how to injure me.

I know that they will say it ill becomes
One of my rank to struggle for your love;
That wise men, and that fools will all agree
In telling me I have forgot my honor.
But I am wounded. Jealousy and love
Have blinded me; I equally despise
The wise man and the fool, and only seek
To satisfy the injury I feel.
Vengeance exists not undebased with fury,
Nor love untainted by the breath of folly.
This night will I assassinate Don Henry,
And he being dead, I will espouse thee. Then
Thou never canst compare his love with mine.
'Tis true that while he lives I can't espouse thee,
Seeing that my dishonor lives in him
Who hath usurp'd the place reserved for me;
But while I thus avenge this crime, I feel
That it hath no reality, and yet
Though thine adventure be all false, invented
To make me yield my wishes and renounce
My marriage, it suffices that it hath
Been only told to me, to seal my vengeance;
Or if love makes me credit aught of it,
Henry shall die and I will wed his widow;
Then though the tale thou tellest were discover'd,
Thine honor and mine own will be uninjur'd.

Don Pedro resolves to kill his brother, and despatches assassins by different routes to find him. In the meantime Don Henry marries Juana, and the King, finding the evil without remedy and his honor unimpaired, pardons the two.

3. Among the earlier efforts of Lope de Vega is *The Steel of Madrid,* from which Moliere, the French dramatist, borrowed extensively. In the first scene is an example of Lope's gal-

lant dialogue and a scene which shows his power of seizing his subject and interesting an audience from the start. Riselo and Lisardo are both in love with Belisa and are waiting at the church door for her to appear. Riselo, grown weary, announces that he will not wait longer, and just at that moment Belisa enters with Teodora, her aunt, and Duenna. Ticknor renders the scene as follows:

Teodora. Show more of gentleness and modesty;
Of gentleness in walking quietly,
Of modesty in looking only down
Upon the earth you tread
Belisa. 'Tis what I do.
Teodora. What? When you're looking straight towards that man?
Belisa. Did you not bid me look upon the earth?
And what is he but just a bit of it?
Teodora. I said the earth whereon you tread, my niece.
Belisa. But that whereon I tread is hidden quite
With my own petticoat and walking-dress.
Teodora. Words such as these become no well-bred maid.
But, by your mother's blessed memory,
I'll put an end to all your pretty tricks;—
What? You look back at him again.
Belisa. Who? I?
Teodora. Yes, you;—and make him secret signs besides.
Belisa. Not I! 'Tis only that you troubled me
With teasing questions and perverse replies,
So that I stumbled and looked round to see
Who would prevent my fall.
Riselo (to Lisardo). She falls again.
Be quick and help her.
Lisardo (to Belisa). Pardon me, lady,
And forgive my glove.
Teodora. Who ever saw the like?
Belisa. I thank you, sir; you saved me from a fall.

Lisardo. An angel, lady, might have fallen so,
Or stars that shine with heaven's own blessed light.
Teodora. I, too, can fall; but 'tis upon your trick.
Good gentleman, farewell to you!
Lisardo. Madam,
Your servant. (Heaven save us from such spleen!)
Teodora. A pretty fall you made of it; and now I hope
You'll be content, since they assisted you.
Belisa. And you no less content, since now you have
The means to tease me for a week to come.
Teodora. But why again do you turn back your head?
Belisa. Why, sure you think it wise and wary
To notice well the place I stumbled at,
Lest I should stumble there when next I pass.
Teodora. Mischief befall you! But I know your ways!
You'll not deny this time you looked upon the youth?
Belisa. Deny it? No!
Teodora. You dare confess it, then?
Belisa. Be sure I dare. You saw him help me;
And would you have me fail to thank him for it?
Teodora. Go to! Come home! come home!

4. Murders and assassinations are so common in the plays of Lope de Vega as to attract attention to the remarkable trait of character which holds no offense so great as the slight upon honor and feels no remorse for the commission of murder. Sismondi says there is scarcely a play of Lope's which does not support the contention that among the Spaniards there were more murders in a single village than could be found in all Greece, and that it is a national characteristic to disregard life and to be criminally indifferent to homicides. As a corroboration of this statement, he narrates the story of the drama *The Life of the Valiant Cespedes,* in substance as follows:

Cespedes was a soldier of fortune under Charles V, renowned for his valor and prodigious strength, and his sister Donna Maria was not less athletic. Before entering the army he had invited all the car men and porters to wrestle with him and decide who could lift the greatest weights. In his absence from home, Donna Maria took his place and wrestled with the first comer. In the opening scene she is contending with two car men of La Mancha to determine who can throw farthest a heavy bar of iron; in proving herself their superior, she wins all their cattle and forty crowns, although she generously returns their animals and keeps only the money. Don Diego, a gentleman in love with her, disguises himself as a peasant and wishes to wrestle with her, not with the expectation of being victorious, but because he hopes for an opportunity to declare his love. As the price of the wager, he deposits four pieces of Spanish coin. She accepts the challange, but while their arms are intertwined, the following conversation takes place:

Diego. Is there on earth, lady, a glory equal to this, of finding myself in your arms? Where is the prince that had ever so happy a destiny? We are told of one who soared on wings of wax to the blazing orb of day; but he did not dare to wrestle with the sun, and if for such audacity he was precipitated into the sea, how shall I survive who have grasped the sun in my embrace?

Maria. You a peasant?

Diego. I know not.

Maria. Your language, and the perfume you carry about you, excite my fears.

Diego. The language I have learned from yourself, for you have shed a ray of light on my soul; the perfume is that of the flowers on which I reposed, in the meadow, in meditating on my love.

Maria. Quit my arms.

Diego. I cannot.

Maria, recognizing his rank, refuses any further contest, but is so touched by his gallantry that when her Cespedes returns she hides Don Diego to screen him from the hatred of her brother. He enters and tells her that his mistress had given him a pink, but that he had met Pero Trillo, who was enamored of the same beauty, and in the fight which followed, Cespedes had slain him and has come home to procure money. Engaging Bertrand, one of the peasants, as his squire, he departs for Flanders, to serve the Emperor. Scarcely is he gone when the officers arrive to arrest him. Donna Maria, considering this an offense, calls Don Diego to her aid and they, after killing two of the officers and wounding a third, are compelled to take refuge in a church. Then she departs for Germany in the habit of a soldier with Don Diego. Cespedes and Bertrand, his squire, in the meantime have reached Seville, where the master quarrels with sharpers in the streets, pursues them with his knife, attaches himself to courtesans and fights on their account, and becomes involved in a gambling quarrel with a sergeant, whom he kills with brutal ferocity.

In the second act Cespedes has resided some time in Germany, been advanced in the service, had a share in many brilliant campaigns, but at last is obliged to retire from the army because of a quarrel with heretics, of whom he and his squire had killed ten and wounded more. The Emperor, however, recalls Cespedes, saying that although he and the Duke of Alva had been obliged to reprove Cespedes, yet his actions had given them the greatest satisfaction. Encouraged by this remark, Cespedes vows that hereafter when he meets a heretic who refuses to kneel to the sacrament, he will hamstring him and give him no choice but to kneel.

The Captain Hugo, host and protector of Cespedes, has a sister Theodora, who falls in love with the Spaniard, and after having been seduced by him, escapes from her home to follow him. Donna Maria Cespedes appears, disguised as a man, with Don Diego. The latter has been with her during the whole journey and has obtained her affections, but since Pero Trillo, who had been killed by Cespedes, was his uncle, Diego thinks himself bound to avenge his death. Maria overwhelms her lover with reproaches, though always mingled with returning tenderness, and in the midst of her imprecation she checks herself with sorrow and often repeats, "When, alas, one so often reproaches, one is very near pardoning!" While still on the stage, she hears two soldiers abusing her brother because they are jealous

of the favor shown to him and his exploits, which appear more befitting a porter than a soldier. Assuming herself the defense of her brother's honor, she kills the two soldiers and is threatened with arrest, but refuses to surrender to any one except the Duke of Alva. The Duke conducts her to prison, promising her recompense for her bravery, but no sooner is she in prison than she breaks her fetters, forces the bars of her window, and sets herself at liberty. Don Diego, having separated himself from Donna Maria, pursues his revenge against Cespedes. Certain that he could not kill the latter in combat, he resolves to assassinate him. Accordingly, he gives Mendo his pistol and places himself in ambush, conceals twenty of his men nigh at hand for support and to aid the escape of the murderer. Cespedes falls into the snare, but Mendo's pistol misses fire. The assassin, however, is not disconcerted, but convinces Cespedes that he was merely trying the pistol in order to sell it, and finally induces Cespedes to purchase. Discovering the pistol still to be loaded, the Spaniard realizes that there has been a design to assassinate him, but does not know whom to accuse of the attempt.

In the third act Mendo tells Don Diego of the failure of the design and informs him of the trick by which he escaped vengeance. At this moment Cespedes returns, crowned with laurel, from a tournament where he had challenged all the bravest of the army, and the Em-

MURILLO
STATUE AND MONUMENT, SEVILLE

peror presents him with a lordship in Spain. In the meantime Cespedes has learned that it was Don Diego, the seducer of his sister, who had attempted to assassinate him, but public affairs for the moment prevent him from seeking revenge. Charles V goes to attack the Elector of Saxony, and Cespedes thinks only of distinguishing himself against the heretics. While preparations are being made for battle, the licentiousness of the camp is shown in several scenes: Donna Maria and Theodora, following the army disguised as soldiers; the squire of Cespedes, carrying off a peasant girl, and when the villagers collect to release her, Cespedes, opposing himself singly to all, and killing a number of them. He then offers himself to the Emperor to be the first to swim over the Elbe. Bertrand, Hugo and Don Diego propose to accompany him, and the last, while he was still meditating assassination, proves himself one of the most valiant men of the army and ambitious for glory. The champions, having crossed the river, point out a ford to the troops, and the Emperor is enabled to win a great victory over the heretics. In the battle, Diego is wounded, but is saved upon the shoulders of Cespedes, who does not know him. Having placed him in safety, Cespedes returns to the fight; Donna Maria arrives, recognizes her lover, pardons him and carries him to her tent. During the rejoicings after the victory, the order of knighthood is conferred upon Cespedes, who learns that his sister is in camp,

that she has received into her tent the very Don Diego who has attempted to assassinate him, that she loves him, and that she has sacrificed her honor to him.

In the last scene we see him, sword in hand, with Bertrand at his side, resolved to revenge himself on both his sister and her lover. Don Diego and Mendo await them armed, while Donna Maria and Theodora attempt to restrain them. The Duke of Alva halts the combat and asks the cause of the quarrel. Don Diego tells the story and asserts that he has offered to marry Donna Maria, but that Cespedes has refused his consent. The Duke of Alva terminates the dispute, concludes the marriage between Cespedes and Theodora, and between Don Diego and Donna Maria, assigns a reward to Bertrand and grants pardon to Mendo.

5. The manner in which the Spaniards treated the conquered Indians in America was taken by Lope and treated in a theatrical manner, which illustrates the character of the conquerors in all their cruelty and religious fanaticism. The lesson of the play is not to draw attention to the cruelty and urge a contrary spirit but, on the contrary, it demonstrates the length to which religious fervor can go and still meet with the approval of a people. The Spaniard regarded the rebels as deserving of punishment, believed that Christianity should be established by fire and sword, if necessary, and that what to-day seems revolting barbar-

ism was a peculiar merit. The subject of *Arauco Domado (The Conquest of Arauco)*, noble and theatrical in itself, is the struggle of Caupolican to defend the Araucanians from Spanish conquest, and it gives a striking opportunity to contrast the methods of savage and civilized people. Caupolican has been elected chief of the Araucanians and has defeated Valdivia, the Spanish general who commanded in Chili and who was killed in a battle about the year 1554.

While the Spaniards install the new governor in Chile, Caupolican celebrates his victory and places his trophies at the feet of Fresia, who is delighted in finding her lover the liberator of his country:

Caupolican. Here, beauteous Fresia, rest;
Thy feather'd darts resign,
While the bright planet pours a farewell ray,
Gilding the glorious West,
And, as his beams decline,
Tinges with crimson light the expiring day.
Lo! where the streamlet on its way,
Soft swelling from its source,
Through flower-bespangled meads
Its murmuring waters leads,
And in the ocean ends its gentle course.
Here, Fresia, may'st thou lave
Thy limbs, whose whiteness shames the foaming wave.

Unfold, in this retreat,
Thy beauties, envied by the queen of night;
The gentle stream shall clasp thee in its arms;
Here bathe thy wearied feet!
The flowers with delight
Shall stoop to dry them, wondering at thy charms.

To screen thee from alarms,
The trees a verdant shade shall lend;
From many a songster's throat
Shall swell the harmonious note;
The cool stream to thy form shall bend
Its course, and the enamor'd sands
Shall yield thee diamonds for thy beauteous hands.

All that thou see'st around,
My Fresia, is thine own!
This realm of Chili is thy noble dower!
Chased from our sacred ground,
The Spaniard shall for all his crimes atone,
And Charles and Philip's iron reign is o'er.
Hideous and stain'd with gore,
They fly Arauca's sword;
Before their ghastly eyes
In dust Valdivia lies;
While as a god ador'd,
My bright fame mounting, with the sun extends,
Where'er the golden orb his glorious journey bends.

Fresia. Lord of my soul, my bosom's dream,
To thee yon mountains bend
Their proud aspiring heads;
The nymphs that haunt this stream,
With roses crown'd, their arms extend,
And yield thee offerings from their flowery beds.
But ah! no verdant tree that spreads
Its blissful shade, no fountain pure,
Nor feather'd choir, whose song
Echoes the woods among,
Earth, sea, nor empire, gold, nor silver ore,
Could ever to me prove
So rich a treasure as my chieftain's love.

I ask no brighter fame
Than conquest o'er a heart
To whom proud Spain submits her laurel'd head,

Before whose honor'd name,
Her glories all depart and victories are fled!
Her terrors all are sped!
The keenness of her sword,
Her arquebuse, whose breath
Flash'd with the fires of death,
And the fierce steed, bearing his steel-clad lord,
A fearful specter on our startled shore,
Affright our land no more!

Thy spear hath rent the chain
That bound our Indian soil;
Her yoke so burthen'd by th' oppressor's hand,
Thou hast spurn'd with fierce disdain:
Hast robb'd the spoiler of his spoil,
Who sought by craft and force to subjugate thy land.
Now brighter days expand!
The joys of peace are ours!
Beneath the lofty trees,
Our light-swung hammocks answering to the breeze,
Sweet is our sleep among the leafy bowers;
And, as in ancient days, a calm repose
Attends our bless'd life to its latest close.

The Spaniards are advancing to attack the Indians, who learn from their gods of their approaching defeat, but the warriors animate themselves by a martial hymn, in which each of the chiefs calls vengeance upon the enemies of his country and the others reply in chorus, while the army interrupt frequently with the name of their head chief. At the end of the stage the Spaniards are seen on the ramparts of a fort, where they have sheltered themselves:

An Indian Soldier. Hail, Chief! twice crown'd by Victory's hands,

Victor o'er all Valdivia's bands,
Conqueror of Villagran.

The Army. All hail, Caupolican!

Chorus of Chiefs. Mendoza's fall will add fresh wreaths again.
Fall tyrant, fall.
Th' avenger comes, alike of gods and men.

The Soldier. The God of Ind, Apo, the thunderer comes,
Who gave his valiant tribes these vast domains;
Spoil'd by the robbers from the ocean-plains,
Soon, soon, to fill ignoble tombs,
Slain by the conqueror of Villagran.

The Army. Shout, shout, Caupolican!

The Chorus. The hero's eye is on thee; tyrant, fly!
No, thou art in his toils, and thou must die,
Thou canst not fly,
Thou and thine impious clan.

The Army. Hear, hear, Caupolican!

Caupolican. Wretched Castilians, yield,—our victims, yield;
Fate sits upon our arms;
Trust not these walls and towers,—they cannot shield
Your heads from vengeance now,
Your souls from wild alarms.

Chorus. See laurels on his brow,
The threatening chief of Araucan.

The Army. Caupolican! !

Chorus. Mendoza, cast your laurels at his feet;
With tyrant-homage greet,
The chief of all his clan.

Tucapel. Bandits, whom treason and the cruel thirst
Of yellow dust bore to our hapless shores,
Who boast of honor while your hands are curs'd
With chains and tortures Nature's self deplores,
Behold, we burst your iron yoke;
Your terrors fled, your savage bondage broke.

Chorus. Behold the victor of your Villagran.

The Whole Army. Caupolican—Caupolican! !

Chorus. Spurn, spurn him o'er the waves,—

The new, last foe, Mendoza spurn!
To those far lands, swift, swift return.
Rengo. Or let them with us find their graves.
Madmen who hoped to find
The race of Chili blind
And weak, and vile as the Peruvian slaves.
But who your flying squadrons saves
From the great chief of Araucan?
When he returns with all his captives won—
Chorus. To the glad bosom of Andalican.
Rengo. Soon shall you share the fate of Villagran.
Kneel, and pour forth your prayer
To the great victor of the war
That he will spare!
The Army. Caupolican!

In the numerous battles which succeed each other, the Indians yield to the superior arms of the Spaniards, but never lose their courage. Wives and children encourage them to fight, and when they appear willing to treat for peace urge them to renewed battle. Galvarino, one of the chiefs, is made prisoner, and Mendoza, the new governor, orders his hands cut off and directs him to be sent back thus mutilated to his countrymen. On hearing his sentence, Galvarino says to Mendoza:

What is thine aim, conquest or chastisement?
Though thou lop off these hands, yet still among
Arauca's sons shall myriads yet be found
To blast thy hopes; and as the husbandmen
Heads the fast-budding maize, to increase his store
Of golden grain, so even these crimson hands
Thou sever'st from my valiant arms, shall yield
A thousand fold; for when the earth hath drunk
My blood, an iron harvest she shall yield
Of hostile hands, to enslave and bind thine own.

The sentence is not executed on the stage, but Alonzo de Ercilla, the epic poet who is one of the important characters in the piece, brings a report of the courage of Galvarino in these words:

He seem'd to me all marble; scarce the knife
With cruel edge had sever'd his left hand,
Than he replaced it with his valiant right.

While the Araucanians are engaged in a council of war, the mutilated Galvarino arrives among them, and the sight of him determines the chiefs not to accept peace but to enter again upon the war with increased rage and fury. Galvarino, in an eloquent address, urges them to fight to the death. They reassemble a little later to celebrate a festival in honor of their deity, when they are surprised by the Spaniards, nearly all of them slain, and Caupolican taken prisoner. When he is brought before Mendoza, the following dialogue ensues:

Mendoza. What power hath thus reduced Caupolican?
Caupolican. Misfortune, and the fickle chance of war.
Mendoza. Misfortune is the just reward of all
That war with heaven. Thou wast a vassal to
The crown of Spain, and dar'dst defy its power.
Caupolican. Free-born, I have to the uttermost defended
My native land, her liberty and laws.
Yours have I ne'er attempted.
Mendoza. To our arms
Chili had soon submitted, hadst not thou
Resisted.
Caupolican. Now she falls, and fetters bind
Their hands.

Mendoza. Through thee Valdivia perish'd; thou
Hast destroy'd cities, hast excited war,
Hast led thy people to revolt, hast slain
Our Villagran, and for him thou shalt die.
Caupolican. 'Tis true, my life is in thine hands; revenge
Thy monarch, trample Chili in the dust,
Yet with this life thy power o'er me must end.

Caupolican, believing that his conqueror must be nearer to the true faith than himself, embraces the religion of Mendoza, who appears as his godfather at the baptism, but then abandons the repentant chief to the executioner. Bound to a stake ready to be delivered to the flames, he is seen on the scaffold while Mendoza exclaims to a portrait of King Philip II:

Thus do we serve thee, Sire, and these rich plains,
Satiate with Indian blood, we add to thy domains.

6. The Autos, or Sacred Comedies, of Lope de Vega contain sentiments that appear surprising to modern readers, who feel that religion and virtue are synonymous terms, and that he who lives an immoral life has by that very act denied Christianity. Among the Spaniards different ideas prevailed, and as we have seen in the *Lazarillo* and in the picaresque novels of Cervantes, those who practiced the most shameful professions, thieves, courtesans and assassins, were often true believers and intermingled their excesses with daily devotion, while religious expressions were ever in their mouths.

CHAPTER IX

THE SPANISH DRAMA (CONCLUDED)
CALDERON

CALDERON. The greatest of the many dramatists in Spain was Pedro Calderon de la Barca, who was born in January, 1600, and lived to be eighty-seven years old. His birth was at a time when Spain was at the height of her grandeur, but when he died she had lost her power and was one of the second rate kingdoms of Europe, despised by all her sister states. Calderon was the youngest of four children who were born to a noble family, and both in school and at the university of Salamanca the young Pedro distinguished

himself by his marked ability in the acquirement of knowledge. Before his twentieth year he had written several excellent poems and possibly a play which was acted with success at Madrid. Nevertheless, the young man took up the profession of arms and fought most of the years between 1625 and 1635, but at the latter time he was recalled to Spain and was there received with high regard. The king made him a knight of Santiago and employed him in many missions requiring delicacy of action and skill in political management. Calderon never married, and in 1651 took holy orders, after which his royal patron conferred preferments and high ecclesiastical offices upon him but encouraged Calderon to keep on writing, though from that time he devoted himself to plays for royal festivities and sacred rejoicings. He kept on writing even when he felt the hand of death upon him, and after his demise all Spain mourned for him.

A contemporary biographer thus describes his character:

> His house was the universal shelter of the needy; his society was alike the safest and most profitable, his tongue the most candid and honorable, and his pen the most courteous of his century—for it wounded no man's fame by biting observations, nor ever stained the credit even of those who spoke evil of its wielder, any more than his ear ever gave heed to the malicious detraction of envy against others.

A description of his personal appearance gives him a lofty and capacious brow like

Shakespeare's, large eyes, set wide apart, two finely-drawn eyebrows, a well-shaped and slightly-aquiline nose, and lips curved and rather full. His eyes had a tender and thoughtful expression, and the whole aspect of his face was one of dreamy refinement.

In the plays of Calderon, Spanish drama is seen, to quote from Ticknor, in "its inimitable beauty; the freshness of its inventions, the charm of its style, the flowing naturalness of its dialogue, the marvelous ingenuity of its plots, the ease with which everything is at last adjusted and explained;—the brilliant interest, the humor, the wit, that marks every step as we advance."

While Sismondi and other writers may be differently affected by Calderon's writing, yet the following opinion of the German critic Schlegel may be regarded as, on the whole, fair and justifiable:

> At length appeared Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, as fertile in genius and as diligent in writing as Lope, but a poet of a different kind; a true poet, indeed, if ever man deserved the name. For him, but in a superior degree, was renewed the admiration of nature, the enthusiasm of the public, and the dominion of the stage. The years of Calderon's age coincided with those of the seventeenth century. He was, therefore, sixteen years old when Cervantes died, and thirty-five at the time of the death of Lope, whom he survived nearly half a century. According to his biographers, Calderon wrote more than one hundred and twenty tragedies or comedies, more than a hundred sacred allegorical pieces *(autos sacramentales)*, a hundred humorous interludes or *saynetes*, and many other pieces not dramatic. As he

composed for the theater from his fourteenth year to his eighty-first, we must distribute his productions through a long space of time, and there is no reason to suppose that he wrote with such wonderful celerity as Lope de Vega. He had sufficient time to mature his plans, which he did without doubt, but he must have acquired from practice great facility of execution.

In the almost countless number of his works, we find nothing left to chance; all is finished with the most perfect talent, agreeable to fixed principles, and to the first rules of art. This is undeniable, even if we should consider him as a mannerist in the pure and elevated romantic drama, and should regard as extravagant those lofty flights of poetry which rise to the extreme bounds of imagination. Calderon has converted into his own what served only as a model to his predecessors, and he required the noblest and most delicate flowers to satisfy his taste. Hence he repeats himself often in many expressions, images, and comparisons, and even in dramatic situations, although he was too rich to borrow, I do not say from others, but even from himself. Theatrical perspective is in his eyes the first object of the dramatic art; but this view, so restricted in others, becomes positive in him. I am not acquainted with any dramatic author who has succeeded in an equal degree in producing that poetical charm which affects the senses at the same time that it preserves its ethereal essence.

His dramas may be divided into four classes: representations of sacred history, from Scripture or legends; historical pieces; mythological, or drawn from some poetical source; and, lastly, pictures of social life and modern manners. In a strict sense we can only call those pieces historical which are founded on national events. Calderon has painted with great felicity the early days of Spanish history; but his genius was far too national, I may almost say too fiery, to adapt itself to other countries. He could easily identify himself with the sanguine natives of the South or the East, but in no manner with the people of classic antiquity, or of the North of Europe.

When he has chosen his subjects from the latter, he has treated them in the most arbitrary manner. The beautiful mythology of Greece was to him only an engaging fable, and the Roman history a majestic hyperbole.

And again he says:

Even in the plays of Calderon which represent modern manners, and which for the most part descend to the tone of common life, we feel ourselves influenced by a charm of fancy which prevents us from regarding them as comedies, in the ordinary sense of the word. The comedies of Shakespeare are composed of two parts, strangers to each other: the comic part, which is always conformable to English manners, because the comic imitation is drawn from well-known and local circumstances; and the romantic part, which is derived from the stage of the South, as his native soil was not in itself sufficiently poetical. In Spain, on the contrary, national manners might be regarded in an ideal point of view. It is true that would not have been possible if Calderon had introduced us into the interior of domestic life, where its wants and habits reduce everything to narrow and vulgar limits. His comedies conclude, like those of the ancients, with marriage, but differ from them wholly in the antecedent part. In these, in order to gratify sensual passions and interested views, the most immoral means are often employed; the persons, with all the powers of their mind, are only physical beings, opposed to one another, seeking to take advantage of their mutual weaknesses. In those, a passionate sentiment prevails which ennobles all that it surrounds, because it attaches to all circumstances an affection of the mind.

Calderon presents to us, it is true, his principal personages of both sexes in the first effervescence of youth, and in the confident anticipation of all the joys of life; but the prize for which they contend, and which they pursue, rejecting all others, cannot in their eyes be exchanged for any other good. Honor, love, and jealousy are the ruling passions. Their noble struggles form the

plot of the piece, which is not entangled by elaborate knavery and deceit. Honor is there a feeling which rests on an elevated morality, sanctifying the principle without regard to consequences. It may by stooping to the opinions and prejudices of society become the weapon of vanity, but under every disguise we recognize it as the reflection of refined sentiment. I cannot suggest a more appropriate emblem of the delicacy with which Calderon represents the sentiment of honor, than the fabulous trait narrated of the ermine, which, rather than suffer the whiteness of its fur to be soiled, resigns itself to its pursuers. This refined sentiment equally predominates in the female characters of Calderon, and overrules the power of love, who only ranks at the side of honor and not above it. According to the sentiments which the poet professes, the honor of woman consists in confining her love to an honorable man, loving him with pure affection, and allowing no equivocal attentions, inconsistent with the most severe feminine dignity. This love demands an inviolable secrecy, until a legal union permits a public declaration. This condition alone defends it against the poisonous mixture of that vanity, which might boast of pretensions advanced, or of advantages obtained. Love thus appears as a secret and holy vow. It is true that under this doctrine, in order to satisfy love, trick and dissimulation, which honor elsewhere forbids, are permitted. But the most delicate regard is observed in the collision of love with other duties, and particularly those of friendship. The force of jealousy, always awake, always terrible in its explosion, is not, as in the East, excited by possession only, but by the slightest preference of the heart. Love is thus ennobled; for this passion falls beneath itself, if it is not wholly exclusive. It often happens that the plot which these contending passions form, produces no result, and the catastrophe then becomes comic. At other times it assumes a tragic shape, and honor becomes a hostile destiny to him who cannot satisfy it without destroying his own happiness by the commission of a crime.

Finally, Schlegel remarks:

But the true genius of Calderon is more peculiarly shown in his management of religious subjects. Love is painted by him with its common attributes, and speaks only the language of the poetic art. But religion is his true flame, the heart of his heart. For her alone he touches those chords to which the soul most deeply responds. He seems not to have wished to effect this through worldly means, as piety was his only motive. This fortunate man had escaped from the labyrinth and the deserts of skepticism to the asylum of faith, whence he contemplates and paints, with an imperturbable serenity of soul, the passing tempests of the world. To him, life is no longer an enigma; even his tears, like dewdrops in the beams of morning, reflect the image of heaven. His poetry, whatever the subject may ostensibly be, is an unceasing hymn of joy on the splendors of creation. With delighted astonishment he celebrates the wonders of nature and of human art, as if he saw them for the first time in all the attraction of novelty. It is the first awakening of Adam, accompanied by an eloquence and a justness of expression which an intimate knowledge of nature, the highest cultivation of mind, and the most mature reflection could alone produce. When he united the most opposite objects, the greatest and the smallest, the stars and the flowers, the sense of his metaphor always expresses the relation of his creatures to their common Creator; and this delightful harmony and concert of the universe, is to him a new and unfading image of that eternal love which comprehends all things.

II. The Dramas of Calderon. Our readers will be able to form their own opinion of the justice of criticism and the character of Calderon's plays from the analyses and extracts which follow. Of course, it is impossible to give anything like a fair estimate of the

large number he produced, and the ones which we have selected might not be chosen by another, but those we have taken are sufficiently diversified to give a rather comprehensive view of the man's genius.

1. *"El Secreto a Vozes"* (*The Secret in Words*) is considered one of the most beautiful and interesting of Calderon's comedies of "cloak and sword." Although Lope de Vega may have exceeded Calderon in his intimate presentation of this type of play, yet Calderon was no stranger to the idea of taking his personages from the upper ranks of society, subjecting them to the dangers of courtship, the beauty whose dark eyes flash from behind the lattice and from under her mantilla in the street, while father or brother in the costume of the period stands on guard, weapon in hand.

The scene of the *Secret in Words* is laid in Parma during the supposed reign of a Duchess, Flerida. Suffering under a secret passion, the Princess surrounds her court with all the fascinations of art to divert her grief, and the action of the play begins in the gardens with a troup of musicians, who sing as they cross the stage and are followed by the whole court. While the chorus celebrates the empire of love over reason, two knights, Frederick, the hero of the piece, one of the gentlemen of the household of the Duchess, and the Duke of Mantua, who conceals his indentity under the name of Henry, advance to view the beautiful Princess. Henry has already officially demanded her in

marriage, but wishes as a private gentleman to contemplate her more closely and confides his intention to the young and gallant Frederick, with whom he is lodging. Fabio, the valet of Frederick, is not admitted to the secret.

While the Duchess is in conversation with Frederick, she maintains the tone of a sovereign, but betrays by her agitation and remarks that the verses which have just been sung and which she knows are of Frederick's composition are on the subject of love and asks him to tell the object of his passion, but Frederick, ascribing his lack of success solely to his poverty, tells nothing that will reveal his secret or show Flerida that he is in love with her. Henry presents to the Duchess a letter of recommendation, which he has written himself, in which he claims to be a knight of the Duke of Mantua desiring an asylum until he can effect a reconcilation with his family, whom he has offended by a duel, to which a love affair had led him. While the Duchess is reading the letter, Frederick has a conversation with Laura, the first lady of the court, with whom he is really in love, and she by stealth hands him a letter concealed in the glove of the Duchess.

The stranger is invited by the Duchess to take part in those discussions of love and gallantry which form the entertainment of the court. The topic of the day is to decide what is the greatest pain in love. Many opinions are given, and the Princess allows the audience

to see that she is tormented by an unequal passion, which she dares not avow but which the audience sees is for Frederick.

When the Duchess and her court retire, Frederick remains alone on the stage with his valet and reads the letter which he has received, but, distrusting his valet, conceals from him the name of his mistress and the manner in which he obtains her letters. Greatly excited by curiosity, Fabio discovers that the letter contains an appointment for that very evening under the window of his mistress. The Duchess sends for Fabio and bribes him with a gold chain to name the lady to whom his master is attached. Unable to do so, the faithless valet discloses the rendezvous for the night. Ordering Fabio to watch narrowly the movements of his master, the jealous Flerida seeks to interrupt the lovers. When Frederick brings her some state papers to sign, she lays them aside, gives him a letter to the Duke of Mantua, and orders him to deliver it that very night. Frederick communicates with the Duke, and they agree to open the letter and if they find that she has not discovered that Henry is himself the Duke, he shall answer the letter as though he received it at home.

When night arrives and Laura is on the point of keeping her appointment, the Duchess calls her, saying that she has discovered that one of her ladies has an appointment with a gentleman at one of the palace windows, and as she is anxious to discover which lady could

so far violate the rules of propriety, she has selected Laura to watch over the rest of the house. In this manner the Duchess innocently sends Laura to the very appointment she wished to prevent. When the lovers meet, Laura is jealous of the interest Flerida seems to take in the meeting and is angry that the Duchess has been informed. However, she and Frederick exchange portraits in frames exactly alike, and he presents her with a cipher by means of which they may communicate secretly, and it is this cipher which gives to the play the name of *The Secret in Words.*

At the commencement of the second act, Henry has discovered that the Duchess does not suspect him, and Frederick is the bearer of his reply. Frederick and Fabio, in traveling dresses, approach the Duchess, and the valet is much astonished when his master presents to her the answer of the Duke of Mantua. Meanwhile, Frederick hands Laura a letter which he pretends to have received from one of her relatives at Mantua. The letter, which gives the concerted cipher, runs thus:

> Whenever, Signora, you wish to address me, begin by making a sign with your handkerchief, in order to engage my attention. Then, on whatever subject you speak, let the first word of the sentence be for me, and the rest for the company; so that by uniting all your first words, I shall discover what you wished to communicate. You will do the like when I give the signal for speaking myself.

Fabio tells the Duchess that his master has not been to Mantua, but that he met his mistress

during the night, and Laura warns Frederick of this circumstance, according to the plan of the letter. She recites sixteen little verses, one at a time, and Frederick assists the audience by repeating the first word of each verse. It is a humorous scene, and Laura is compelled to make long circumlocutions to bring into its proper place the word for which she has occasion. Moreover, Fabio makes a laughable spectacle when he suddenly finds that his master has been informed of his treachery, but just as Frederick is about to punish the traitor, Henry enters.

In the meantime, Fabio has found the opportunity to tell the Duchess that he has seen in the hands of his master the portrait of a lady and that he is sure that he carries it in his pocket. The Duchess, whose jealousy continues to increase, invents a scheme for obtaining the picture. When Frederick brings her papers to sign, the Princess commands him to lay them down and depart, saying that she has no confidence in the man who has betrayed her and has been in correspondence with her mortal enemies. Thinking she alludes to the presence of the Duke of Mantua, Frederick confesses his part in the plot and begs forgiveness. Astonished as the Duchess is at this disclosure, she still reproaches Frederick with maintaining a criminal correspondence. She questions his honor and compels him to produce all the papers on his person and to give her the keys to his bureau. Frederick will-

ingly produces everything but the portrait, which, of course, is the only thing which the Duchess desires, and it must certainly have been found had not Laura adroitly substituted her picture of Frederick in its case before the Duchess made the discovery, so all that the Duchess finds is a picture of the man she had suspected.

Fabio, whose character is like that of the Italian Harlequin and who is a typical *glorioso,* introduced into Spanish plays to relieve tension and provide humor, appears alone at the commencement of the third act. He has betrayed his master more from folly than from malice, and does not seem conscious of the mischief which he occasions. His pleasantries are coarse, and the tales he tells the Duchess and his master are often gross and vulgar. Now uneasy under his master's displeasure, he hides himself in his apartment until the storm is over. Frederick enters with Henry, and Fabio overhears the conversation in which Frederick informs Henry that the Duchess is aware that he is the Duke of Mantua and that it is useless to disguise himself longer, besides which he confides to the Duke his embarrassments concerning his mistress. Laura, aware of the danger she is in as the rival of the Duchess, has agreed to fly with her lover, who is to be ready with two horses at the end of the bridge between the park and the palace. Henry promises to give them an asylum and offers to conduct them to the borders of his own state.

As soon as they have gone out, Fabio hastens to the Duchess and tells the whole story.

The next scene is in the palace, where the Duchess is telling Laura of her love for Frederick, her desire to speak openly to him, and to raise him to her own rank by marriage. Laura's jealousy, rising continually, is brought to a white heat, when Frederick comes in and pays the sovereign a gallant compliment. In the presence of the Duchess, the two quarrel and become reconciled by means of the cipher, while they are addressing the Duchess apparently on questions of state. Although the Duchess gathers some hope from the apparent quarrel between Laura and Frederick, yet she fears the flight of the latter and addresses herself to Ernest, the father of Laura, and desires him to watch Frederick the entire night, assigning as a reason that she suspects Frederick is about to engage in a duel over a love affair and wishes to prevent it at all hazards. Just as Frederick is issuing from his house, Ernest arrives with a bodyguard. Aware that his mistress and the Duke are waiting for him and that the garrulous old man will detain him a long time, Frederick tries to rid himself of the old flatterer, who ingeniously puts the young man off, with well-feigned obstinacy. When at last Frederick insists on going out alone, Ernest calls the guards and gives orders to arrest him. Fortunately, Frederick's house has two doors, and from the unguarded one he escapes and goes to join Laura at the park.

In the meantime, the Duchess, fearing to rely wholly on Ernest, has attached herself to Laura, and when Frederick calls to his mistress, Flerida obliges her to answer. Finally, convinced of their love for each other, Flerida, alternately jealous and sympathetic, hesitates what to do, but in the end generously marries Laura to Frederick and gives her own hand to the Duke of Mantua.

2. One of the strongest plays by Calderon is *The Inflexible Prince*. The first scene of this historic play is laid in the gardens of the King of Fez, where the attendants of Phenicia, a Moorish princess, call upon some Christian slaves to sing for her entertainment. "How," they reply, "can our singing be agreeable to her when its only accompaniment is the sound of the fetters and chains which bind us?" However, they sing until Phenicia appears, surrounded by her women, who address to her the most flattering compliments, which would be absurd in any other than the Spanish language. Her sadness, however, repels their attention. She speaks of grief over a passion which she cannot vanquish and which is accompanied by sorrowful presentiments. Phenicia is attached to Muley Cheik, cousin, admiral and general of the King of Fez, but her father wishes her to marry Tarudant, Prince of Morocco. Scarcely has she received this information when Muley enters and announces to the King that a Portuguese fleet, commanded by two princes and carrying four-

teen thousand soldiers, is in the offing ready for the attack of Tangiers. Muley is ordered to oppose the landing of the Portuguese with the cavalry of the coast.

In the next scene the landing is effected near Tangiers amidst the sounds of clarions and trumpets, and in this military pomp each of the Christian heroes as he reaches shore declares his character, his hopes and fears, and the manner in which he is affected by the evil omens which had occurred on their voyage. Whilst Fernando, who, by the way, is a brother of the King of Portugal, is trying to dispel the superstitious fears of his followers, he is attacked by Muley, but obtains an easy victory and succeeds in capturing the Moor. When he learns that his prisoner, by his captivity, is in danger of losing forever the object of his love, Fernando generously restores him to liberty without a ransom. In the meantime, the kings of Fez and Morocco are advancing with an overwhelming force, and retreat becomes impossible to the Portuguese, whose only resource lies in the resolution to die like brave soldiers and Christian knights, but even in this they are disappointed, for, after fighting valiantly, Fernando surrenders to the King of Fez, and his brother Henry also delivers himself up with the flower of the Portuguese army. The Moorish King treats the princes handsomely, but insists that he cannot release them until they restore Ceuta, which had been conquered by their father, John I. Henry is sent back to

Portugal to procure the ransom of his brother. Fernando is unwilling that Portugal should sacrifice her dearly-won territory, and insists that Henry shall remind the King that he, Fernando, is a Christian and a Christian prince.

In the second act, Fernando is recognized by Christian captives, who throw themselves at his feet, hoping to escape slavery with him. He thus addresses them:

> My countrymen, your hands! Heaven only knows
> How gladly I would rend your galling chains,
> And freely yield my freedom up for yours!
> Yet, oh! believe, the more benignant fate
> That waits us, soon shall soothe our bitter lot.
> The wretched, well I know, ask not for counsel;
> But pardon me, 'tis all I have to give:
> No more; but to your tasks, lest ye should rouse
> Your master's wrath.

The King of Fez entertains Fernando lavishly, telling him that such captives are an honor to the man who detains them; but during these transactions Don Henry returns from Portugal with the news that grief for the defeat at Tangiers has caused the death of the King and that Alfonso V, who succeeds him, has sent Henry back to restore Ceuta and redeem the captives. Fernando, however, repels his endeavors:

> Henry, forbear! Such words may well debase
> Not only him who boasts himself a true
> Soldier of Christ, and prince of Portugal,
> But even the lowest of barbarians, void
> Of Christian faith. My brother, well I deem,

Inserted this condition in his will,
Not that it should be acted to the letter,
But to express how much his noble heart
Desir'd a brother's freedom. That must be
Obtain'd by other means: by peace or war.
How ever may a Christian prince restore
A city to the Moors, bought with the price
Of his own blood? for he it was, who first,
Arm'd with a slender buckler and his sword,
Planted our country's banner on its walls.
But even if we o'erlook this valiant deed,
Shall we forsake a city that hath rear'd
Within its walls new temples to our God?
Our faith, religion, Christian piety,
Our country's honor, all forbid the deed.
What! shall the dwelling of the living God
Bow to the Moorish crescent? Shall its walls
Re-echo to the insulting courser's hoof,
Lodg'd in the sacred courts, or to the creed
Of unbelievers? Where our God hath fix'd
His mansion, shall we drive his people forth?
The faithful, who inhabit our new town,
May, tempted by mischance, haply abjure
Their faith. The Moors may train the Christian youth
To their own barbarous rites; and is it meet
So many perish to redeem one man
From slavery? And what am I but a man?
A man now reft of his nobility;
No more a prince or soldier; a mere slave!
And shall a slave, at such a golden price,
Redeem his life? Look down upon me, king,
Behold thy slave, who asks not to be free;
Such ransom I abjure. Henry, return;
And tell our countrymen that thou has left
Thy brother buried on the Afric shore,
For life is here, indeed, a living death!
Christians, henceforth believe Fernando dead;
Moors, seize your slave. My captive countrymen!
Another comrade joins your luckless band;

And king, kind brother, Moors, and Christians, all
Bear witness to a prince's constancy,
Whose love of God, his country, and his faith,
O'erlived the frowns of fortune.

THE KING

Proud and ungrateful prince, and is it thus
Thou spurn'st my favor, thus repay'st my kindness?
Deniest my sole request? Thou haply here
Thinkest thyself sole ruler, and would'st sway
My kingdom? But, henceforth thou shalt be
By that vile name thou hast thyself assumed—
A slave! thou shalt be treated as a slave.
Thy brother and thy countrymen shall see
Thee lick the dust, and kiss my royal feet.

The indignant King calls one of his officers:

Hence with this captive! rank him with the rest:
Bind on his neck and limbs a heavy chain.
My horses be his care, the bath, the garden.
Let him be humbled by all abject tasks;
Away with his silk mantle; clothe his limbs
In the slave's garb. His food, the blackest bread;
Water his drink; a cold cell his repose;
And let his servants share their master's fate.

In the next scene Fernando is working with other slaves in the garden, while one of the captives, who does not know him, sings a romance of which he is the hero. Another bids him be of good heart, as the Prince Don Ferdinand has promised to procure liberty for them all. Then the Count of Miralva, one of the Portuguese knights who is ardently devoted to Fernando, introduces him to the prisoners, all of whom hasten to show him respect. Muley Cheik enters and, dismissing all but Fernando,

says: "Learn that loyalty and honor have their abode in the heart of a Moor. I come not to confer a favor, but to discharge a debt." He then hurriedly tells Fernando that he will find near the window of his prison instruments for releasing himself from his fetters, that he will find the bars broken, and a vessel waiting for him at the shore to take him home. The King surprises them at this moment, and, wholly unsuspicious of what Muley has said, confides to him the care of Fernando, assuring him that among all his followers no one is so far above suspicion nor so bound by honor and duty to execute his wishes. Muley hesitates between honor and gratitude, and Fernando decides against himself, declaring that he will not avail himself of the offer of freedom, that he will refuse liberty from any one who should propose his escape, and Muley regretfully submits at last to what he considers the law of duty and honor.

At the commencement of the third act Muley implores compassion on his prisoner from the King, telling him of the unhappy state to which the Prince is reduced, the dampness of the dungeon, of the work in the baths and in the stables, that he is deprived of food, sinking under disease, resting on a mat at the gates of his master's house. With disgusting detail Muley tells of the hard conditions that Fernando is bearing, but the King is unmoved by the revolting details and merely answers, " 'Tis well, Muley." When Phenicia comes to

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plead for Fernando, the King imposes silence on her. Ambassadors from Morocco and Portugal, who prove to be the kings Tarudant and Alfonso V themselves, have come to treat in person of their several interests. Alfonso offers the King of Fez twice the value in money of the city of Ceuta as the ransom for his brother, and declares that if he is refused a fleet is ready to lay waste to Africa with fire and sword. Tarudant, who has come in at the same time and hears these threats, says in anger that his forces are ready to take the field and will be able to repel the aggressions of the Portuguese. The King refuses to liberate Fernando except after the restitution of Ceuta. He bestows his daughter on Tarudant and orders Muley to accompany her to Morocco. Concealing his pain at this double misfortune, Muley prepares to obey.

In a different scene, the Count of Miralva and other captives bring in Fernando on a mat and lay him on the ground, overpowered by the weight of slavery, disease and misery. It is the last time he appears on the stage, and in the language of a saint under martyrdom he speaks of his sufferings as so many trials and thanks God for every pang as a pledge of approaching beatification. The King of Fez, Tarudant and Phenicia pass through the street where he lies, and Don Fernando addresses them as follows: "Bestow your alms on a poor sufferer. I am a human being like yourselves; I am sick and in affliction, and dying of hunger.

Have pity on me; for even the beasts of the forest compassionate their kind." The King reproaches him for his obstinacy, and tells him that reparation depends on himself alone. Fernando replies that mercy is the first duty of kings, that the whole earth bears in every trace emblems of royalty, and that to these is always attached the royal virtue of generosity. The lion, monarch of the forest; the eagle, king of the feathered race; the dolphin, ruler of fish; the pomegranate, empress of fruits; the diamond, chief of minerals, are all alive to the sufferings of mankind. As a man Fernando is allied to the King of Fez by their royal blood, notwithstanding their difference in religion. In every faith cruelty is alike condemned. Still, while the Prince considers it his duty to pray for the preservation of his life, he desires not life, but martyrdom, and awaits it at the hands of the King. The King retorts, "When you compassionate yourself, Don Ferdinand, I too shall compassionate you." After the Moorish princes have gone, Don Ferdinand tells the Count that soon his devotion will no longer be required, and only asks that he be invested in holy garments and that his friends shall mark his place of burial, concluding: "Although I die a captive, my redemption is sure, and I hope one day to enter the mansions of the blessed. Since to thee, my God, I have consecrated so many churches, grant me a dwelling in thine own mansions." His companions carry him out in their arms.

In the next scene the Portuguese troops have just landed and it is announced that the army of Tarudant is approaching, conducting Phenicia to Morocco. Don Alfonso addresses his troops and prepares for battle, while the shade of Don Fernando, in the habit of his order, promises victory.

In the next scene appears the King, surrounded by his guards, upon the walls of Fez. The Count of Miralva brings forward the coffin of Don Fernando, and, while the stage is veiled in night, a strain of military music approaches from the distance, and the shade of Don Fernando appears with a torch in its hands, leading the Portuguese army to the foot of the walls. Don Alfonso announces to the King that Phenicia and Tarudant are his prisoners, and promises to exchange them for Don Fernando. The King is grief stricken that he now has no means to redeem his daughter, and informs the Portuguese King of the death of Fernando; but finally Alfonso, solicitous to recover the mortal remains of his brother, accepts the exchange of his body for Phenicia and the other prisoners, requiring only that Phenicia shall be given in marriage to Muley as a reward for the friendship and protection he had extended to his brother. Then he thanks the Count for his generous devotion to Fernando and consigns to the care of his army the relics of the newly-canonized saint of Portugal.

3. *The Painter of His Own Dishonor* is an interesting "cloak and sword" drama, with a

tragic termination which illustrates with great vividness one phase of the Spanish sense of honor. Don Juan Roca has married Sarafina, a beautiful young woman who has been in love with Alvaro, the son of Don Luis, governor of Naples. The marriage occurred during the absence of Alvaro and after his supposed death at sea. When Don Roca and his wife come to visit Don Luis, Alvaro reappears and in a strong scene reproaches Serafina, who masters her love for the young man and announces her devotion to her husband. Having returned to their home, Don Juan attempts to paint the portrait of his wife and finds himself unable to produce anything as beautiful as her face, and finally throws away his brushes as the light begins to fail. Don Juan speaks:

> And, Serafina, pray remember this,
> If, tempted ever by your loveliness,
> And fresh presumption that forgets defeat,
> I'd have you sit again, allow me not,—
> It does but vex me.
> *Ser.* Nay, if it do that
> I will not, Juan, or let me die for it,—
> Come, there's an oath upon 't.

When the painting is over and the Don has gone out, Alvaro makes his appearance, disguised as a sailor. Serafina will have nothing to do with him, but as her husband returns while Alvaro is still with her, she is compelled to hide him. Later at a masked ball which Serafina attends, Alvaro appears, still disguised as a sailor, and dances with her, but in

spite of his ardent wooing, she dismisses him positively and finally. Fire breaks out, Serafina faints, and Don Juan hands her to Alvaro without knowing to whom he consigns the precious burden. Alvaro carries his love off and hides her in an old castle on his father's estate near Naples. In the meantime, Federigo, the Prince of Orsino, has seen Serafina and fallen in love with her, but in despair of possessing her, is amusing himself with Porcia, the daughter of Don Luis, and the two make their assignations at the same castle where Alvaro has concealed Serafina. Federigo gets a glimpse of Serafina and engages Don Juan, who has appeared in the disguise of a painter, to paint the picture of the lady, whose name he does not know. To give him an opportunity to do this, he introduces Don Juan, with two servants, Leonelo and Belardo, into the garden of the castle where Serafina is concealed. The play closes with the following scene:

Bel. Here she mostly comes of an evening, poor lady, to soothe herself, walking and sitting here by the hour together. This is where you are to be. Go in; and mind you make no noise.

[*Puts* JUAN *into the grated door, and locks it.*

Juan (through the grated window). But what are you about?

Bel. Locking the door to make all sure.

Juan. But had it not better be unlockt in case—

Bel. Hush! she comes.

Juan. My palette then.

Enter SERAFINA

Ser. How often and how often do I draw
My resolution out upon one side,

And all my armed sorrows on the other,
To fight the self-same battle o'er again!

Juan. He stands in the way; I cannot see her face.

Bel. Still weeping, madam?

Ser. Wonder not, Belardo:
The only balm I have. You pity me:
Leave me alone then for a while, Belardo;
The breeze that creeps along the whispering trees
Makes me feel drowsy.

Juan (to BELARDO, *whispering).* She turns her head away,
I cannot see her still.

Ser. What noise was that?

Bel. Madam?

Ser. I thought I heard a whisper.

Bel. Only
The breeze, I think. If you would turn this way,
I think 'twould blow upon you cooler.

Ser. Perhaps it will.
Thank you. I am very miserable, and very weary.

Bel. She sleeps: that is the lady.
Make most of time. [*Exit.*

Juan. Yes. Now then for my pencil.
Serafina! found at last. Whose place is this?
The Prince? no! But the stray'd lamb being here,
The wolf is not far off. She sleeps! I thought
The guilty never slept: and look, some tears
Still lingering on the white rose of her cheek.
Be those the drops, I wonder,
Of guilty anguish, or of chaste despair?
This death-like image is the sculptor's task,
Not mine.
Or is it I who sleep, and dream all this,
And dream beside, that once before I tried
To paint that face—the daylight drawing in
As now—and when somehow the lamp was out,
A man—I fail'd: and what love fail'd to do,
Shall hate accomplish? She said then, if ever
She suffer'd me to draw her face again,
Might she die for it. Into its inmost depth

Heav'n drew that idle word, and it returns
In thunder.

Ser. (dreaming). Juan! Husband! on my knees.
Oh, Juan—slay me not:

Enter ALVARO; *she wakes and rushes to him*

Alvaro,
Save me, oh, save me from him!

Alv. So the wretch
Thrives by another's wretchedness. My love!

Juan. Alvaro, by the heavens!

Alv. Calm yourself;
You must withdraw a while. Come in with me.

Juan. Villain!

Ser. (clinging to ALVARO*).* What's that?

Juan. (shaking at the door). The door is fast;
Open it, I say!—
Then die—thou and thy paramour!
[*Shoots a pistol at each through the grating.—Both fall:* SERAFINA *into the arms of* BELARDO, *who has come in during the noise.—Then directly enter* DON LUIS, PEDRO, *the father of* PORCIA, *and* PORCIA *herself.*

Luis. What noise is this?

Ser. My father!—in your arms
To die;—not by your hand—Forgive me—Oh!
[*Dies.*

Ped. (taking her in his arms). My Serafina!

Luis. And Alvaro!

Alv. Ay,
But do not curse me now! [*Dies.*

Enter the PRINCE *and* LEONELO

Leon. They must have found him out.

Prince. Whoever dares
Molest him, answers it to me. Open the door.
But what is this? [BELARDO *unlocks the door.*

Juan. (coming out). A picture—
Done by the Painter of his own Dishonor

In blood.
I am Don Juan Roca. Such revenge
As each would have of me, now let him take,
As far as one life holds. Don Pedro, who
Gave me that lovely creature for a bride,
And I return to him a bloody corpse;
Don Luis, who beholds his bosom's son
Slain by his bosom friend; and you, my lord,
Who, for your favors, might expect a piece
In some far other style of art than this:
Deal with me as you list; 'twill be a mercy
To swell this complement of death with mine;
For all I had to do is done, and life
Is worse than nothing now.
Prince. Get you to horse,
And leave the wind behind you.
Luis. Nay, my lord,
Whom should he fly from? not from me at least,
Who lov'd his honor as my own, and would
Myself have help'd him in a just revenge,
Ev'n on an only son.
Ped. I cannot speak,
But I bow down these miserable gray hairs
To other arbitration than the sword;
Ev'n to your Highness' justice.
Prince. Be it so.
Meanwhile—
Juan. Meanwhile, my lord, let me depart;
Free, if you will, or not. But let me go,
Nor wound these fathers with the sight of one
Who has cut off the blossom of their age:
Yea, and his own, more miserable than all.
They know me; that I am a gentleman,
Not cruel, nor without what seem'd due cause
Put on this bloody business of my honor;
Which having done, I will be answerable
Here and elsewhere, to all for all.
Prince. Depart
In peace.

Juan. In peace! Come, Leonelo.

[*He goes out slowly, followed by* LEONELO: *and the curtain falls.*

4. *The Mayor of Zalamea* is a notable "cloak and sword" play, particularly on account of the character of the mayor himself; besides which it contains a speech by the heroine at the opening of the third act which is by critics regarded as one of the finest passages Calderon has written, and by one at least is said to be worthy of Antigone herself. The first scene is laid in the country near Zalamea, with Rebolledo, a soldier, his mistress Chispa, and a company of marching soldiers. Rebolledo speaks:

Reb. Confound, say I, these forced marches from place to place, without halt or bait; what say you, friends?

All. Amen!

Reb. To be trailed over the country like a pack of gypsies, after a little scrap of flag upon a pole, eh?

1st Soldier. Rebolledo's off!

Reb. And that infernal drum which has at last been good enough to stop a moment stunning us.

2nd Sold. Come, come, Rebolledo, don't storm: we shall soon be at Zalamea.

Reb. And where will be the good of that if I'm dead before I get there? And if not, 'twill only be from bad to worse: for if we all reach the place alive, as sure as death up comes Mr. Mayor to persuade the Commissary we had better march on to the next town. At first Mr. Commissary replies very virtuously, "Impossible! the men are fagged to death." But after a little pocket persuasion, then it's all "Gentlemen, I'm very sorry: but orders have come for us to march forward, and immediately"—and away we have to trot, foot weary, dust bedraggled, and starved as we are. Well, I swear if I do get alive to Zalamea to-day, I'll not

leave it on this side o' sun-rise for love, lash, or money. It won't be the first time in my life I've given 'em the slip.

1st Sold. Nor the first time a poor fellow has had the slip given him for doing so. And more likely than ever now that Don Lope de Figuerroa has taken the command, a fine brave fellow they say, but a devil of a Tartar, who'll have every inch of duty done, or take the change out of his own son, without waiting for trial either.

Reb. Listen to this now, gentlemen! By Heaven, I'll be beforehand with him.

2nd Sold. Come, come, a soldier shouldn't talk so.

Reb. I tell you it isn't for myself I care so much, as for this poor little thing that follows me.

Chis. Signor Rebolledo, don't you fret about me; you know I was born with a beard on my heart if not on my chin, if ever girl was; and your fearing for me is as bad as if I was afeard myself. Why, when I came along with you I made up my mind to hardship and danger for honor's sake; else if I'd wanted to live in clover, I never should have left the Alderman who kept such a table as all Aldermen don't, I promise you. Well, what's the odds? I chose to leave him and follow the drum, and here I am, and if I don't flinch, why should you?

The soldiers continue their march and learn that the captain and sergeant are to be quartered at the house of Crespo, a well-to-do Hidalgo, who has a beautiful daughter, Isabel. Before the soldiers arrive at Crespo's house, he and his son Juan are talking:

Juan. I was looking for you, sir, but could not find you; where have you been?

Cres. To the barn, where high and dry,
The jolly sheaves of corn do lie,
Which the sun, arch-chemist old,

Turn'd from black earth into gold,
And the swinging flail one day
On the barn-floor shall assay,
Separating the pure ore
From the drossy chaff away.
This I've been about—And now,
Juanito, what hast thou?

Juan. Alas, sir, I can't answer in so good rhyme or reason. I have been playing at fives, and lost every bout.

Cres. What signifies if you paid?

Juan. But I could not, and have come to you for the money.

Cres. Before I give it you, listen to me.
There are things two
Thou never must do;
Swear to more than thou knowest,
Play for more than thou owest;
And never mind cost,
So credit's not lost.

Juan. Good advice, sir, no doubt, that I shall lay by for its own sake as well as for yours. Meanwhile, I have also heard say,
Preach not to a beggar till
The beggar's empty hide you fill.

Cres. 'Fore Heaven, thou pay'st me in my own coin. But—

Enter Sergeant

Serg. Pray, does one Pedro Crespo live hereabout?

Cres. Have you any commands for him if he does?

Serg. Yes, to tell him of the arrival of Don Alvaro de Ataide, captain of the troop that has just marched into Zalamea, and quartered upon him.

Cres. Say no more; my house and all I have is ever at the service of the king, and of all who have authority under him. If you leave his things here, I will see his room is got ready directly; and do you tell his Honor that, come when he will, he shall find me and mine at his service.

Serg. Good—he will be here directly. [*Exit.*

Juan. I wonder, father, that rich as you are, you still submit yourself to these nuisances.

Cres. Why, boy, how could I help them?

Juan. You know; by buying a patent of Gentility.

Cres. A patent of Gentility! upon thy life now dost think there's a soul who doesn't know that I'm no gentleman at all, but just a plain farmer? What's the use of my buying a patent of Gentility, if I can't buy the gentle blood along with it! will any one think me a bit more of a gentleman for buying fifty patents? Not a whit; I should only prove I was worth so many thousand royals, not that I had gentle blood in my veins, which can't be bought at any price. If a fellow's been bald ever so long, and buys him a fine wig, and claps it on, will his neighbors think it is his own hair a bit the more? No, they will say, "So and so has a fine wig; and, what's more, he must have paid handsomely for it too." But they know his bald pate is safe under it all the while. That's all he gets by it.

Juan. Nay, sir, he gets to look younger and handsomer, and keeps off sun and cold.

Cres. Tut! I'll have none of your wig honor at any price. My grandfather was a farmer, so was my father, so is yours, and so shall you be. Go, call your sister.

Enter ISABEL *and* INES

Oh, here she is. Daughter, our gracious king (whose life God save these thousand years!) is on his way to be crowned at Lisbon; thither the troops are marching from all quarters, and among others that fine veteran Flanders regiment, commanded by the famous Don Lope de Figuerroa, will march into Zalamea, and be quartered here to-day; some of the soldiers in my house. Is it not as well you should be out of the way?

Isab. Sir, 'twas upon this very errand I came to you, knowing what nonsense I shall have to hear if I stay below. My cousin and I can go up to the garret, and there keep so close, the very sun shall not know of our whereabout.

Cres. That's my good girl. Juanito, you wait here to receive them in case they come while I am out looking after their entertainment.

Isab. Come, Ines.

Ines. Very well—
Though I've heard in a song what folly 'twould be
To try keep in a loft what won't keep on the tree.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain and Sergeant

Serg. This is the house, sir.

Capt. Is my kit come?

Serg. Yes, sir, and *(aside)* I'll be the first to take an inventory of the pretty daughter. [*Exit.*

Juan. Welcome, sir, to our house; we count it a great honor to have such a cavalier as yourself for a guest, I assure you. *(Aside.)* What a fine fellow! what an air! I long to try the uniform, somehow.

Capt. Thank you, my lad.

Juan. You must forgive our poor house, which we devoutly wish was a palace for your sake. My father is gone after your supper, sir; may I go and see that your chamber is got ready for you?

Capt. Thank you, thank you.

Juan. Your servant, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Sergeant

Capt. Well, sergeant, where's the Dulcinea you told me of?

Serg. Deuce take me, sir, if I haven't been looking everywhere; in parlor, bed-room, kitchen, and scullery, up-stairs and down-stairs, and can't find her out.

Capt. Oh, no doubt the old fellow has hid her away for fear of us.

Serg. Yes, I ask'd a serving wench, and she confess'd her master had lock'd the girl up in the attic, with strict orders not even to look out so long as we were in the place.

Capt. Ah! these clodpoles are all so jealous of the service. And what is the upshot? Why, I, who didn't

care a pin to see her before, shall never rest till I get at her now.

Serg. But how, without a blow-up?

Capt. Let me see; how shall we manage it?

Serg. The more difficult the enterprise, the more glory in success, you know, in love as in war.

Capt. I have it!

Serg. Well, sir?

Capt. You shall pretend—but no, here comes one will serve my turn better.

Enter REBOLLEDO *and* CHISPA

Reb. (*to* CHISPA). There he is; now if I can get him into a good humor.

Chis. Speak up then, like a man.

Reb. I wish I'd some of your courage; but don't you leave me while I tackle him. Please your Honor—

Capt. (*to Sergeant*). I tell you I've my eye on Rebolledo to do him a good turn; I like his spirit.

Serg. Ah, he's one of a thousand.

Reb. (*aside*). Here's luck! Please your Honor—

Capt. Oh, Rebolledo—Well, Rebolledo, what is it?

Reb. You may know I am a gentleman, who has, by ill luck, lost all his estate; all that ever I had, have, shall have, may have, or can have, through all the conjugation of the verb "*to have.*" And I want your Honor—

Capt. Well?

Reb. To desire the ensign to appoint me roulette-master to the regiment, so I may pay my liabilities like a man of honor.

Capt. Quite right, quite right; I will see it done.

Chis. Oh, brave captain! Oh, if I only live to hear them all call me Madam Roulette!

Reb. Shall I go at once and tell him?

Capt. Wait. I want you first to help me in a little plan.

Reb. Out with it, noble captain. Slow said slow sped, you know.

Capt. You are a good fellow; listen. I want to get into that attic there, for a particular purpose.

Reb. And why doesn't your Honor go up at once?

Capt. I don't like to do it in a strange house without an excuse. Now look here; you and I will pretend to quarrel; I get angry and draw my sword, and you run away up stairs, and I after you, to the attic, that's all; I'll manage the rest.

Chis. Ah, we get on famously.

Reb. I understand. When are we to begin?

Capt. Now directly.

Reb. Very good. *(In a loud voice.)* This is the reward of my services—a rascal, a pitiful scoundrel is preferred, when a man of honor—a man who has seen service—

Chis. Halloa! Rebolledo up! All is not so well.

Reb. Who has led you to victory—

Capt. This language to me, sir?

Reb. Yes, to you, who have so grossly insulted and defrauded—

Capt. Silence! and think yourself lucky if I take no further notice of your insolence.

Reb. If I restrain myself, it is only because you are my captain, and as such—but 'fore God, if my cane were in my hand—

Chis. (advancing). Hold! Hold!

Capt. I'll show you, sir, how to talk to me in this way. *(Draws his sword.)*

Reb. It is before your commission, not you, I retreat.

Capt. That shan't save you, rascal!

(Pursues Rebolledo *out.)*

Chis. Oh, I shan't be Madam Roulette after all. Murder! murder! [*Exit, calling.*

Isabel's *Garret.* Isabel *and* Ines

Isab. What noise is that on the stairs?

Enter Rebolledo

Reb. Sanctuary! Sanctuary!

Isab. Who are you, sir?

Enter Captain

Capt. Where is the rascal?

Isab. A moment, sir! This poor man has flown to our feet for protection; I appeal to you for it; and no man, and least of all an officer, will refuse that to any woman.

Capt. I swear no other arm than that of beauty, and beauty such as yours, could have withheld me. *(To* Rebolledo.) You may thank the deity that has saved you, rascal.

Isab. And I thank you, sir.

Capt. And yet ungratefully slay me with your eyes in return for sparing him with my sword.

Isab. Oh, sir, do not mar the grace of a good deed by poor compliment, and so make me less mindful of the real thanks I owe you.

Capt. Wit and modesty kiss each other, as well they may, in that lovely face. *(Kneels.)*

Isab. Heavens! my father!

Enter Crespo *and* Juan, *with swords*

Cres. How is this, sir? I am alarmed by cries of murder in my house—am told you have pursued a poor man up to my daughter's room; and, when I get here expecting to find you killing a man, I find you courting a woman.

Capt. We are all born subjects to some dominion—soldiers especially to beauty. My sword, though justly rais'd against this man, as justly fell at this lady's bidding.

Cres. No lady, sir, if you please; but a plain peasant girl—my daughter.

Juan. (aside). All a trick to get at her. My blood boils. *(Aloud to Captain.)* I think, sir, you might have seen enough of my father's desire to serve you to prevent your requiting him by such an affront as this.

Cres. And, pray, who bid thee meddle, boy? Affront! what affront? The soldier affronted his captain; and if the captain has spared him for thy sister's sake, pray what hast thou to say against it?

Capt. I think, young man, you had best consider before you impute ill intention to an officer.

Juan. I know what I know.
Cres. What! you will go on, will you?
Capt. It is out of regard for you I do not chastise him.
Cres. Wait a bit; if that were wanting, 'twould be from his father, not from you.
Juan. And, what's more, I wouldn't endure it from any one but my father.
Capt. You would not?
Juan. No! death rather than such dishonor!
Capt. What, pray, is a clodpole's idea of honor?
Juan. The same as a captain's—no clodpole no captain, I can tell you.
Capt. 'Fore Heaven, I must punish this insolence.
(About to strike him.)
Cres. You must do it through me, then.
Reb. Eyes right!—Don Lope!
Capt. Don Lope!

Don Lope de Figuerroa, the commander of the troop, enters, quells the disturbance, sends the captain to other quarters, and himself takes up his abode with Crespo, who entertains the nobleman with much simple grace:

Cres. Lay the table here. (*To* LOPE.) You'll relish your supper here in the cool, sir. These hot August days at least bring their cool nights by way of excuse.
Lope. A mighty pleasant parlor this!
Cres. Oh, a little strip my daughter amuses herself with; sit down, sir. In place of the fine voices and instruments you are us'd to, you must put up with only the breeze playing on the vine leaves in concert with the little fountain yonder. Even the birds (our only musicians) are gone to bed, and wouldn't sing any the more if I were to wake them. Come, sit down, sir, and try to ease that poor leg of yours.
Lope. I wish to heaven I could.
Cres. Amen!
Lope. Well, I can at least bear it. Sit down, Crespo.

Cres. Thank you, sir. *(Hesitating.)*

Lope. Sit down, sit down, pray.

Cres. Since you bid me then, you must excuse my ill manners. *(Sits.)*

Lope. Humph—Do you know, I am thinking, Crespo, that yesterday's riot rather overset your good ones?

Cres. Ay?

Lope. Why, how else is it that you, whom I can scarce get to sit down at all to-day, yesterday plump'd yourself down at once, and in the big chair too?

Cres. Simply because yesterday you *didn't* ask me. To-day you are courteous, and I am shy.

Lope. Yesterday you were all thistle and hedgehog; to-day as soft as silk.

Cres. It is only because you yourself were so. I always answer in the key I'm spoken to; yesterday you were all out of tune, and so was I. It is my principle to swear with the swearer, and pray with the saint; all things to all men. So much so as I declare to you your bad leg kept me awake all night. And, by-the-by, I wish, now we are about it, you would tell me which of your legs it is that ails you: for, not knowing, I was obliged to make sure by swearing at both of mine: and one at a time is quite enough.

Lope. Well, Pedro, you will perhaps think I have some reason for my tetchiness, when I tell you that for thirty years during which I have served in the Flemish wars through summer's sun, and winter's frost, and enemy's bullets, I have never known what it is to be an hour without pain.

Cres. God give you patience to bear it!

Lope. Pish! can't I give it myself?

Cres. Well, let him leave you alone then!

Lope. Devil take patience!

Cres. Ah, let him! he wants it; only it's too good a job for him. *(Enter* JUAN *with table, etc.)*

Juan. Supper, sir.

Lope. But what are my people about, not to see to all this?

Cres. Pardon my having been so bold to tell them I and my family would wait upon you, so, as I hope, you shall want for nothing.

Lope. On one condition then, that as you have no fear of your company now, your daughter may join us at supper.

Cres. Juan, bid your sister come directly.

[*Exit* JUAN.

Lope. My poor health may quiet all suspicion on that score, I think.

Cres. Sir, if you were as lusty as I wish you, I should have no fear. I bid my daughter keep above while the regiment was here because of the nonsense soldiers usually talk to girls. If all were gentlemen like you, I should be the first to make her wait on them.

Lope. (aside). The cautious old fellow!

Enter JUAN, ISABEL, *and* INES

Isab. (*to* CRESPO). Your pleasure, sir?

Cres. It is Don Lope's, who honors you by bidding you to sup with him.

Lope. (aside). What a fair creature! Nay, 'tis I that honor myself by the invitation.

Isab. Let me wait upon you.

Lope. Indeed no, unless waiting upon me means supping with me.

Cres. Sit down, sit down, girl, as Don Lope desires you.

The captain, who has fallen in love with Isabel, plans to carry her off, and effects his purpose late that evening, after she has assisted in the entertainment of Lope:

Isab. You must not go, sir, without our adieu.

Lope. I would not have done so; nor without asking pardon for much that is past, and even for what I am now about to do. But remember, fair Isabel, 'tis not the price of the gift, but the good will of the giver makes its value. This brooch, though of diamond, be-

comes poor in your hands, and yet I would fain have you wear it in memory of Don Lope.

Isab. I take it ill you should wish to repay us for an entertainment—

Lope. No, no, no repayment; that were impossible if I wished it. A free keepsake of regard.

Isab. As such I receive it then, sir. Ah, may I make bold to commit my brother to your kindness?

Lope. Indeed, indeed, you may rely on me.

Enter JUAN

Juan. The litter is ready.

Lope. Adieu, then, all.

All. Adieu, adieu, sir.

Lope. Ha, Peter! who, judging from our first meeting, could have prophesied we should part such good friends?

Cres. I could, sir, had I but known—

Lope. (going). Well?

Cres. That you were at once as good as crazy. (*Exit* LOPE.) And now, Juan, before going, let me give thee a word of advice in presence of thy sister and cousin: thou and thy horse will easily overtake Don Lope, advice and all. By God's grace, boy, thou com'st of honorable if of humble stock; bear both in mind, so as neither to be daunted from trying to rise, nor puffed up so as to be sure to fall. How many have done away the memory of a defect by carrying themselves modestly; while others again have gotten a blemish only by being too proud of being born without one. There is a just humility that will maintain thine own dignity, and yet make thee insensible to many a rub that galls the proud spirit. Be courteous in thy manner, and liberal of thy purse; for 'tis the hand to the bonnet and in the pocket that makes friends in this world; of which to gain one good, all the gold the sun breeds in India, or the universal sea sucks down, were a cheap purchase. Speak no evil of women; I tell thee the meanest of them deserves our respect; for of wom-

en do we not all come? Quarrel with no one but with good cause; by the Lord, over and over again, when I see masters and schools of arms among us, I say to myself, "This is not the thing we want at all, *How to fight,* but *Why to fight?* that is the lesson we want to learn." And I verily believe if but one master of the *Why to fight* advertised among us he would carry off all the scholars. Well—enough—You have not (as you once said to me) my advice this time on an empty stomach—a fair outfit of clothes and money—a good horse—and a good sword—these, together with Don Lope's countenance, and my blessing—I trust in God to live to see thee home again with honor and advancement on thy back. My son, God bless thee! There—And now go—for I am beginning to play the woman.

Juan. Your words will live in my heart, sir, so long as it lives. *(He kisses his father's hand.)* Sister! (*He embraces her.*)

Isab. Would I could hold you back in my arms!

Juan. Adieu, cousin!

Ines. I can't speak.

Cres. Be off, else I shall never let thee go—and my word is given!

Juan. God bless you all! [*Exit.*

Isab. Oh, you never should have let him go, sir.

Cres. (aside). I shall do better now. *(Aloud.)* Pooh, why, what the deuce could I have done with him at home here all his life—a lout—a scapegrace perhaps. Let him go serve his king.

Isab. Leaving us by night too!

Cres. Better than by day, child, at this season—Pooh!—*(Aside.)* I must hold up before them.

Isab. Come, sir, let us in.

Ines. No, no, cousin, e'en let us have a little fresh air now the soldiers are gone.

Cres. True—and here I may watch my Juan along the white, white road. Let us sit. *(They sit.)*

Isab. Is not this the day, sir, when the Town Council elects its officers?

Cres. Ay, indeed, in August—so it is. And indeed this very day.

(As they talk together the Captain, Sergeant, REBOLLEDO, *and* CHISPA *steal in.)*

Capt. (whispering). 'Tis she! you know our plan; I seize her, and you look to the others.

Isab. What noise is that?

Ines. Who are these?

(The Captain seizes and carries off ISABEL—*the Sergeant and* REBOLLEDO *seize* CRESPO.*)*

Isab. (within). My father! My father!

Cres. Villains! A sword! A sword!

Reb. Kill him at once.

Serg. No, no.

Reb. We must carry him off with us then, or his cries will rouse the town. [*Exeunt, carrying* CRESPO.

This is the end of the second act. The third opens in darkness in a wood near Zalamea. Isabel enters and speaks:

Oh, never, never might the light of day arise and show me to myself in my shame? Oh, fleeting morning star, mightest thou never yield to the dawn that even now presses on thy azure skirts! And thou, great Orb of all, do thou stay down in the cold ocean foam; let night for once advance her trembling empire into thine! For once assert thy voluntary power to hear and pity human misery and prayer, nor hasten up to proclaim the vilest deed that Heaven, in revenge on man, has written on his guilty annals! Alas! even as I speak, thou liftest thy bright, inexorable face above the hills! Oh! horror! What shall I do? whither turn my tottering feet? Back to my own home? and to my aged father, whose only joy it was to see his own spotless honor spotlessly reflected in mine, which now—And yet if I return not, I leave calumny to make my innocence accomplice in my own shame! Oh, that I

had stayed to be slain by Juan over my slaughter'd honor! But I dared not meet his eyes even to die by his hand. Alas!—Hark! What is that noise?

Crespo. (within). Oh, in pity slay me at once!

Isab. One calling for death like myself?

Cres. Whoever thou art—

Isab. That voice! [*Exit.*

Another place in the Wood. CRESPO *tied to a tree.—Enter to him* ISABEL.

Isab. My father!

Cres. Isabel! Unbind these cords, my child.

Isab. I dare not—I dare not yet, lest you kill before you hear my story—and you must hear that.

Cres. No more, no more! Misery needs no remembrancer.

Isab. It must be.

Cres. Alas! Alas!

Isab. Listen for the last time. You know how, sitting last night under the shelter of those white hairs in which my maiden youth had grown, those wretches, whose only law is force, stole upon us. He who had feign'd that quarrel in our house, seizing and tearing me from your bosom as a lamb from the fold, carried me off; my own cries stifled, yours dying away behind me, and yet ringing in my ears like the sound of a trumpet that has ceas'd!—till here, where out of reach of pursuit,—all dark—the very moon lost from heaven—the wretch began with passionate lies to excuse his violence by his love—his love!—I implored, wept, threatened, all in vain—the villain. But my tongue will not utter what I must weep in silence and ashes for ever! Yet let these quivering hands and heaving bosom, yea, the very tongue that cannot speak, speak loudliest! Amid my shrieks, entreaties, imprecations, the night began to wear away and dawn to creep into the forest. I heard a rustling in the leaves; it was my brother—who in the twilight understood all without a word—drew the sword you had but just given him—

they fought—and I, blind with terror, shame, and anguish, fled till—till at last I fell before your feet, my father, to tell you my story before I die! And now I undo the cords that keep your hands from my wretched life. So—it is done! and I kneel before you —your daughter—your disgrace and my own. Avenge us both; and revive your dead honor in the blood of her you gave life to!

Cres. Rise, Isabel; rise, my child. God has chosen thus to temper the cup that prosperity might else have made too sweet. It is thus he writes instruction in our hearts: let us bow down in all humility to receive it. Come, we will home, my Isabel, lean on me. *(Aside.)* 'Fore Heaven, an I catch that captain! *(Aloud.)* Come, my girl! Courage! so.

Voice. (within). Crespo! Peter Crespo!

Cres. Hark!

Voice. Peter! Peter Crespo!

Cres. Who calls?

Enter Notary

Not. Peter Crespo! Oh, here you are at last!

Cres. Well?

Not. Oh, I've had a rare chase. Come—a largess for my news. The Corporation have elected you Mayor!

Cres. Me!

Not. Indeed. And already you are wanted in your office. The king is expected almost directly through the town; and, besides that, the captain who disturbed us all so yesterday has been brought back wounded—mortally, it is thought—but no one knows by whom.

Cres. (to himself). And so when I was meditating revenge, God himself puts the rod of justice into my hands! How shall I dare myself outrage the law when I am made its keeper? *(Aloud.)* Well, sir, I am very grateful to my fellow-townsmen for their confidence.

Not. They are even now assembled at the town-hall, to commit the wand to your hands; and indeed, as I said, want you instantly.

Cres. Come then.

Isab. Oh, my father!

Cres. Ay, who can now see that justice is done you. Courage! Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene three opens with the captain and Rebolledo brought back to the town and into a room in Zalamea. The remainder of the play is as follows:

Cres. (within). Shut the doors; any soldier trying to pass, cut him down!

Enter CRESPO, *with the wand of office in his hand, Constables, Notary, etc.*

Capt. Who is it dares give such an order?

Cres. And why not?

Capt. Crespo! Well, sir. The stick you are so proud of has no jurisdiction over a soldier.

Cres. For the love of Heaven don't discompose yourself, captain; I am only come to have a few words with you, and, if you please, alone.

Capt. Well then *(to soldiers, etc.)*, retire a while.

Cres. (to his people). And you—but hark ye; remember my orders. [*Exeunt Notary, Constables, etc.*

Cres. And now, sir, that I have used my authority to make you listen, I will lay it by, and talk to you as man to man. *(He lays down the wand.)* We are alone, Don Alvaro, and can each of us vent what is swelling in his bosom; in mine at least, till it is like to burst!

Capt. Well, sir?

Cres. Till last night (let me say it without offense) I knew not, except perhaps my humble birth, a single thing fortune had left me to desire. Of such estate as no other farmer in the district; honored and esteemed (as now appears) by my fellow-townsmen, who neither envied me my wealth, nor taunted me as an upstart; and this even in a little community, whose usual, if not worst, fault it is to canvass each other's weaknesses. I had a daughter too—virtuously and modestly brought

up, thanks to her whom heaven now holds! Whether fair, let what has passed—But I will leave what I may to silence—would to God I could leave all, and I should not now be coming on this errand to you! But it may not be:—you must help time to redress a wound so great, as, in spite of myself, makes cry a heart not used to overflow. I must have redress. And how? The injury is done—by you: I might easily revenge myself for so public and shameful an outrage, but I would have retribution, not revenge. And so, looking about, and considering the matter on all sides, I see but one way which perhaps will not be amiss for either of us. It is this. You shall forthwith take all my substance, without reserve of a single farthing for myself or my son, only what you choose to allow us; you shall even brand us on back or forehead, and sell us like slaves or mules by way of adding to the fortune I offer you—all this, and what you will beside, if only you will with it take my daughter to wife, and restore the honor you have robbed. You will not surely eclipse your own in so doing; your children will still be your children if my grandchildren; and 'tis an old saying in Castile, you know, that "'Tis the horse redeems the saddle." This is what I have to propose. Behold *(he kneels)*, upon my knees I ask it—upon my knees, and weeping such tears as only a father's anguish melts from his frozen locks! And what is my demand? But that you should restore what you have robbed: so fatal for us to lose, so easy for you to restore; which I could myself now wrest from you by the hand of the law, but which I rather implore of you as a mercy on my knees!

Capt. You have done at last? Tiresome old man! You may think yourself lucky I do not add your death, and that of your son, to what you call your dishonor. 'Tis your daughter saves you both; let that be enough for all. As to the wrong you talk of, if you would avenge it by force, I have little to fear. As to your magistrate's stick there, it does not reach my profession at all.

Cres. Once more I implore you—
Capt. Have done—have done!
Cres. Will not these tears—
Capt. Who cares for the tears of a woman, a child, or an old man?
Cres. No pity?
Capt. I tell you I spare your life, and your son's: pity enough.
Cres. Upon my knees, asking back my own at your hands that robbed me?
Capt. Nonsense!
Cres. Who could extort it if I chose?
Capt. I tell you you could not.
Cres. There is no remedy then?
Capt. Except silence, which I recommend you as the best.
Cres. You are resolved?
Capt. I am.
Cres. (rising, and resuming his wand). Then, by God, you shall pay for it! Ho there!

Enter Constables, etc.

Capt. What are these fellows about?
Cres. Take this captain to prison.
Capt. To prison! you can't do it.
Cres. We'll see.
Capt. Am I a bona fide officer or not?
Cres. And am I a straw magistrate or not. Away with him!
Capt. The king shall hear of this.
Cres. He shall—doubt it not—perhaps to-day; and shall judge between us. By-the-by, you had best deliver up your sword before you go.
Capt. My sword!
Cres. Under arrest, you know.
Capt. Well—take it with due respect then.
Cres. Oh, yes, and you too. Hark ye *(to Constable, etc.)*, carry the captain with due respect to Bridewell; and there with due respect clap on him a chain and

handcuffs; and not only him, but all that were with him (all with due respect), respectfully taking care they communicate not together. For I mean with all due respect to examine them on the business, and if I get sufficient evidence, with the most infinite respect of all, I'll wring you by the neck till you're dead, by God!

Capt. Set a beggar on horseback! [*They carry him off.*

Enter Notary and others with REBOLLEDO, *and* CHISPA *in boy's dress*

Not. This fellow and the page are all we could get hold of. The other got off.

Cres. Ah, this is the rascal who sung. I'll make him sing on t'other side of his mouth.

Reb. Why, is singing a crime, sir?

Cres. So little that I've an instrument shall make you do it as you never did before. Will you confess?

Reb. What am I to confess?

Cres. What pass'd last night?

Reb. Your daughter can tell you that better than I.

Cres. Villain, you shall die for it! [*Exit.*

Chis. Deny all, Rebolledo, and you shall be the hero of a ballad I'll sing.

Not. And you too were of the singing party?

Chis. Ah, ah, and if I was, you can't put me to the question.

Not. And why not, pray?

Chis. The law forbids you.

Not. Oh, indeed, the law? How so, pray?

Chis. Because I'm in the way ladies like to be who love Rebolledo. [*Exeunt, carried off, etc.*

A Room in CRESPO'S *House.—Enter* JUAN *pursuing* ISABEL *with a dagger.*

Isab. Help, help, help! [*Exit.*

Juan. You must not live!

Enter CRESPO, *who arrests him*

Cres. Hold! What is this!

Juan. My father! To avenge our shame—

Cres. Which is to be avenged by other means, and not by you. How come you here?

Juan. Sent back by Don Lope last night, to see after some missing soldiers, on approaching the town I heard some cries—

Cres. And drew your sword on your officer, whom you wounded, and are now under arrest from me for doing it.

Juan. Father!

Cres. And Mayor of Zalamea. Within there!

Enter Constables

Take him to prison.

Juan. Your own son, sir?

Cres. Ay, sir, my own father, if he transgressed the law I am made guardian of. Off with him! *(They carry off* JUAN.*)* So I shall keep him out of harm's way at least. And now for a little rest. *(He lays by his wand.)*

Lope. (calling within). Stop! Stop!

Cres. Who's that calling without? Don Lope!

Enter LOPE

Lope. Ay, Peter, and on a very confounded business too. But at least I would not put up anywhere but at your friendly house.

Cres. You are too good. But, indeed, what makes you back, sir, so suddenly?

Lope. A most disgraceful affair; the greatest insult to the service! One of my soldiers overtook me on the road, flying at full speed, and told me—Oh, the rascal!

Cres. Well, sir?

Lope. That some little pettifogging Mayor of the place had got hold of a captain in my regiment, and put him in prison! In prison! 'Fore Heaven, I never really felt this confounded leg of mine till to-day, that it prevented me jumping on horseback at once to punish this trumpery Jack-in-office as he deserves. But here I am,

and, by the Lord, I'll thrash him within an inch of his life!

Cres. You will?

Lope. Will I!

Cres. But will he stand your thrashing?

Lope. Stand it or not, he shall have it.

Cres. Besides, might your captain happen to deserve what he met with?

Lope. And, if he did, I am his judge, not a trumpery mayor.

Cres. This mayor is an odd sort of customer to deal with, I assure you.

Lope. Some obstinate clodpole, I suppose.

Cres. So obstinate, that if he's made up his mind to hang your captain, he'll do it.

Lope. Will he? I'll see to that. And if you wish to see too, only tell me where I can find him.

Cres. Oh, close here. *Lope.* You know him?

Cres. Very well, I believe.

Lope. And who is it?

Cres. Peter Crespo. *(Takes his wand.)*

Lope. By God, I suspected it.

Cres. By God, you were right.

Lope. Well, Crespo, what's said is said.

Cres. And, Don Lope, what's done is done.

Lope. I tell you, I want my captain.

Cres. And I tell you, I've got him.

Lope. Do you know he is the king's officer?

Cres. Do you know he ravished my daughter?

Lope. That you are out-stripping your authority in meddling with him?

Cres. Not more than he his in meddling with me.

Lope. Do you know my authority supersedes yours?

Cres. Do you know I tried first to get him to do me justice with no authority at all, but the offer of all my estate?

Lope. I tell you, *I'll* settle the business for you.

Cres. And I tell you I never leave to another what I can do for myself.

Lope. I tell you once more and for all, I must have my man.

Cres. And I tell you once more and for all, you shall—when you have cleared him of the depositions.

Lope. The depositions! What are they?

Cres. Oh, only a few sheets of parchment tagged together with the evidence of his own soldiers against him.

Lope. Pooh! I'll go myself, and take him from the prison.

Cres. Do, if you like an arquebus ball through your body.

Lope. I am accustomed to that. But I'll make sure. Within there!

Enter Orderly

Have the regiment to the market-place directly under arms, I'll see if I'm to have my prisoner or not.

[*Exit.*

Cres. And I—Hark ye!

[*Exit, whispering to a Constable.*

Before the Prison in Zalamea.—A Street in the center.—Enter on one side Don Lope *with Troops; at the other, before the Prison, Laborers, Constables, etc., armed; and afterward,* Crespo.

Lope. Soldiers, there is the prison where your captain lies. If he be not given up instantly at my last asking, set fire to the prison; and, if further resistance be made, to the whole town.

Cres. Friends and fellow-townsmen, there is the prison where lies a rascal capitally convicted—

Lope. They grow stronger and stronger. Forward, men, forward! *(As the Soldiers are about to advance, trumpets and shouts of "God save the King," within.)*

Lope. The king!

All. The king!

Enter King Philip II *through center Street, with Train, etc. Shouting, Trumpets, etc.*

King. What is all this?

Lope. 'Tis well your Majesty came so suddenly, or you would have had one of your whole towns by way of bonfire on your progress.

King. What has happened?

Lope. The mayor of this place has had the impudence to seize a captain in your Majesty's service, clap him in prison, and refuses to surrender him to me, his commander.

King. Where is this mayor?

Cres. Here, so please your Majesty.

King. Well, Mr. Mayor, what have you to offer in defense?

Cres. These papers, my Liege: in which this same captain is clearly proved guilty, on the evidence of his own soldiers, of carrying off and violating a maiden in a desolate place, and refusing her the satisfaction of marriage, though peaceably entreated to it by her father with the endowment of all his substance.

Lope. This same mayor, my Liege, is the girl's father.

Cres. What has that to do with it? If another man had come to me under like circumstances, should I not have done him like justice? To be sure. And therefore, why not do for my own daughter what I should do for another's? Besides, I have just done justice against my own son for striking his captain; why should I be suspected of straining it in my daughter's favor? But here is the process; let his Majesty see for himself if the case be made out. The witnesses are at hand too; and if they or any one can prove I have suborned any evidence, or any way acted with partiality to myself, or malice to the captain, let them come forward, and let my life pay for it instead of his.

King. (after reading the papers). I see not but the charge is substantiated: and 'tis indeed a heavy one. Is there any one here to deny these depositions? *(Silence.)* But, be the crime proved, *you* have no authority to judge or punish it. You must let the prisoner go.

Cres. You must send for him then, please your Majesty. In little towns like this, where public officers are few,

the deliberative is forced sometimes to be the executive also.

King. What do you mean?

Cres. Your Majesty will see. *(The prison gates open, and the Captain is seen within, garrotted in a chair.)*

King. And you have dared, sir!—

Cres. Your Majesty said the sentence was just; and what is well said cannot be ill done.

King. Could you not have left it for my Imperial Court to execute?

Cres. All your Majesty's justice is only one great body with many hands; if a thing be to be done, what matter by which? Or what matter erring in the inch, if one be right in the ell?

King. At least you might have beheaded him, as an officer and a gentleman.

Cres. Please your Majesty, we have so few Hidalgos hereabout, that our executioner is out of practice at beheading. And this, after all, depends on the dead gentleman's taste; if he don't complain, I don't think any one else need for him.

King. Don Lope, the thing is done; and, if unusually, not unjustly. Come, order all your soldiers away with me toward Portugal; where I must be with all dispatch. For you—(*to* CRESPO,) what is your name?

Cres. Peter Crespo, please your Majesty.

King. Peter Crespo, then, I appoint you perpetual Mayor of Zalamea. And so farewell.

[*Exit with Train.*

Cres. (kneeling.) God save your Highness!

Lope. Friend Peter, his Highness came just in time.

Cres. For your captain, do you mean?

Lope. Come now—confess, wouldn't it have been better to have given up the prisoner, who, at my instance, would have married your daughter, saved her reputation, and made her wife of an Hidalgo?

Cres. Thank you, Don Lope, she has chosen to enter a convent and be the bride of one who is no respecter of Hidalgos.

Lope. Well, well, you will at least give me up the other prisoners, I suppose?

Cres. Bring them out. (JUAN, REBOLLEDO, CHISPA, *brought out.*)

Lope. Your son too!

Cres. Yes, 'twas he wounded his captain, and I must punish him.

Lope. Come, come, you have done enough—at least give *him* up to his commander.

Cres. Eh? well, perhaps so; I'll leave his punishment to you.

With which now this true story ends—
Pardon its many errors, friends.

The extracts from this play, together with those of *The Painter of His Own Dishonor,* are taken from translations by Edward Fitzgerald.

5. It should be noticed that both Lope de Vega and Calderon have confined their dramas to three acts, and that scenes change with an actual shifting of the scenery and not by the entrance of new characters, as in the Italian drama. In this latter respect the Spanish writers and English agree. Before the representation of an *auto sacramentale,* a *loa,* or prologue, as allegorical as the sacred representation, but mingled with comedy, is presented; after the *auto,* or between the acts, appears an intermediate piece called the *sainete,* entirely burlesque and taken from common life; thus, possibly as a relief from the long theological dialogues, dissertations and scholastic subtleties of the author, the audience was regaled with a humorous performance filled with gross

pleasantries. This curious mingling of sacred pieces with licentious comedies is a startling commentary on Spanish life and manners.

The triumph of fate and repentance for frightful crimes is the favorite theme of Calderon in his sacred pieces, whose pious tendencies it is difficult to see, so contrary are the dramas to present ideas of religion.

The *Purgatory of St. Patricius* is one of the most splendid and interesting of Calderon's *autos*. The two heroes, St. Patricius, the Perfect Christian, and Louis Ennius, the Accomplished Villain, are shipwrecked together on the coast of Ireland. Patricius supports Louis in his arms and swims to the shore, where Egerio, the King of Ireland, and his whole court happen to be standing. As Patricius and Louis, struggling in the waves, reach shore, they fall to earth, and the scene continues:

Patricius. Lend me thine aid, O God.
Louis. The devil aid me!
Lesbia. These shipwreck'd men move my compassion, king!
The King. Not mine, who am a stranger to all pity!
Patr. Misfortune, Sire, within the noblest hearts,
Hath ever had compassion, nor exists,
I deem, a soul so hard as not to feel
My miserable state. Thus, in the name
Of God, I seek for pity at your hands.
Louis. I ask it not, nor men nor gods I seek
To move with my misfortunes.
The King. Say, I pray,
Whence are you, so we better may decide
Your claims unto our hospitality.

But first, that ye may know with whom ye speak,
I will reveal my title, lest, perhaps,
Through ignorance, you fail in reverence
And adoration of my rank. Know, then,
I am the King Egerio, sovereign
Of this small empire; small, indeed, for one
Whose merit might, with justice, claim the globe.
Savage my dress, not kingly, for myself
Am savage as the monster of the wild;
Nor God I own, nor worship, nor believe
In aught, save that which with our life begins,
And ends with death. Now that ye know my rank
And royal station, say from whence ye come.

The speeches of Patricius and Louis are very long and contain the adventurous biography of each of the parties, quite in accordance with the custom of Calderon, who makes his characters explain themselves after they have come upon the stage. Patricius says that he is the son of an Irish knight and a French lady, who, after his birth, retired to separate religious institutions, and that he, their son, was brought up piously by a saintly matron; that God had early manifested his favor by electing him to perform miracles; that he had restored a blind man to sight, dispersed the waters of a flood, and could relate greater miracles, but that modesty had tied his tongue, sealed his lips and made his voice mute. He had been carried off by pirates and even had avenged himself by a tempest which destroyed the vessel, while he had saved Louis Ennius and felt that some sacred tie had bound him to the youth, who, he felt sure, would one day repay his services.

Louis Ennius commences his story in the following words:

> I am a Christian too; in that alone
> Patricius and myself agree, though even
> In that we differ, far as difference lies
> 'Twixt good and evil. But whatever be
> My conduct, I would here a thousand times
> Lay down my life to aid that holy faith
> Which I adore. By that same God I swear it,
> Whom I believe in, since I thus invoke him.
> I shall recount no acts of piety,
> No miracles, by Heaven wrought in my favor,
> But horrid crimes, theft, murder, sacrilege,
> Treason and perfidy—these are my boast
> And glory!

Among the crimes of which he boasts are the killing of an aged nobleman and carrying away of his daughter; the assassination of a gentleman in his nuptial chamber in order to rob him of his wife; the murder of an officer with whom he quarreled at a gaming table, and the wounding of three soldiers; finally, he went to seek refuge in a convent, where he committed a dreadful act:

> The first, which stung me with remorse, the first
> I tremble to recount; my heart is struck
> With horror, and would leap from out my breast;
> And at the memory of the direful deed
> My hair stands all erect.

This crime was the seduction of a nun, whom he married and carried to Valencia, where he exhausted his money and attempted to barter the honor of his wife; but she indignantly refused, escaped to a convent, and shut herself up

for a second time. He had then sailed for Ireland, but was wrecked, as the King had seen.

Louis Ennius, in spite of his most atrocious conduct, persists in his religious faith, and so merits favor and protection, which follow him like a good genius. Louis seduces Polonia, the daughter of the King, fights a duel with Philip, the general betrothed to her, and, when he is made prisoner, contemplates suicide, but determines not to do so for the following reason:

> No, that were only worthy of a heathen:
> What demon arm'd my hand for such a deed?
> Myself a Christian, and my soul immortal,
> Rejoicing in the holy light of faith,
> Shall I, amidst these Gentiles, do an act
> Dishonoring my creed?

Polonia finds means to escape with him, but, to quote the words of Louis:

> Love is with me a passing appetite,
> Varying with each new object. I would lead
> A life unfetter'd by a woman's love:
> So must Polonia die.

Then, in the midst of a feast, Polonia, wounded, is flying from her lover, who pursues her with a dagger, as she exclaims:

> Restrain thy bloody hand. If love hath lost
> His power, yet think upon thy Christian faith.
> Thou hast robb'd me of mine honor; oh, then spare
> My life. Thy fury terrifies my soul.

Louis replies:

> Luckless Polonia, misery was always
> The lot of boasted beauty, for ne'er yet

Were happiness and beauty join'd together.
In me thou seest a more unpitying wretch
Than ever grasp'd a murderer's sword. Thy death
Is now become my life.

He ends by killing her with his poniard and then compels a peasant to conduct him to the nearest seaport, where he designs to kill his guide. In the meantime, St. Patricius restores Polonia to life, but this miracle is not sufficient to convert the King, who threatens the life of the saint within an hour unless he exhibits the world of spirits, or at least of Purgatory. Patricius conducts the King and all his court to a mountain containing a cavern which leads to Purgatory, and the King in his haste to see the wonders, rushes into the gulf blaspheming. St. Patricius, by an ingenious scheme, causes the King to fall direct into Hell, a circumstance which instantly converts his whole court and all Ireland to Christianity. Louis, during this interval, is proceeding with his guide, whom he has decided to retain as a domestic and who becomes the buffoon, or *gracioso,* of the piece. Together they tour the European countries and after several years return to Ireland, Louis with the intention of killing Philip, the general betrothed of Polonia, on whom he has not sufficiently avenged himself. While Louis is waiting in the street for the purpose of assassinating Philip, a knight, completely armed, challenges him. Louis fights, but finds that his strokes are lost in air. At length the cavalier raises his visor and shows himself to be a

skeleton. "Knowest thou not thyself," he cries, "I am thy likeness; I am Louis Ennius." Louis falls to the ground in terror, and when he arises proclaims his repentance and implores God to judge him with mercy, exclaiming, "What atonement can be made for a life spent in crime?" Celestial music answers, "Purgatory."

Louis then resolves to seek the Purgatory of St. Patricius, and goes to the mountain whither the saint had conducted the King. After Polonia's restoration to life, she had continued to reside in solitude on this mountain, and it is she who points out to Louis the route he should follow. He is compelled to enter a monastery which guards the cavern, where he attends to the exhortations of the canons, shows himself full of faith and hope, enters the gulf, and at the end of some days departs, pardoned and sanctified. The piece ends with a speech of more than three hundred lines, in which Louis tells what he saw in Purgatory.

6. The poet Shelley read Calderon's ideal dramas "with inexpressible wonder and delight," so much so that he was tempted "to throw over their perfect and glowing forms the gray veil of my own words." How little necessity there was for his extreme modesty may be seen in the extracts which we take from his translation of the *Magico Prodigioso* (*The Wonderful Magician*).

Cyprian, in attempting to judge a quarrel between two of his friends, visits Justina, the

subject of their differences, and falls in love with her himself. When she disdains him, he retires to a solitary seashore, where from a tempest the daemon enters, engages in conversation with Cyprian, and in response to the latter's inquiry as to who he is and whence he comes, says:

Since thou desirest, I will then unveil
Myself to thee;—for in myself I am
A world of happiness and misery;
This I have lost, and that I must lament
Forever. In my attributes I stood
So high and so heroically great,
In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
Which penetrated with a glance the world
Beneath my feet, that, won by my high merit,
A king—whom I may call the King of kings,
Because all others tremble in their pride
Before the terrors of His countenance,
In His high palace roofed with brightest gems
Of living light—call them the stars of Heaven—
Named me His counselor. But the high praise
Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
In mighty competition, to ascend
His seat and place my foot triumphantly
Upon His subject thrones. Chastised, I know
The depth to which ambition falls; too mad
Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
Repentance of the irrevocable deed:—
Therefore I chose this ruin, with the glory
Of not to be subdued, before the shame
Of reconciling me with Him who reigns
By coward cession.—Nor was I alone,
Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone;
And there was hope, and there may still be hope,
For many suffrages among His vassals
Hailed me their lord and king, and many still

Are mine, and many more, perchance shall be,
Thus vanquished, though in fact victorious,
I left His seat of empire, from mine eye
Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
With inauspicious thunderings shook Heaven,
Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
And imprecating on His prostrate slaves
Rapine, and death, and outrage.

Cyprian had previously said:

O memory! permit it not
That the tyrant of my thought
Be another soul that still
Holds dominion o'er the will,
That would refuse, but can no more,
To bend, to tremble, and adore.
Vain idolatry!—I saw,
And gazing, became blind with error;
Weak ambition, which the awe
Of her presence bound to terror!
So beautiful she was—and I,
Between my love and jealousy,
Am so convulsed with hope and fear,
Unworthy as it may appear;—
So bitter is the life I live,
That, hear me, Hell! I now would give
To thy most detested spirit
My soul, for ever to inherit,
To suffer punishment and pine,
So this woman may be mine.
Hear'st thou, Hell! dost thou reject it?
My soul is offered!

The daemon, because Cyprian has been victorious in defending the existence of God, swears vengeance and resolves that Cyprian shall lose his soul for Justina. The remainder of Shelley's translation is as follows:

Daemon

Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
From thy prison-house set free
The spirits of voluptuous death,
That with their mighty breath
They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts;
Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
Till her guiltless phantasy
Full to overflowing be!
And with sweetest harmony,
Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move
To love, only to love.
Let nothing meet her eyes
But signs of Love's soft victories;
Let nothing meet her ear
But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow.
So that from faith no succor she may borrow,
But, guided by my spirit blind
And in a magic snare entwined,
She may now seek Cyprian.
Begin, while I in silence bind
My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast began.

A Voice (within)

What is the glory far above
All else in human life?

All

Love! love!

[*While these words are sung, the* DAEMON *goes out at one door, and* JUSTINA *enters at another.*

The First Voice

There is no form in which the fire
Of love its traces has impressed not.
Man lives far more in love's desire
Than by life's breath, soon possessed not.

If all that lives must love or die,
All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
With one consent to Heaven cry
That the glory far above
All else in life is—

All

Love! oh, Love!

Justina

Thou melancholy Thought which art
So flattering and so sweet, to thee
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart?
What is the cause of this new Power
Which doth my fevered being move,
Momently raging more and more?
What subtle Pain is kindled now
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses?—

All

Love! oh, Love!

Justina

'Tis that enamored Nightingale
Who gives me the reply;
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, who rapt and fond,
Listening sits, a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale—no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous Vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing,—
To the trunk thou interlacest

Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin,—
No more, with green embraces, Vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest,—
For whilst thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.

Light-enchanted Sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendor!
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep! O Nightingale,
Cease from thy enamored tale,—
Leafy Vine, unwreathe thy bower,
Restless Sunflower, cease to move,—
Or tell me all, what poisonous Power
Ye use against me—

All

Love! Love! Love!

Justina. It cannot be!—Whom have I ever loved?
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
And Cyprian?—

[*She becomes troubled at the name of Cyprian.*

Did I not requite him
With such severity, that he has fled
Where none has ever heard of him again?—
Alas! I now begin to fear that this
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
As if there were no danger. From the moment
That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
"Cyprian is absent!"—O me miserable!
I know not what I feel! [*More calmly.*] It must be pity
To think that such a man, whom all the world

Admired, should be forgot by all the world.
And I the cause. [*She again becomes troubled.*
And yet if it were pity,
Floro and Lelio might have equal share,
For they are both imprisoned for my sake.
[*Calmly.*] Alas! what reasonings are these? it is
Enough I pity him, and that, in vain,
Without this ceremonious subtlety.
And, woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
Even should I seek him through this wide world.

Enter DAEMON

Daemon. Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.
Justina. And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither,
Into my chamber through the doors and locks?
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
Has formed in the idle air?
Daemon. No. I am one
Called by the Thought which tyrannizes thee
From his eternal dwelling; who this day
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.
Justina. So shall thy promise fail. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm;
The will is firm.
Daemon. Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains;
Let not the will stop half-way on the road.
Justina. I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Although I thought it, and although 'tis true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed:—
Thought is not in my power, but action is:
I will not move my foot to follow thee.
Daemon. But a far mightier wisdom than thine own
Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then

Resist, Justina?

Justina. By my free-will.

Daemon. I
Must force thy will.

Justina. It is invincible;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.
[*He draws, but cannot move her.*

Daemon. Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

Justina. It were bought
Too dear.

Daemon. 'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

Justina. 'Tis dread captivity.

Daemon. 'Tis joy, 'tis glory.

Justina. 'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.

Daemon. But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?

Justina. My defense
Consists in God.

[*He vainly endeavors to force her, and at last releases her.*

Daemon. Woman, thou hast subdued me,
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since thou thus findest defense in God,
I will assume a feigned form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,
First by dishonoring thee, and then by turning
False pleasure to true ignominy. [*Exit.*

Justina. I
Appeal to Heaven against thee; so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,
Even as flame dies in the envious air,
And as the floweret wanes at morning frost;
And thou shouldst never—But, alas! to whom
Do I still speak?—Did not a man but now
Stand here before me?—No, I am alone,

And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?
Or can the heated mind engender shapes
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!
Livia!—

Enter LISANDER *and* LIVIA

Lisander. Oh, my daughter! What?
Livia. What!
Justina. Saw you
A man go forth from my apartment now?—
I scarce contain myself!
Lisander. A man here!
Justina. Have you not seen him?
Livia. No, Lady.
Justina. I saw him.
Lisander. 'Tis impossible; the doors
Which led to this apartment were all locked.
Livia. (aside). I daresay it was Moscon whom she saw,
For he was locked up in my room.
Lisander. It must
Have been some image of thy phantasy.
Such melancholy as thou feedest is
Skillful in forming such in the vain air,
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.
Livia. My master's in the right.
Justina. Oh, would it were
Delusion; but I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart was torn in fragments; ay,
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame;
So potent was the charm that, had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps.—Livia, quick, bring my cloak,
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God
Where secretly the faithful worship.
Livia. Here.

Justina. (putting on her cloak). In this, as in a shroud of
snow, may I
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away!
Lisander. And I will go with thee.
Livia. When once I see them safe out of the house
I shall breathe freely.
Justina. So do I confide
In thy just favor, Heaven!
Lisander. Let us go.
Justina. Thine is the cause, great God! turn for my sake.
And for Thine own, mercifully to me!

III. Conclusion. The wonderful achievements of Lope de Vega and of Calderon brought a host of imitators and writers of more or less originality, but no one who ever equaled the great originals. Lope had written with astonishing speed and with little care in revision, and while Calderon was not a rival in this respect, yet his works were voluminous and written at intervals in a busy career. The rising school of dramatists took their cue from their leaders, and all felt the necessity of writing in the same haste and with as little care. Without the genius of either Lope or Calderon, their labors contained little of merit, and the public became satiated with the thousands of dramas that flooded the stage and were sold in the market. It would be extremely difficult to trace the authorship of hundreds of plays, for they were published usually as collections, without regard to authorship and sometimes without even a mention of the writer.

It is evident that, content with imitation,

From Painting by Murillo, Corsini Gallery, Rome

MADONNA AND CHILD

without originality in the invention of plot or the drawing of character and without attempting to depict still further the manners and customs of the times, the stage should fall into discredit and that within a comparatively few years Spain herself almost should have forgotten her great writers. The Spanish people themselves are to blame for the utter decay and extinction of dramatic spirit which followed this period of extreme over-production.

Europe had received Lope and Calderon with acclaim, and for a long time regarded the Spanish stage with admiration. She received these teeming dramas, full of romantic incidents, intrigues, disguises, duels, brilliant persons, described with pomp of language and fascinating poetry, as the source of her chief entertainment. In the seventeenth century the Spaniards were regarded as the dictators of the drama, and writers in other countries borrowed from them freely, often without giving credit or showing the least scruple. At the present time, the condition of things is reversed. France and Spain no longer know the Spanish dramas, England has forgotten them, and if they are popular anywhere on the stage it is only in Germany.

It does not concern us to study further the innumerable plays which were produced during those wonderful years. We have already acquired a clear idea of what the Spanish drama is and have learned either to like or to dislike it.

CHAPTER X

MODERN LITERATURE

GONGORA. In proceeding with our closing chapter on Spanish literature, we must consider the work of a poet who created a school of his own and produced a marked effect upon the poetry of his native country. The first poets of Spain were romantic warriors who celebrated their own exploits and the beauty of their mistresses, and because of their frankness, independence and passionate love for song they attract us. But the nation experienced a fatal change under the House of Austria, which destroyed the native dignity and character of the Spanish style. Moreover, the effect of association with the Moors was to give the Spanish a pompous and inflated manner, and when they entered with ardor upon the cultivation of letters they gave way

to the seductive style of the East and partook thereafter more of the nature of the Asiatics than of the Europeans. Even Lope de Vega was deeply tainted with Oriental defects, and from them fills his poetry with daring and extravagant images. His writing partook of the same nature as that of Marini in Italy, and soon the Spaniards acquired an affectation of style and a pedantry in expression which destroyed good taste and degenerated into a wild and ungoverned use of figures and circumlocutions that exceeded in euphuism anything attempted by other nations.

The leader of this fantastic school, who was desirous of establishing a new epoch in literature, was a man of great talent and genius. Luis de Argote y Gongora (1561–1627) was the son of Francisco de Argote, Corregidor of Cordova, and Leonora de Gongora. The poet adopted his mother's name, partly because of her nobility and partly because of the sonorous quality of the word. His brilliant course of study in the universities did not give him the ability to support himself at law, and, in fact, it is probable that he was more brilliant than sound in the learning he acquired at Salamanca, for he seems to have spent the greater part of his time in fencing and dancing. Much to the grief of his family, he early abandoned the law and announced the intention of devoting himself to poetry as a profession, through which by 1605 he had acquired fame throughout Spain, both as a wit and as a poet. His

private life seems to have been above criticism, and a natural harshness of temper made him intolerant of the foibles of Cervantes, Lope de Vega and others of that class. In 1606 he was ordained priest, and was given subsequently a small living at Toledo, by the Duke de Lerma. When he became chaplain to the King his circle of friends enlarged and his literary influence grew, but in 1626 he suffered from a cerebral attack, and having lost his memory, lingered on for a year, to die finally of apoplexy.

His earliest manner shows singular skill in the technique of poetry and is to a large extent free from the mannerisms which he afterward cultivated. Churton has given us an example of his early style in a translation of the *Ode to the Armada,* from which we take the following stanza:

O Island, once so Catholic, so strong,
Fortress of Faith, now Heresy's foul shrine,
Camp of train'd war, and Wisdom's sacred school;
The time hath been, such majesty was thine,
The luster of thy crown was first in song.
Now the dull weeds that spring by Stygian pool
Were fitting wreath for thee. Land of the rule
Of Arthurs, Edwards, Henries! Where are they?
Their Mother where, rejoicing in their sway,
Firm in the strength of Faith? To lasting shame
Condemn'd, through guilty blame
Of her who rules thee now.
O hateful Queen, so hard of heart and brow,
Wanton by turns, and cruel, fierce, and lewd,
Thou distaff on the throne, true virtue's bane,
Wolf-like in every mood,
May Heaven's just flame on thy false tresses rain!

Another early poem is graceful, humorous and markedly simple. This, *The Country Bachelor's Complaint,* is translated thus by Churton:

Time was, ere Love play'd tricks with me,
I lived at ease, a simple squire,
And sang my praise-song, fancy free,
At matins in the village choir. . . .

I rambled by the mountain side,
Down sylvan glades where streamlets pass
Unnumber'd, glancing as they glide
Like crystal serpents through the grass. . . .

And there the state I ruled from far,
And bade the winds to blow for me,
In succor to our ships of war,
That plough'd the Briton's rebel sea;

Oft boasting how the might of Spain
The world's old columns far outran,
And Hercules must come again,
And plant his barriers in Japan. . . .

'Twas on St. Luke's soft, quiet day,
A vision to my sight was borne,
Fair as the blooming almond spray,
Blue-eyed, with tresses like the morn. . . .

Ah! then I saw what love could do,
The power that bids us fall or rise,
That wounds the firm heart through and through,
And strikes, like Caesar, at men's eyes.

I saw how dupes, that fain would run,
Are caught, their breath and courage spent,
Chased by a foe they cannot shun,
Swift as Inquisitor on scent. . . .

Yet I've a trick to cheat Love's search,
And refuge find too long delay'd;
I'll take the vows of Holy Church,
And seek some reverend cloister's shade.

Discontent and opposition affected him, so that at times he broke forth into caustic satire, as the following sonnet on the mode of life in Madrid, as quoted by Sismondi, will show:

Circean cup, and Epicurus' sty;
Vast broods of harpies fattening on our purse;
Empty pretensions that can only nurse
Vexation; spies who swear the air will lie;
Processions, lackeys, footmen mounted high,
Coaching the way; new fashions always worse,
A thousand modes,—with unflesh'd swords, the curse
Of citizens, not foes;—loquacity
Of female tongues; impostures of all kind,
From courts to cabarets; lies made for sale,
Lawyers, priests riding mules, less obstinate;
Snares, miry ways, heroes lame, halting, blind;
Titles, and flatteries, shifting with each gale:
Such is Madrid, this hell of worldly state.

Another of his poems, *Love in Reason,* as translated by Archdeacon Churton, shows a charming fancy combined with a certain cynicism:

I love thee, but let love be free:
I do not ask, I would not learn,
What scores of rival hearts for thee
Are breaking or in anguish burn.

You die to tell, but leave untold,
The story of your Red-Cross Knight,
Who proffer'd mountain-heaps of gold
If he for you might ride and fight;

Or how the jolly soldier gay
Would wear your colors, all and some;
But you disdain'd their trumpet's bray,
And would not hear their tuck of drum.

We love; but 'tis the simplest case:
The faith on which our hands have met
Is fix'd, as wax on deeds of grace,
To hold as grace, but not as debt.

For well I wot that nowadays
Love's conquering bow is soonest bent
By him whose valiant hand displays
The largest roll of yearly rent. . . .

So let us follow in the fashion,
Let love be gentle, mild, and cool:
For these are not the days of passion,
But calculation's sober rule.

Your grace will cheer me like the sun;
But I can live content in shades.
Take me: you'll find when all is done,
Plain truth, and fewer serenades.

The remarkably involved style of Gongora's later work is difficult to show in translation, for our language does not permit of such complexity in phrasing as he exhibits, nor can its meaning be distinguished, as the purpose of the author was rather to conceal it. He wrote two poems which he called *Soledades* (*Solitary Musings*), in which he expresses the solitude of the forest. Of these two poems, each of about a thousand lines, it is difficult to give any idea, but the following from an early English translator, Thomas Stanley, is worth quoting:

'Twas now the blooming season of the year,
And in disguise Europa's ravisher
(His brow arm'd with a crescent, with such beams
Encompast as the sun unclouded streams
The sparkling glory of the zodiac!) led
His numerous herd along the azure mead.
When he, whose right to beauty might remove
The youth of Ida from the cup of Jove,
Shipwreck't, repuls'd, and absent, did complain
Of his hard fate and mistress's disdain;
With such sad sweetness that the winds, and sea,
In sighs and murmurs kept him company. . . .
By this time night begun t' ungild the skies.
Hills from the sea, seas from the hills arise,
Confusedly unequal; when once more
The unhappy youth invested in the poor
Remains of his late shipwreck, through sharp briars
And dusky shades up the high rock aspires.
The steep ascent scarce to be reach'd by aid
Of wings he climbs, less weary than afraid.
At last he gains the top; so strong and high
As scaling dreaded not, nor battery,
An equal judge the difference to decide
'Twixt the mute load and ever-sounding tide.
His steps now move secur'd; a glimmering light
(The Pharos of some cottage) takes his sight.

The relationship between Lope de Vega and Gongora was a curious one. Lope himself had been accused of obscurity and affectation, but he was a formidable opponent of the new school, although he had a strong personal liking for the new poet and made every effort to conciliate him. It must have been a trying matter for Lope to appear in opposition to the man, of whom he said: "He is a man whom I must esteem and love, accepting from him with

humility what I can understand, and admiring with veneration what I cannot understand." Yet he attacked Gongora, for, as he said: "You can make a *culto* poet in twenty-four hours: a few inversions, four formulas, six Latin words, or emphatic phrases—and the trick is done," and intensified the criticism by a burlesque sonnet. In revenge Gongora attacked Lope and followed him vindictively. The polite flatteries of his victim availed nothing, and the almost ridiculous efforts of Lope to acquire the personal friendship of his persecutor failed utterly. Relentlessly Gongora ridiculed his would-be friend and his court in such sonnets as the following:

Dear Geese, whose haunt is where weak waters flow,
From rude Castilian well-head, cheap supply,
That keeps your flowery Vega never dry,
True Vega, smooth, but somewhat flat and low:
Go; dabble, play, and cackle as ye go
Down that old stream of gray antiquity;
And blame the waves of nobler harmony,
Where birds, whose gentle grace you cannot know,
Are sailing. Attic wit and Roman skill
Are theirs; no swans that die in feeble song,
But nursed to life by Heliconian rill,
Where Wisdom breathes in Music. Cease your wrong,
Flock of the troubled pool; your vain endeavor
Will doom you else to duck and dive for ever.

The bitter literary warfare continued relentlessly, and Gongora lived to see his school triumph and Lope fade from popular approval and his own imitators grow numerous. The effect of the poetry of Gongora on a novelty-

loving people was immediate and prolonged. When once his imitators had thrown off the restraint of the barriers of taste which had previously confined them, they threw themselves into all his extravagances with unbridled imagination. Without the ability of their leader, his followers became more false and exaggerated in style, and soon divided themselves into two schools—the *Cutoristos,* who devoted themselves to commenting on Gongora and elucidating his meaning, and the *Conceptistos,* who aspired to the genius of their master and sought after unusual thoughts and marked antitheses of ideas and clothed them with all the eccentricities of language which Gongora had originated. The age of Lope de Vega and of Calderon, then, closed with Gongorism triumphant, and it took Spain a hundred years to rid herself of the incubus, although now in Spain itself his name has fallen to a synonym for all that is bad in literary style.

II. The Age of the Bourbons. The eighteenth century, practically coincident with the reign of the Bourbons in Spain, marks an extremely low level in Spanish literature, but in that respect it merely followed the downfall of the country, for the arts, sciences and even rational politics, died. There were students, it is true, in history, in bibliography, in law and in the sciences who did good work, but none of them acquired distinction in a literary way.

In this time of poverty in Spanish literature, one influence began to be felt which was to produce a marked change in taste and to aid in the revival of literature which took place in the nineteenth century. Though the nationality of the Spanish kings was then French, it was not owing to them that the influence of French literature began to make itself felt in Spain. By the middle of the seventeenth century the plays of Corneille and Moliere were translated into Spanish and produced in that country. This was the beginning of the revolution.

It must not be thought that there were no writers of prose or poetry during this long barren period. On the contrary, poets were never more numerous, as may be inferred from the fact that at a tournament held in 1727 more than one hundred fifty competed for the prize. Toward the latter part of the century some rose above the dead level and acquired a local fame and influence, particularly those who wrote in a humorous vein or filled their works with a rollicking wit. In fact, humor was a prevalent trait in all writings, and made itself felt even in the pulpit. Some of the priests were the wittiest of writers, and became little more than buffoons in the pulpit.

Fitzmaurice-Kelly quotes a passage which illustrates the absurd lengths to which some preachers went:

Fire, fire, fire! the house is a-flame! *Domus mea, domus orationis vocabitur.* Now, sacristan, peal those resound-

ing bells: *in cymbalis bene sonantibus.* That's the style: as the judicious Picinelus observed, a death-knell and a fire-tocsin are just the same. *Lazarus amicus noster dormit.* Water, sirs, water! the earth is consumed—*quis dabit capiti meo aquam.* . . . Stay! what do I behold? Christians, alas! the souls of the faithful are a-fire!—*fidelium animae.* Molten pitch feeds the hungry flames like tinder: *requiescat in pace, id est, in pice,* as Vetablus puts it. How God's fire devours! *ignis a Deo illatus.* Tidings of great joy! the Virgin of Mount Carmel descends to save those who wore her holy scapular: *scapulis suis.* Christ says: "Help in the King's name!" The Virgin pronounceth: "Grace be with me!" *Ave Maria.*

Finally, however, this curious obsession was satirized out of existence. The century closed as it had begun, without a single name of first importance to its credit.

III. Yriarte. Imitations of the fables of Phaedrus, La Fontaine and others were written with success by several authors, but the wit, polish and keenness of the work of Tomas de Yriarte y Oropesa (1750–1791) excelled them all. In his fables he censured literary faults and propounded what he thought were the true principles, besides ridiculing the foibles of men. The following fable of *The Ass and the Flute* is translated by Sismondi:

You must know that this ditty,
This little romance,
(Be it dull, be it witty)
Arose from mere chance.

Near a certain enclosure,
Not far from my manse,

An ass, with composure,
Was passing by chance:

As he went along prying,
With sober advance,
A shepherd's flute lying
He found there by chance.

Our amateur started
And eyed it askance,
Drew nearer, and snorted
Upon it by chance.

The breath of the brute, Sir,
Drew music for once;
It enter'd the flute, Sir,
And blew it by chance.

"Ah!" cried he, in wonder,
"How comes this to pass?
Who will now dare to slander
The skill of an ass?"

And asses in plenty
I see at a glance,
Who, one time in twenty,
Succeed by mere chance.

The Bear and the Monkey is thus translated by the same author:

A bear with whom a Piedmontese
Join'd company to earn their bread,
Essay'd on half his legs to please
The public, where his master led.

With looks that boldly claim'd applause,
He ask'd the ape, "Sir, what think you?"
The ape was skill'd in dancing-laws,
And answer'd, "It will never do."

"You judge the matter wrong, my friend,"
Bruin rejoin'd; "you are not civil!
Were these legs given for you to mend
The ease and grace with which they swivel?"

It chanced a pig was standing by:
"Bravo! astonishing! Encore!"
Exclaim'd the critic of the sty,
"Such dancing we shall see no more!"

Poor Bruin, when he heard the sentence,
Began an inward calculation;
Then, with a face that spoke repentance,
Express'd aloud his meditation.

"When the sly monkey call'd me dunce,
I entertain'd some slight misgiving;
But, pig! thy praise has proved at once
That dancing will not earn my living."

Let every candidate for fame
Rely upon this wholesome rule;—
"Your work is bad, if wise men blame,
But worse, if lauded by a fool!"

The Country Squire is a good example of his minor poems, and is of greater length than many others:

A country squire of greater wealth than wit
(For fools are often blessed with fortune's smile),
Had built a splendid house and furnished it
In splendid style.

"One thing is wanting," said a friend; "for though
The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,
You lack a library, dear sir, for show,
If not for use."

" 'Tis true, but zounds!" replied the squire with glee,
"The lumber-room in yonder northern wing
(I wonder I ne'er thought of it) will be
The very thing.

"I'll have it fitted up without delay
With shelves and presses of the newest mode,
And rarest wood, befitting every way
A squire's abode.

"And when the whole is ready, I'll dispatch
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—down
To buy me, by admeasurement, a batch
Of books in town."

But ere the library was half supplied
With all its pomps of cabinet and shelf,
The booby squire repented him, and cried
Unto himself:

"This room is much more roomy than I thought;
Ten thousand volumes hardly would suffice
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,
A plaguey price.

"Now, as I only want them for their looks,
It might, on second thoughts, be just as good,
And cost me next to nothing, if the books
Were made of wood.

"It shall be so, I'll give the shaven deal
A coat of paint—a colorable dress,
To look like calf or vellum and conceal
Its nakedness.

"And, gilt and lettered with the author's name,
Whatever is most excellent and rare
Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same),
Assembled there."

The work was done, the simulated hoards
Of wit and wisdom round the chamber stood,
In binding some; and some, of course, in *boards*
Where all were wood.

From bulky folios down to slender twelves
The choicest tomes, in many an even row
Displayed their lettered backs upon the shelves,
A goodly show.

With such a stock as seemingly surpassed
The best collections ever formed in Spain,
What wonder if the owner grew at last
Supremely vain?

What wonder, as he paced from shelf to shelf
And conned their titles, that the squire began,
Despite his ignorance, to think himself
A learned man?

Let every amateur, who merely looks
To backs and binding, take the hint, and sell
His costly library—*for painted books*
Would serve as well.

IV. Espronceda. The early years of the nineteenth century were in Spain a struggle for independence and of opposition to Napoleon and other French rulers. The location of France and Spain is bound to bring the two nations into contact, and history shows that France has struggled desperately to retain her hold, either directly or indirectly, upon Spain, while the latter has no less keenly fought to obtain the independence which still is hers. By 1810 Napoleon had decoyed King Ferdinand into France and treacherously imprisoned him,

while all Spain was in arms fighting for every inch of territory against the soldiers of the Little Corporal, who had invaded the southern peninsula.

In this year Jose de Espronceda was born, in the province of Estremadura. His father, who was colonel of cavalry, had halted his regiment, and the mother, who had accompanied her husband on the march, gave birth in the midst of warlike surroundings to the babe who was to be the greatest apostle of liberty of his age. Brought up in the midst of battles and sieges, with his childish ears filled with a din of combat, it is not strange that from the beginning he imbibed the spirit of freedom. While at college in Madrid, he attracted the attention of the rector by his extraordinary poetic talents, though he was idle, perpetually in scrapes of all kinds and continually in disgrace for bad conduct. Nevertheless, the friendship of the rector held fast, and many times he was instrumental in saving the young man from the execution of rash purposes, even after he had left his college. At fourteen Espronceda joined a secret society supposed to be working for liberty, equality and fraternity, and for his extremely radical views and recklessness in uttering them was imprisoned by the government and ultimately banished to a monastery in Guadalajara, where he began writing an epic poem, which he never completed, but which gave promise for the future.

Returning to Madrid, he was soon embroiled in more conspiracies, and was obliged to flee. This time he went to Gibraltar, whence he passed to Lisbon. It is said that as he was entering that port the health officer came on board and demanded the small tax that was then laid upon every one who landed. Espronceda handed the officer a coin, and when he received the change threw it all overboard, saying that he did not wish "to enter so great a town with so little money." In Lisbon he became acquainted with Teresa, who played so great and unhappy a part in his life. Lisbon gave him no measure of safety, however, and he fled to London, where he became acquainted with the poems of Lord Byron, then at the height of their popularity. The influence of the English poet was very marked, and is noticeable in the subsequent writings of Espronceda, who has been commonly known as the Spanish Byron. In England he again met Teresa, now married, and eloped with her to Paris, where he fought behind the barricades in July, 1830. The overthrow of Charles X seemed an opportune occasion to rouse Spain against the monarchy, but the attempt failed, and Espronceda did not dare to return until 1833, when, however, he obtained a commission in the royal bodyguard and seemed to be on the way to good fortune. Unfortunately, at a political banquet, he read some verses, and was cashiered from his regiment. Taking up journalism, he became actively engaged in an-

other insurrection, fought against the regular army in 1835–1836, and four years later, having shared in the successful revolution, he was appointed secretary to the embassy at the Hague. His stormy and ill-balanced life, however, came to a sudden close, for, after four days of illness, he died in May, 1842. What Espronceda accomplished was the work of a young man, but his career was fully rounded out in spite of its few years.

Espronceda resembled Byron in other ways than as a writer, for he prided himself in a criminal reputation, and took pleasure in posing as a pale, melancholy hero. His temperament shows in his verses, full of abandon, revolt and license, yet they are musical, brilliant in imagery and full of vehemence. In him appears again the incarnate Spain. His attitude toward life was one of defiance of all authority, and personal liberty was his watchword. *The Student of Salamanca* and the *Diablo Mundo,* his longer works, contain no well-laid plot and are not so much epics as a collection of lyrics insecurely held together, but these lyrics, as well as others of his writing, make him the most distinguished poet of the century, while his prose writings were everywhere influential in Spain and fired the national spirit to a white heat. Among his better known poems is the passionate *Elegy to Spain,* which was written during his stay in London, and published there. From it we take the following stanzas:

I, wretched, banished from my native land,
Behold, far from the country I adore,
Her former glories lost and high command,
And only left her sufferings to deplore.

Her children have been fatally betrayed
By treacherous brethren, and a tyrant's power;
And these her lovely fertile plains have made
Fields o'er which only lamentations lower.

Her arms extended wide, unhappy Spain!
Her sons imploring in her deep distress:
Her sons they were, but her command was vain,
Unheard the traitor-madness to repress.

Whate'er could then avail thee, tower or wall,
My country! still amid thy woes adored?
Where were the heroes that could once appall
The fiercest foe? where thy unconquered sword?

Alas! now on thy children's humbled brow
Deeply is shame engraved, and on their eyes,
Cast down and sorrowfully throbbing now,
The tears alone of grief and mourning rise.

Once was a time for Spain, when she possessed
A hundred heroes in her hour of pride;
And trembling nations saw her manifest
Her power and beauty, dazzling, by their side.

As lofty shows itself in Lebanon
The cedar, so her brow she raised on high;
And fell her voice the nations round upon,
As terrify a girl the thunders nigh.

But as a stone now in the desert's wild
Thou liest abandoned, and an unknown way
Through strangers' lands, uncertain where, exiled,
The patriot's doomed unfortunate to stray.

Her ancient pomp and power are covered o'er
With sand and weeds contemptuous; and the foe,
That trembled at her puissance before,
Now mocks exulting and enjoys her woe.

The Song of the Pirate is filled with the spirit of its writer, and the best description possible of Espronceda's character is contained in the two stanzas which we quote below:

I am condemned to die! I laugh;
For if my fates are kindly sped,
My doomer from his own ship's staff
Perhaps I'll hang instead.
And if I fall, why what is life?
For lost I gave it then as due,
When from slavery's yoke in strife
A rover I withdrew.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

My music is the north wind's roar,
The noise when round the cable runs,
The bellowings of the Black Sea's shore,
And rolling of my guns.
And as the thunders loudly sound,
And furious as the tempest rave,
I calmly rest in sleep profound,
So rocked upon the wave.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

V. Zorrilla. Possibly next to Espronceda, but stronger in contrast to him in character and spirit, stands Jose Zorrilla y Moral (1817–

1893), who was born at Valladolid and received his early education at the seminary in Madrid. Later he studied law at Toledo and Madrid, but after two years at those universities he abandoned his idea of the legal profession and took up the study of literature. Unfortunately, he became embroiled in politics, for which he had no genius, and failed to accomplish anything. In fact, throughout his life, even during the ten years he was in Mexico endeavoring to gain a fortune, he suffered from poverty. Yet, he was given a literary mission to Italy, a position as professional historian, and was paid a small pension. His popularity in Spain was continually increasing, and in 1889 he was crowned poet in Granada and at the time of his death was regarded as the first poet of his native land.

Zorrilla's activities came at the close of the period of liberal unrest, of which Espronceda was the exponent, and the new writer, naturally conservative in temperament, contented himself rather with singing the glories of old Spain than endeavoring to incite his contemporaries to better their condition. Moreover, among literary men the idea was growing that Spain should have a literature of her own, entirely independent from that of other nations, and it became the aim of Zorrilla to free himself from French and Italian influences. His *Old Time Memories* tells his simple life history, and his lyrics express the calm spirit of a true poet, although his writings were always

marked by apparent carelessness and hasty execution. Zorrilla has been compared to Sir Walter Scott, and while the comparison may be far-fetched, there are certain points of similarity that cannot fail to attract attention, for, as the Scottish poet revived the national legends of his country, so did Zorrilla constantly bring those of his native land to public attention.

Zorrilla's entry into the world of poesy was in itself dramatic. The poet and greatest of journalists, Larra, had committed suicide under touching and romantic circumstances, in 1837, just as Zorrilla came into the city. At the funeral of Larra Zorrilla read some verses, or at least attempted to do so, for he was so overcome by emotion that he broke down and was compelled to pass his manuscript into the hands of another for reading. His lines touched the popular heart and, to quote an eye witness, "the same procession which had attended the remains of the illustrious Larra to the resting-place of the dead, now sallied forth in triumph to announce to the living the advent of a new poet, and proclaimed with enthusiasm the name of Zorrilla."

A few of the verses to Larra follow:

He has perished in his pride,
Like a fountain, summer-dried;
Like a flower of odorous breath,
Which the tempest scattereth:
But the rich aroma left us
Shows the sweets that have been reft us,

And the meadow, fresh and green,
What the fountain would have been.

Ah! the Poet's mystic measure
Is a rich but fatal treasure;
Bliss to others, to the master
Full of bitterest disaster.

Poet! sleep within the tomb,
Where no other voice shall come
O'er the silence to prevail,
Save a brother-poet's wail;
That,—if parted spirits know
Aught that passes here below,—
Falling on thy pensive ear,
Softly as an infant's tear,
Shall relate a sweeter story
Than the pealing trump of glory.

It is not by his verses, however, that Zorrilla is best known. His reputation rests rather upon his dramas, of which the best are *The Shoemaker and the King, Don Juan Tenorio,* and *To Good Judge and Better Witness.* We have not space to quote from these plays, and will close with two verses from an ode to Spain:

Look! how beseech us to their own sweet rest
Yon smiling flowers, yon forests old and brave,
Yon growing harvests sleeping on earth's breast,
Yon banners green that o'er our valleys wave.

Come, brothers, we were born in love and peace,
In love and peace our battles let us end;
Nay, more, let us forget our victories,—
Be ours one land, one banner to defend!

VI. Fernan Caballero. The first great novel of the modern type in the Spanish lan-

guage, and one which still may be said to rank first in its own country and to retain a considerable popularity in the translations of other European languages, is *La Gaviota* (*The Sea Gull*), written by Cecilia Bohl de Faber (1797–1877), who wrote under the pseudonym "Fernan Caballero." It is a curious coincidence that England, France and Spain should each have one great woman novelist and that each should write under a man's name: George Eliot, George Sand and Fernan Caballero. Fernan was born in Switzerland, the daughter of a German merchant who had married a Spanish lady of noble birth. Her father was intensely interested in the history of Spain and had published a collection of Castilian ballads, and it was from him that Cecilia inherited her taste for early Spanish literature.

She was married at the age of seventeen, after having traveled about with her parents in Spain, France and Germany and after spending two years in school at Hamburg. Her second husband was a wealthy noble with a beautiful palace in Seville, where his young wife became the center of a brilliant social circle, which paid tribute to her genius, while they gave her an opportunity to study their lives and characters. Her husband died in 1835, and two years afterward she married for the third time, but, after losing his own money and hers, the last husband died and Cecilia became governess to the royal children of Spain at the Alcazar at Seville. The later years of

her life were devoted to a somewhat solitary cultivation of literature, for she was of a temperament different from that of the newly-risen notables in literature and clung to her conservatism most tenaciously.

The Sea Gull was published in 1849 in a Madrid daily newspaper. It deals with social life in Seville and with Andalusian peasant life, and is a fine example of the early type of modern realism. Her influence upon the development of fiction in Spain was very marked and, though she really founded the school, none of her followers have been able to equal her merit. We subjoin a description of a bull-fight taken from this novel:

When after dinner Stein and his wife arrived at the place assigned for the bull-fight, they found it already filled with people. A brief and sustained animation preceded the fete. This immense rendezvous, where were gathered together all the population of the city and its environs; this agitation, like to that of the blood which in the paroxysms of a violent passion rushes to the heart; this feverish expectation, this frantic excitement,—kept, however, within the limits of order; these exclamations, petulant without insolence; this deep anxiety which gives a quivering to pleasure: all this together formed a species of moral magnetism; one must succumb to its force or hasten to fly from it.

Stein, struck with vertigo, and his heart wrung, would have chosen flight: his timidity kept him where he was. He saw in all eyes which were turned on him the glowing of joy and happiness; he dared not appear singular. Twelve thousand persons were assembled in this place; the rich were thrown in the shade, and the varied colors of the costumes of the Andalusian people were reflected in the rays of the sun.

Soon the arena was cleared.

Then came forward the picadores, mounted on their unfortunate horses, who with heads lowered and sorrowful eyes seemed to be—and were in reality—victims marching to the sacrifice.

Stein, at the appearance of these poor animals, felt himself change to a painful compassion; a species of disgust which he already experienced. The provinces of the peninsula which he had traversed hitherto were devastated by the civil war, and he had had no opportunity of seeing these fetes, so grand, so national, and so popular, where were united to the brilliant Moorish strategy the ferocious intrepidity of the Gothic race. But he had often heard these spectacles spoken of, and he knew that the merit of a fight is generally estimated by the number of horses that are slain. His pity was excited towards these poor animals, which, after having rendered great services to their masters,—after having conferred on them triumph, and perhaps saved their lives,—had for their recompense, when age and the excess of work had exhausted their strength, an atrocious death which by a refinement of cruelty they were obliged themselves to seek. Instinct made them seek this death; some resisted, while others, more resigned or more feeble, went docilely before them to abridge their agony. The sufferings of these unfortunate animals touched the hardest heart; but the amateurs had neither eyes, attention, nor interest, except for the bull. They were under a real fascination, which communicated itself to most of the strangers who came to Spain, and principally for this barbarous amusement. Besides, it must be avowed—and we avow it with grief—that compassion for animals is, in Spain, particularly among the men, a sentiment more theoretical than practical. Among the lower classes it does not exist at all.

The three picadores saluted the president of the fete, preceded by the banderilleros and the chulos, splendidly dressed, and carrying the capas of bright and brilliant colors. The matadores and their substitutes commanded

all these combatants, and wore the most luxurious costumes.

"Pepe Vera! here is Pepe Vera!" cried all the spectators. "The scholar of Montés! Brave boy! What a jovial fellow! how well he is made! what elegance and vivacity in all his person! how firm his look! what a calm eye!"

"Do you know," said a young man seated near to Stein, "what is the lesson Montés gives to his scholars? He pushes them, their arms crossed, close to the bull, and says to them, 'Do not fear the bull—brave the bull!' "

Pepe Vera descended into the arena. His costume was of cherry-colored satin, with shoulder-knots and silver embroidery in profusion. From the little pockets of his vest stuck out the points of orange-colored scarfs. A waistcoat of rich tissue of silver and a pretty little cap of velvet completed his coquettish and charming costume of majo.

After having saluted the authorities with much ease and grace, he went like the other combatants to take his accustomed place. The three picadores also went to their posts, at equal distance from each other, near to the barrier. There was then a profound, an imposing silence. One might have said that this crowd, lately so noisy, had suddenly lost the faculty of breathing.

The alcalde gave the signal, the clarions sounded, and as if the trumpet of the Last Judgment had been heard, all the spectators arose with most perfect ensemble; and suddenly was seen opened the large door of the toril, placed opposite to the box occupied by the authorities. A bull whose hide was red precipitated himself into the arena, and was assailed by a universal explosion of cheers, of cries, of abuse, and of praise. At this terrible noise the bull, affrighted, stopped short, raised his head; his eyes were inflamed, and seemed to demand if all these provocations were addressed to him; to him, the athletic and powerful, who until now had been generous towards man, and who had always shown favor towards him as to a feeble and weak enemy. He surveyed the ground,

turning his menacing head on all sides—he still hesitated: the cheers, shrill and penetrating, became more and more shrill and frequent. Then with a quickness which neither his weight nor his bulk foretold, he sprang towards the picador, who planted a lance in his withers. The bull felt a sharp pain, and soon drew back. It was one of those animals which in the language of bull-fighting are called "boy-antes," that is to say, undecided and wavering; whence he did not persist in his first attack, but assailed the second picador. This one was not so well prepared as the first, and the thrust of his lance was neither so correct nor so firm; he wounded the animal without being able to arrest his advance. The horns of the bull were buried in the body of the horse, who fell to the ground. A cry of fright was raised on all sides, and the chulos surrounded this horrible group; but the ferocious animal had seized his prey, and would not allow himself to be distracted from his vengeance. In this moment of terror, the cries of the multitude were united in one immense clamor, which would have filled the city with fright if it had not come from the place of the bull-fight. The danger became more frightful as it was prolonged.

The bull tenaciously attacked the horse, who was overwhelmed with his weight and with his convulsive movements, while the unfortunate picador was crushed beneath these two enormous masses. Then was seen to approach, light as a bird with brilliant plumage, tranquil as a child who goes to gather flowers, calm and smiling at the same time, a young man, covered with silver embroidery and sparkling like a star. He approached in the rear of the bull; and this young man of delicate frame, and of appearance so distinguished, took in both hands the tail of the terrible animal, and drew it towards him. The bull, surprised, turned furiously and precipitated himself on his adversary, who without a movement of his shoulder, and stepping backward, avoided the first shock by a half-wheel to the right.

The bull attacked him anew; the young man escaped a second time by another half-wheel to the left, continuing to manage him until he reached the barrier. There he disappeared from the eyes of the astonished animal, and from the anxious gaze of the public, who in the intoxication of their enthusiasm filled the air with their frantic applause; for we are always ardently impressed when we see man play with death, and brave it with so much coolness.

"See now if he has not well followed the lesson of Montés! See if Pepe Vera knows how to act with the bull!" said the young man seated near to them, who was hoarse from crying out.

The Duke at this moment fixed his attention on Marisalada. Since the arrival of this young woman at the capital of Andalusia, it was the first time that he had remarked any emotion on this cold and disdainful countenance. Until now he had never seen her animated. The rude organization of Marisalada was too vulgar to receive the exquisite sentiment of admiration. There was in her character too much indifference and pride to permit her to be taken by surprise. She was astonished at nothing, interested in nothing. To excite her, be it ever so little, to soften some part of this hard metal, it was necessary to employ fire and to use the hammer.

Stein was pale. "My lord Duke," he said, with an air full of sweetness and of conviction, "is it possible that this diverts you?"

"No," replied the Duke; "it does not divert, it interests me."

During this brief dialogue they had raised up the horse. The poor animal could not stand on his legs; his intestines protruded and bespattered the ground. The picador was also raised up; he was removed between the arms of the chulos. Furious against the bull, and led on by a blind temerity, he would at all hazards remount his horse and return to the attack, in spite of the dizziness produced by his fall. It was impossible to dissuade him; they saw him indeed replace the saddle upon

the poor victim, into the bruised flanks of which he dug his spurs.

"My lord Duke," said Stein, "I may perhaps appear to you ridiculous, but I do not wish to remain at this spectacle. Maria, shall we depart?"

"No," replied Maria, whose soul seemed to be concentrated in her eyes. "Am I a little miss? and are you afraid that by accident I may faint?"

"In such case," said Stein, "I will come back and take you when the course is finished." And he departed.

The bull had disposed of a sufficiently good number of horses. The unfortunate courser which we have mentioned was taken away—rather drawn than led by the bridle to the door, by which he made his retreat. The others, which had not the strength again to stand up, lay stretched out in the convulsions of agony; sometimes they stretched out their heads as though impelled by terror. At these last signs of life the bull returned to the charge, wounding anew with plunges of his horns the bruised members of his victims. Then, his forehead and horns all bloody, he walked around the circus affecting an air of provocation and defiance: at times he proudly raised his head towards the amphitheater, where the cries did not cease to be heard; sometimes it was towards the brilliant chulos who passed before him like meteors, planting their banderillos in his body. Often from a cage, or from a netting hidden in the ornaments of a banderillero, came out birds, which joyously took up their flight. The first inventor of this strange and singular contrast could not certainly have had the intention to symbolize innocence without defense, rising above the horrors and ferocious passions here below, in its happy flight towards heaven. That would be, without doubt, one of those poetic ideas which are born spontaneously in the hard and cruel heart of the Spanish plebeian, as we see in Andalusia the mignonette plant really flourish between stones and the mortar of a balcony.

At the signal given by the president of the course, the clarions again sounded. There was a moment of truce in this bloody wrestling, and it created a perfect silence.

Then Pepe Vera, holding in his left hand a sword and a red-hooded cloak, advanced near to the box of the alcalde. Arrived opposite, he stopped and saluted, to demand permission to slay the bull.

Pepe Vera perceived the presence of the Duke, whose taste for the bull-fight was well known; he had also remarked the woman who was seated at his side, because this woman, to whom the Duke frequently spoke, never took her eyes off the matador.

He directed his steps towards the Duke, and taking off his cap, said, "*Brindo* (I offer the honor of the bull) to you, my lord, and to the royal person who is near you."

At these words, casting his cap on the ground with an inimitable abandon, he returned to his post.

The chulos regarded him attentively, all ready to execute his orders. The matador chose the spot which suited him the best, and indicated it to his quadrilla.

"Here!" he cried out to them.

The chulos ran towards the bull and excited him, and in pursuing them met Pepe Vera, face to face, who had awaited his approach with a firm step. It was the solemn moment of the whole fight. A profound silence succeeded to the noisy tumult, and to the warm excitement which until then had been exhibited towards the matador.

The bull, on seeing this feeble enemy, who had laughed at his fury, stopped as if he wished to reflect. He feared, without doubt, that he would escape him a second time.

Whoever had entered into the circus at this moment would sooner believe he was assisting in a solemn religious assembly, than in a public amusement, so great was the silence.

The two adversaries regarded each other reciprocally.

Pepe Vera raised his left hand: the bull sprang on him. Making only a light movement, the matador let him pass by his side, returned and put himself on guard. When

the animal turned upon him the man directed his sword towards the extremity of the shoulder, so that the bull, continuing his advance, powerfully aided the steel to penetrate completely into his body.

It was done! He fell lifeless at the feet of his vanquisher.

To describe the general burst of cries and bravos which broke forth from every part of this vast arena, would be a thing absolutely impossible. Those who are accustomed to be present at these spectacles alone can form an idea of it. At the same time were heard the strains of the military bands.

Pepe Vera tranquilly traversed the arena in the midst of these frantic testimonials of passionate admiration and of this unanimous ovation, saluting with his sword right and left in token of his acknowledgments. This triumph, which might have excited the envy of a Roman emperor, in him did not excite the least surprise—the least pride. He then went to salute the ayuntamiento; then the Duke and the "royal" young lady.

The Duke then secretly handed to Maria a purse full of gold, and she enveloped it in her handkerchief and cast it into the arena.

Pepe Vera again renewed his thanks, and the glance of his black eyes met those of the Gaviota. In describing the meeting of these looks, a classic writer said that it wounded these two hearts as profoundly as Pepe Vera wounded the bull.

We who have not the temerity to ally ourselves to this severe and intolerant school, we simply say that these two natures were made to understand each other—to sympathize. They in fact did understand and sympathize.

It is true to say that Pepe had done admirably.

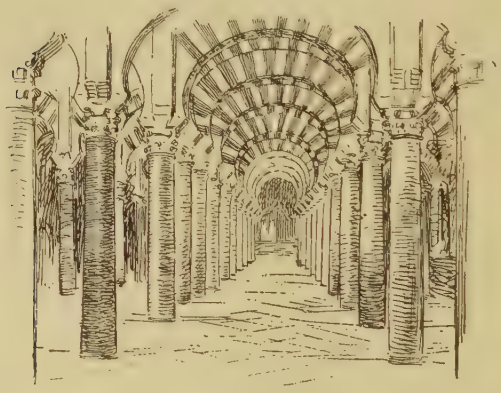
All that he had promised in a situation where he placed himself between life and death had been executed with an address, an ease, a dexterity, and a grace, which had not been baffled for an instant.

For such a task it is necessary to have an energetic temperament and a daring courage, joined to a certain

degree of self-possession, which alone can command twenty-four thousand eyes which observe, and twenty-four thousand hands which applaud.

VII. Conclusion. If the space we give to modern Spanish literature seems inadequate, it should be remembered that we are dealing with world literature, and that after a nation has well established itself in its own peculiar manner its literary works are not liable to produce great effect outside its own boundaries, unless of extraordinary merit. Spain has a literature of its own, and an excellent one and in all departments of prose and poetry.

If any one is desirous of a greater familiarity with modern Spanish literature, he can obtain translations of many works at the book stores or can get biographical information from the encyclopedias.



THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA

CHAPTER XI

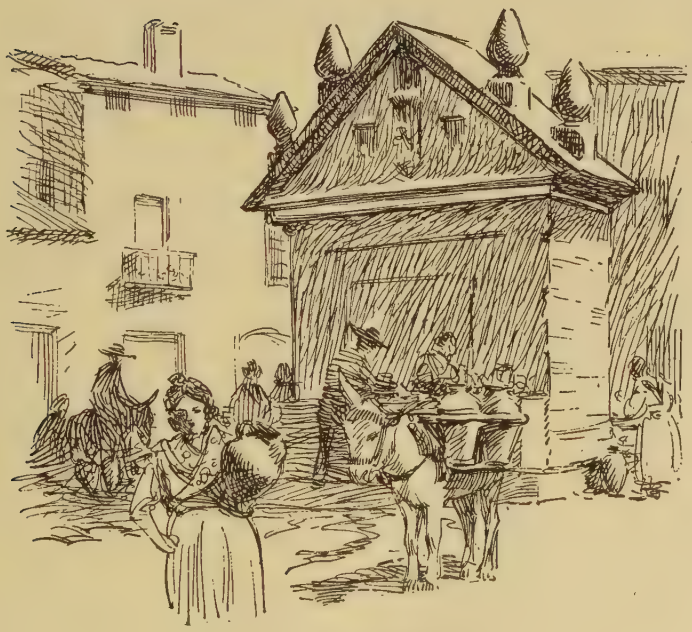
CHRONOLOGY

AMONG the dates of the following list have been included a number purely historical, in order that the reader may the better place the writers in point of time:

206 B. C.—Roman conquest.
414 A. D.—Visigothic kingdom established.
711—Saracens in control.
910—Kingdom of Leon established.
Early Tenth Century—Fernan Gonzales.
1026—Ruy Diaz (The Cid) born.
1134—Kingdom of Navarre established.
1150 (about)—*Poem of the Cid* written.
1200 (about)—Gonzalez de Berceo.
1212—Christian rule established, except in Granada.
1252–1284—Reign of Alphonso the Wise.
1282–1347—Don Juan Manuel.

1290 (about)—Birth of Juan Ruiz.
1332–1407—Pedro Lopez de Ayala.
1398–1458—Don Inigo Lopez de Mendoza (Santillana).
1403 (about)—Death of Vasco de Lobeira, reputed author of *Amadis of Gaul.*
1412–1456—Juan de Mana.
1419–1454—Reign of John II.
1474–1566—Bartolomeo de las Casas.
1479–1516—Reign of Ferdinand the Catholic.
1490–1542—Juan Boscan Almogaver.
1492—Fall of Granada.
1500 (about)—Garcilaso born.
1503–1575—Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza.
1511—"Palmerin de Oliva."
1515–1582—Teresa de Capeda y Alhumada.
1516–1556—Reign of Charles I (Charles V).
1520–(about) 1561—Jorge de Montemayor.
1529–1591—Luis Ponce de Leon.
1534–1597—Fernando de Herrera.
1542–1591—Juan de Yepes y Alvarez (Juan de la Cruz).
1547–1616—Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.
1555—*Cancionero de Romances* published.
1561–1627—Luis de Argote y Gongora.
1562–1635—Lope Felix de Vega Carpio.
1588—Invincible Armada.
1599—*Guzman de Alfarache* first printed.
1599–1660—Velasquez.
1600–1687—Pedro Calderon de la Barca.
1617–1682—Murillo.

1700—End of Hapsburg rule in Spain.
1750–1791—Tomas de Yriarte y Orpesa.
1797–1877—Cecilia Bohl de Faber (Fernan Caballero).
1810–1842—Jose de Espronceda.
1817–1893—Jose Zorrilla y Moral.
1874—Reëstablishment of the Bourbon line.
1898—War with the United States.
1902—Alfonso XII became King.



OLD FOUNTAIN IN A PUBLIC SQUARE

The
WRITINGS
of
MANKIND
SYLVESTER
PACIFIC
OCEAN
ATLANT
A ME RI
CA

NORWAY
SWEDEN
RUSSIA
EUROPE
ASIA
GERMANY
POLAND
FRANCE
ITALY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
PERSIA
ARABIA
EGYPT
INDIA
CHINA
AFRICA
INDIAN
OCEAN